

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

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ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

" Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

SEEING.

OUR sight is the most deceitful and the least reliable of all our senses. Its charms mock us from a distance and vanish into thin air at closer approach. Like way-worn travellers in the desert, we see stretched before us the tempting expanse, we strain every nerve, we exhaust the small stock of strength and patience yet left us. We let loose the long stifled desire provoked to frenzy by semblance of relief. We run riot in idle schemes of enjoyment, and blasphemously criticise the niggardliness of Heaven, that has confined such exquisite pleasures to single organs. We wish we could allay thirst through every sense, aye, through every pore, to do any thing like justice to the abundant supply so providentially thrown in our way; when lo! the crystal proves a mirage! Our aquatic carousal is postponed *sin die* leaving us in a condition ten thousand times worse than that of Tantalus himself, who had at least the poor consolation of cooling his limbs in the stream, whereas ours are blistered by the burning sand, proverbially more hard to bear than the rays of the sun whose heat they absorb.

Pleasures to which we attach little or no value hardly cost us any struggle to renounce. The mathematician, bent on the

lution of a difficult problem in his favourite science. Breakfast, which is the morning and evening prayer of the gifted neighbour. The poet pathetically pants for a retreat to escape the blandishments of society which constitute the be-all and end-all of existence with fools of fashion. The Gentile lavishes on worthless sycophants princely fortunes, for a moiety of which the Jew is ready to offer a hecatomb of all the noble instincts of nature. The henpecked dotard cuts himself off from prospects of advancement for the enjoyments of his fireside, and the crack-brained poltroon voluntarily exiles himself from every body that makes life dear, to seek bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. The faithful lover safely regains his haven, heeding not the witcheries of the painted courtesan, in which painting is concentrated the happiness of the libertine's salvation. We are actuated by different motives in chalking out different lines of conduct for ourselves. The whole and sole object of pursuit is the gratification of that single motive. The moment it is gratified we cease to be solicitous for any thing else. So long as it is not gratified we pine away in the midst of plenty, and continue discontented though revelling in all the other bounties of Heaven. Had the magnificent pictures presented by sight appealed to a particular passion, multitudes would have escaped their influence. But patricians or plebeians, warriors or politicians, scholars or rustics, all, all equally yield to their fascinations.

What mortal eye can, unmoved, behold the eternity of green, mosaicked by the deep purple of bombax, while the western sun plays hide and seek with the budding mango on the topmost bough, showering frankincense and myrrh wherewith to anoint the infantine Pulse cradled on the soil? Here, in prominent relief stands the patriarchal Banian, surrounded by his numerous progeny, nodding time to the wild music of rooks nestling for the night, and to the still more honied music of welcome, halloo-ballooed by Shem, Ham and Japheth, to Paterfamilias, slowly wending his way to that hereditary gymnasium, a sort of half-way home between his scenes of labor and scenes of rest, now enveloped in

itself gets giddy at the idea ; the soul reels like a frail bark in heavy seas,— its rudder and compass lost. Can any thing possibly be thought of greater, can any thing more beautiful be conceived, than a whole Pacific of burnished gold encircling, as if in amorous dalliance, the waist of a life-size Saturn, while the satellites, in couples four, dance eternal quadrille around ? Contemplation of objects like these could have gradually enlarged the mind, weaned it from the gewgaws and trumperies of this transitory existence, and finally prepared it for the contemplation of Him than whom nothing can be more great, than whom nothing can be more strange, than whom nothing can be more beautiful.

The same with works of art. Yes ; it is that very pair of eyes once so familiar ! Those very jet black balls floating in wide expanse of snow, half shaded by long lashed lids and over-arched by two curves like the perilous bow of the god of love.

“—Oh, where is the heart so wise,
 Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes,
 Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal
 Like those of angels ? ”

The very sly look that, go where you will, north, south, east or west, still pursues you, and flashes eloquence unknown to language written or spoken. “Her lips blush deeper sweets” and tremble—you will swear by every thing sacred on earth or in heaven that, they do—though her wonted silver voice is inaudible. It is she—it is the long-lost FANNY ! You grow mysteriously unconscious of time, place and circumstance ; you snatch the frame to overwhelm the dear one with caresses. By Jove ! you exclaim. *Instantly* you rub your eyes, you clean your glass. No, nothing is the matter with either. It is not, it cannot be. Surely you have taken the wrong frame down ! Wildly you turn your eyes to the spot, and that spot only is vacant ! Whence the metamorphosis ? A mere daub ! The daub of daubs ! Worse, much worse than what the maiden attempt of GANNA could perform ! In sheer vexation of spirit you replace the picture, and, lo ! FANNY is restored to life again ! The resuscitation is as complete as was

the dissolution. The magic light and shade has done it all. It is a wreck no longer but a gaily equipped ship of the line.

“ O’er the glad waves, like a child in the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full on the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward like hope in the gale.”

Our eye-sight not only withholds much of the pleasures derivable from works of nature and art, but mulcts us of much even in those it does bestow. The consciousness that what we enjoy is not real, serves in a great measure to mar the effect they might have otherwise produced. There is in man an innate aversion of deceit.

“ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

This is most emphatically true of treachery. The brigand who levels his cold steel and leaves you between the two fearful alternatives—delivery and death, seems, on the whole, to be a more honorable sort of fellow than the base sneak who dares not offer violence face to face but seeks to accomplish his diabolical object from behind. “ Walls have ears” is his cowardly creed. Secrecy is his strength ; secrecy is his manœuvre. Like an adept in the black art, he buries himself in obscurity, that he may the better effect his incendiary purpose. His purest motives are shrouded in mystification, his best acts are at best but suspicious. Charity pleads hard in favor of weak humanity betrayed into indiscretion by frailty inherent in its nature. The parson’s young daughter, eloping with the family groom, not only topsyturvy her own status in society, but places her parent in the most unenviable position conceivable, if she does not permanently impair the venerable clergyman’s usefulness in the parish. Yet the most strict of judges will discover some palliation for the guilt in the personal attractions of the low caste Lothario at the bar. But indecent *malice prepense* is so conspicuously obtrusive that charity is awed away from the field, and common sense refuses to accept the brief. What has Olivia Brown (spinster) done to deserve

gipsy treatment at the hands of every woman that is to be married, and that was married in the year of grace 1773 or thereabouts? Why should she be the "for example" of every tale of ludicrous love, or the peg to hang a doleful moral on? She is in society; she has, "once on a time," under her pillow a full-sized bundle of metrical correspondence, since transferred to more congenial quarters and for more useful purpose; she was the standing toast on Christmas-eve for upwards of a quarter of a century; and, sooth to say, was, on many a gala occasion, solemnly declared as belonging to a higher order of beings, by perjured youths who, in the same breath, cannonized scores of other girls all around. Poor thing! In her case, the tables are turned—without spiritual agency. Instead of being the wooed of all wooers, she herself has to go a-marketing, and to commence regular churchgoer before she is due! She does but compliment your taste by bridging over sundry furrows on her face with paste; she consults only your ease and comfort by consulting her dentist. And yet you not only discount the supernumeraries, but clap on a heavy brokerage on her average comeliness, which might have retained the bazar quotation but for the unfortunate attempt to secure a higher one.

The subordinate pleasures of Hope, Memory or Imagination, are also prejudicially affected by the deception in question. Derived as they unquestionably are from the senses, whatever taints these necessarily taints the others. The mind would have been sufficiently delighted with the contemplation of objects even less great or less beautiful than those the images of which fill it at present, but for the knowledge that they are not what they appear to be. Had not experience or science revealed to us the truth, a prospect rendered comparatively coarse by closer inspection, or a heavenly luminary in its reduced dimensions, would have been ageable enough. Because our eye-sight precludes us from enjoying the highest degree of pleasure derivable from either, we feel dissatisfied and disappointed. The human mind is the most way-ward urchin that ever tried the patience of a mother. Contented it continues its depredations on the pages of the Horn-book till it

spies a more tempting volume, and then nothing short of as fell an attack on the fresh morocco will satisfy the little Genseric. Logic and Rhetoric go for nothing. The child frets, and *hoons* and *hoons* to the end of the chapter, and would much rather forego the luxury of Vandalism altogether, than confine any longer its operations within the former limited sphere.

THE NEW YEAR.

SMILES for the year that hath come in,
 And tears for all the bygone years,
 Too senseless he who holds it sin
 To greet the NEW with smiles and tears.

O Past, we strow upon thy grave
 The tribute, stem-dropt golden flowers ;
 O Future, may we be as brave
 As thou, who bravest us in sad hours.

Hard is 'the bivouac of life,'
 May we to keep it be as strong ;
 Glorious the issues of the strife,
 Though fought with weary soul, and long.

Cheer up, faint soul, press onwards still,
 Press through the woods to your own goal ;
 See amber streaks are on the hill,
 Press yonder and take heart, my soul.

There, when that Pisgah-height is reached,
 Nor foes, nor darksome shades intrude,
 In pure white light our garments bleached,
 We worship the Eternal Good.

H. C. D.

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF BENGAL.

It is not our intention in this article to describe the condition of the people of Bengal. Such a description is not needed. We would rather trace the causes and circumstances which have influenced and formed the character of the people. Believing as we do that a nation's character is entirely moulded by physical and historical causes, we shall attempt to draw a brief outline of such causes as they exist in Bengal. And we shall then consider how such causes are likely to influence the Future of Bengal.

The manner in which the soil and climate of this country influence the character of the people, must be apparent even to the most superficial observer. All those physical causes which enfeeble and enervate, and make man incapable of having mastery over Nature, are found to exist and work in this country to an alarming extent. The damp heat of Bengal, unlike the dry heat of western India, disposes the people to be inactive and averse to labor; while the alluvial soil of the land, moistened and softened by periodical rains and inundations, produces an exuberance of crops almost without the toil of man, and denies him that salutary physical exercise which is almost necessitated in more hilly countries. Rice too, which is the chief produce of the land, affords nourishment rather than strength, and in this respect has been held to be worse than almost any other food, except potatoes and bananas. All these causes have acted with combined force on the physique of the Bengali, and have made him the weak and inactive creature that he is.

But this is not all. While such influences have made man singularly powerless, Nature and Natural forces, in this country, are pre-eminently strong; and the task of getting the mastery over Nature, and of bringing under human control her endless resources, has ever appeared a hopeless one, to the people of Bengal. Nursed by overwhelming floods and a burning sun, the animal and vegetable life in India, has attained a power nowhere exceeded on the face of the globe. Mighty forests and trackless woods,

extending over hundreds of miles, swamps and malarious lakes teeming with rank vegetable and animal life, tigers of the strongest and fiercest description, serpents of the deadliest poison, poisonous reptiles and insects that defy the pains of the naturalist,—these are the primeval dwellers of the soil, and in the pride of their undiminished strength still present to the weak race, that inhabit the land, a formidable front. The furious hurricanes too, devastating villages and entire districts, and the majestic Ganges ever busy in washing away and again re-forming hundreds and thousands of acres, and not unfrequently sweeping away entire villages in her imperious pride, are foes not easy to be conquered by man.* In many places, entire districts are annually inundated by rivers for several months, and the people have to live on *máchans*, putting up with the greatest conceivable inconvenience.† In countries where Nature is less violent, man learns slowly to bring under his control her endless resources, but the case is quite otherwise in such a country as this. The terrific convulsions of Nature, her sudden and awful freaks, only impress upon man his weakness and utter helplessness, debar him from ever hoping to get the mastery over Nature, and make him timorous, devoid of self-reliance, and superstitious in the extreme.‡ Utter helplessness on occasions of sudden danger lead to superstition, and excite and develop the imagination to an abnormal extent; and the terrific violence and war of elements in India, the sudden washing away of our villages and the blowing away of our homes, the deadly sting of the unseen serpent, and the fatal spring of

* The vast amount of mischief done by the Ganges is known only to those who have had long experience in the villages. Entire villages on the banks of the Padma are often washed away in the course of one year, and the villagers save themselves only by leaving their homes in time. Even the Bhagirathi washes away from, or adds to, either of its banks thousands of acres year after year.

† Mr. Buckle attributes the superstition of the Spaniards and the Portuguese to the frequent and terrific earthquakes that take place in their country. Read his brilliant chapter on this subject.

the unexpected tiger, the whistling of the gale, and the creaking of trackless woods with their nameless inhabitants,—nay, the very aspect of the huge darksome trees that overshadow and almost overawe our villages ;—these, combined with our extreme weakness proceeding from physical causes, have filled our skies, or rather our imagination, with three hundred and thirty millions of gods and goddesses, and fairies, fays and elfins, whom we have not yet forgotten*to fear and to worship.*

We do not maintain that Nature has always been unkind to us. On the contrary it was through her kindness that we prospered so well during the younger days of our civilization. Every institution in our country seems to be based on the patriarchal system of “good old times,” and we hope we shall not be accused with drawing too much on the imagination if we venture to assert, that the operations of Nature too in this country, since the beginning of our national life, have been in a patriarchal style. The peculiarities which marked the conduct of the *paterfamilias* of the patriarchal times towards his children were, firstly, the extreme care with which he tried to bring them up,—being himself responsible to government for their conduct ; and, secondly, the extreme jealousy with which he guarded his own power over them, and prevented them from ever becoming independent.† We shall see how, in both these respects, the operations of Nature in this country resemble the conduct of the typical *paterfamilias*. During the earlier days of our national life, Nature afforded us every facility for the advancement of our civilization. The fertile soil of this country supplied us with plenty of food, and thereby increased and thickened population and facilitated division of labor which is the first requisite for civilization. She gave us a net-work of navigable rivers which, by making communication easy, shortened distance, and further facilitated division of labor among people of distant villages. She supplied us, without any effort of our own, with an inexhaustible store of fruits and fish, as well as of vegetable

* Read Hume's *Philosophical Essay on Natural Religion*.

† Maine's *Ancient Law*.

and animal substance for our use. It was through these acts of kindness,—it was on account of these facilities, that we were enabled to secure for ourselves so early a civilization. We sprinkled our beautiful country with towns and buildings, whose ruins among the trackless woods of the Sunderbunds, or by the shores of the Ganges, still strike the traveller with wonder after the lapse of hundreds of years. We filled our rivers with boats of traffic, we cultivated with success the arts of peace, we cultivated literature, law and metaphysics in our schools of Benares, Tirhoot and other places, with wonderful success ; and we spread over our country practical rules of life and of division of labor, and established customs which have not ceased to work to the present day. But the kindness of *materfamilias*, Nature, ended here. Like children brought up with extreme indulgence, we have never learnt to go beyond her apron strings. As *materfamilias*, she is exceedingly jealous of her power, and has never allowed us to get the mastery over her. We have not learnt to be self-reliant, nor to apply the resources of Nature to our service to any extent worth speaking of. On the contrary, Nature still exercises over us absolute patriarchal authority, and we are still content to view with fear and trembling, but without ever thinking of resistance, her sudden and awful freaks of rage, and the abuse of her absolute power over us.

Far different has been the case with the colder countries of western Europe. Nature (to continue the figure) was to them a cold-hearted step-mother, and gave them no facilities for early civilization,—neither fertile soil nor navigable rivers. The people in western Europe, therefore, thus neglected, failed to secure an early civilization. It was later on that they learnt to civilize themselves despite the negligence of Dame Nature, and in that effort to educate themselves they learnt the noble lesson of self-reliance and sustained endeavour, which we have never learnt. These qualities they now employ in a most profitable way, *viz*, in extorting from Nature (to whom they owe no gratitude) every penny of her vast resources. And in the increasing triumphs

of man over Nature, consists the superiority of the civilization of Europe as compared with the civilization of Asia.

We now turn to the historical causes which have influenced the character of the people. The history of Bengal presents us with a universal and cheerless blank so far as the people are concerned. A long and undiversified subjection for gloomy centuries together,—a subjection which we never attempted to get freed from, has combined with the influences of Nature to make us more enervated and dependant. Nature and man combined to impress on our mind the idea of our utter helplessness, and the impossibility of our achieving any thing great by our own endeavour; and we learnt the lesson so thoroughly well that at last action on any emergent occasion became almost an impossibility with us. Our feelings might be wrought up to the highest pitch without leading us to action, and we could see our homes burnt and our property plundered, with anguish in our heart, but without even combining for resistance;—indeed, the incursions of the Mahrattas even, like the spread of malarious fevers in Bengal, probably only excited our fears and our imagination, and added to our household gods and goddesses. For centuries past, therefore, action, on any emergent occasion, has been with us an impossibility, and resistance even to the grossest acts of oppression out of the question. This utter inaction has resulted in oppression being the rule rather than the exception with every recipient of power in Bengal, be he Subadar or Zemindar, Gomasta or Policeman. Utter want of resistance renders power in Bengal liable to abuse to an alarming extent.

Then, again, during the long centuries of Mahomedan rule, and probably also during the Hindu rule which preceded it, security of property was very imperfectly maintained in Bengal. As a natural consequence, foresight and providence for the future among the people was retarded, and accumulation, except in the hands of the rulers, became an impossibility. For, unless there is at least a tolerable certainty of enjoying to-morrow what we keep in store to-day, providence for the future is useless, and is soon dispensed with. And during certain periods in the history of Bengal, specially

in the last days of Mahomedan rule, insecurity of property reached its maximum, and indeed almost reached that stage eloquently described by Bentham,* when industry is deadened and the people remain in a torpor of despair. No wonder, therefore, that the peasantry of Bengal have always been remarkable for their improvidence.

We shall not here stop to trace how weakness and oppressive subjection smother the noblest feelings of human nature, and generate some of the weakest vices and arts which are the resources of the weak. Nor would our space allow us to trace how many of the remarkable customs in our country have been slowly developed through the influences of natural and historical causes, nor to shew how history itself is the result of natural and physical causes influencing different nations and different bodies of people in different ways. The deeper we go into these investigations the more plainly can we eliminate the phenomena called accidents from the history of nations, and the better can we trace all the general features of history to fixed and unchanging laws. The laws are fixed and immutable, and the only differentiating causes are the different natural influences which produce different effects among nations. But, as we said, we have not time to go into all this. We have said enough to shew how completely the character of the people of Bengal has been moulded by physical and historical causes. It remains for us to consider how these same causes may be expected to operate in future. It may be very pertinently asked why these causes should not operate precisely in the same way in which they have acted so long? What new disturbing element has entered into the scene of action? We answer, that disturbing element is the English civilization with which we have suddenly come in contact ;—and we have to consider how this new element, combined with the causes above stated, will act on the character of the people. And we have only one thing to premise before we enter into these considerations.

* Bentham's *Theory of Legislation*.

We do not here pretend to anticipate the future history of Bengal,—that is a problem no doubt of vital importance,—but at the same time we believe of impractical solution. We shall therefore leave that alone, and shall only consider what change the character of the people may be expected to undergo under the British rule in Bengal.

The historical causes specified above, which have acted detrimentally on the character of the people, are being removed one by one under the beneficent rule of England. Admitting in its full force the general argument, that subjection in any shape is demoralizing, we still believe we are stating a simple truth when we say, that the sort of *morale* that we had could hardly sink lower, and is fast improving under the mitigated form of subjection we are now under. The freedom of action and even of thought, accorded to us by our rulers, is such as is calculated to revive in us the energy we had entirely lost, and the precepts and example of our rulers are even now instilling into our hearts some degree of assurance and self-reliance. Not the least important service done by British rule in India is the protection afforded to labor and its fruits. The insecure times under the Mahomedan rulers were, as we said before, altogether paralyzing to the active energies of the producers, and snapped the strings of the industry of the nation. For “industry and frugality cannot exist where there is not a preponderant probability that those who labor and spare will be permitted to enjoy. And the nearer this probability approaches to certainty, the more do industry and frugality become pervading qualities in a people.”* This security is now afforded by the British government, and trade and accumulation, and the habit of making present sacrifices for future gain, are ever on the increase. The education, too, that we are receiving, is every day familiarizing us with the high standard of English morality, and is gradually creating among us a strong enlightened public opinion, which is the best safeguard for the general morality of the people.

* Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*. Book IV. Chap 1.

We shall not here hesitate to record our painful conviction that the benefits of the English rule are all but lost on the uneducated peasantry of Bengal,—in other words on nine hundred and ninety nine out of every thousand of the people of Bengal. Even the security of property, which is meant to be extended to the meanest of British subjects, is constantly interfered with in the case of these poor people, sometimes by the Zemindar's underlings, and sometimes by the underlings of the Government. Accumulation among them is still as impossible as it ever was. Our enlightened Government, with all its good intentions, has failed to improve their *morale*, to rouse into new life their torpid energies, or to afford to their fainting heart any comfort or assurance. And the future of Bengal must be gloomy, indeed, so long as they who really constitute the nation remain in this backward state. We expect much, very much, from the interest our Government has lately manifested for these helpless millions.

Is the English rule teaching us to obtain the mastery over Nature? To this question we can give in reply a faint affirmative. For, it cannot be denied that the triumphs of civilization and art over Nature, with which we are every day being familiarized, are conveying a slow but salutary lesson into our minds. They are tacitly imparting confidence and assurance to our hearts, and are divesting us of that overwhelming awe for the forces of nature which held us spell-bound for centuries together. At the same time it must be confessed, that there are still many other physical influences which we are not learning to conquer, and which may therefore be expected to exert their baneful influence for ages to come. No means have yet been discovered to counteract the influence of damp heat on the human constitution. Rice is still our chief diet, nor does it seem likely that we as a nation will ever be able to afford to take to meat as our ordinary food. The country is too poor to construct houses for every villager that will brave the cyclones; and embankments, or the construction of inclined banks, to repress the turbulence of our rivers cannot be contemplated with our present resources. Nature in this country

therefore bids fair to continue in the enjoyment of her mastery over man till the end of time. There can be little doubt of the fact that, as a nation, we are improving in many respects under the British rule ; but there can be still less doubt of the fact, that the points in which we are so improving sink almost into insignificance when compared with those in which we may fairly expect to remain just as we are for centuries and ages to come. The attentive student of History, who knows what an arduous and tedious work it is for a nation to improve its character, will probably derive from the few benefits we are receiving under the British rule much consolation.

There is however one ray of hope amid this universal gloom. There is one thing of which we may be deservedly proud,—we mean that intellectual activity which has never deserted us in subjection or in sorrow. Whoever has closely examined the literary history of Bengal even in the most unfavorable times, *viz*, under the rule of the Mahomedans, has marked the activity of thought and the strength of the intellect as it was displayed just before, and for sometime after, Chaitanya lived and worked, has minutely reviewed the labors of the great Raghunath and his acute followers of the Nadiya School, need not despond. We may not make startling discoveries in the sciences and arts,—for that requires the boldness and the energies of a free nation which we do not possess. But the heritage of an acute intellect and active thought which we have received from our forefathers will live, will be handed down to our posterity the more refined for having received English culture, and will impart solace and comfort to our children long after we have ceased to live.

ARCYDAE.

[To prevent misunderstanding we may remark, that we do not agree with the writer of the above thoughtful paper in all the opinions he has expressed. Having no sympathy with the crass materialism of Buckle and his Philosophy of Despair, and regard-

ing the Christian solution of the problem of life, as well national as individual, to be the true one, we cannot think that the case of Bengal is so hopeless as our esteemed contributor makes it out to be. Besides natural and historical causes, we believe in something higher, nobler and diviner. There are, at this moment, influences at work upon God's earth, by means of which "a nation may be born in a day." Ed. B. M.]

SONNET.

BURRA BAZAR.

THROUGH crowded alleys which o'erhead display
 A tortuous seam of pure unclouded sky,
 Past groups of glorious mosques and pagods high,
 And bubbling basins crowned with garlands gay,
 Oft, ere the school-bell rang, this dim archway
 I sought in youth, (how swift Time courses by!)
 For top, or ball, or beads of gaudy dye,
 Or haply, dreams of times long past away:
 In sooth, a fitter spot to realize
 The days when Bagdad held Al Raschid dear,
 Is not on earth; for bales of goodly size,
 Embroidered scarfs, and jewelled dirks lie here,
 And in the stalls arrayed in turbans green,
 White-bearded men with amber pipes are seen:

D.

NOVELS AND NOVEL-WRITING.

THE *Saturday Review*, of a recent date, while noticing Ouida's last work—*A Dog of Flanders, and other Stories*,—makes some very cutting remarks which, however, are evidently meant to apply to her, less as an original thinker, than as "a scholar of the great master of the school, Balzac." The *Reviewer* says—

"She [Ouida] delights in affecting that kind of cynicism with which the reader of French novels is painfully familiar. She may be described as, in some respects, a scholar of the great master of the school, Balzac. Amongst the other peculiarities of that inimitable writer, one of the most conspicuous was his inversion of the ordinary novelist's code. Every English writer of reputation has found it necessary to conciliate the good opinion of his readers by exhibiting the ultimate triumph of virtue. A large family, good income, obedience, and troops of friends, almost invariably await the hero and heroine at the end of the volume. Balzac ingeniously inverted this system. Good fortune, in his pages, usually rewards successful villainy, and we are invited to admire virtue only as exhibited in the sufferings of a martyr. * * * Ouida is endeavouring to naturalise among us this agreeable view of human life. The truth is a very simple one, and easily learnt. *The worst of it is that, in a very short time, this inverted view of human nature, becomes as monotonous as the old one; and as, on the whole, we hold that it is much less true—for were it true, the world would be ruled by the devil—we also consider it to be artistically inferior.*" The italics are ours.

That so talented a writer as our contemporary of the *Review* unquestionably is,—one who has, to all appearance, studied, in the light of a healthy philosophy, men and manners in their various and ever-varying forms and phases, and from different stand-points,—who, if any thing, is in most matters, thoroughly unprejudiced, and entirely free from the trammels of canons and dogmas, which have hitherto commanded respect, simply because they have not been confronted by a more enlightened criticism—who, if he is, on the one hand, ever ready to visit, with earnest remonstrance and strong condemnation, fashions and practices, not the less offensive because they are pleasant to the sight, glistening, as they do in the glare of the highly finished arts of civilization, is equally indignant, on the other, when arrogant piety, with uplifted brow, or false sentimentalism, with honied words and nice compromises, stands in the way of either innocent amusement, or the exposure

of hypocrisy and repression of crime—and who, it must be added, never indulges in mere tall writing, except when he is driven to the perpetration of that venial offence by the exigencies of party politics, or sheer penuriousness of matter ;—that such a writer should commit himself to the expression of an opinion which is false, because it is not founded on fact, and ungenerous, because, despite the altered state of things, and the surrounding circumstances, it would still confine the novelist to the bed of Procrustes, lest the government of the world passes off from the hands of God into those of the d—l,—has so shaken our preconceived notions, that we may be pardoned for venturing to dispassionately enquire how far are the principles of the French writers really reprehensible—for invoking the pity of the Reviewer on those whose æsthetic perceptions have been so hopelessly blurred by differences of nationalities, with their concomitant evils, that they cannot see the thing of beauty, whenever asked to do so, in the coat of purely English cut—or, failing in that, for attempting to divert, if possible, the thunderer's bolt from the direction of unproven delinquency.

The diatribe against the French school has, it would seem, been provoked by no mere dereliction of duty on the part of its professors. These professors have, according to the *Reviewer*, been guilty of a grave offence : they have called in question the wisdom of their predecessors—they have hurled defiance at the teeth of “every English writer of reputation,”—they have actually dared to *invert* the “ordinary novelist's code,” and to frame a separate one for their misguided followers, Ouida and others. Now, what can this precious *ordinary* code of the novelist be, which, if one unconsciously offends against, he is at once to be black-balled out of the community of literary men, and gibbeted for the amusement of the reading public? And here our contemporary, instead of keeping us in doubt, charitably steps forward to enlighten us. One broad principle underlies this code—we ought “to conciliate the good opinion” [if such conciliation, it is to be presumed, brought in a good return in Her Majesty's coin,—not otherwise] of the reader* “by exhibiting the *ultimate triumph of virtue*.” But how is this to

be done? Nothing can be easier: Give the hero and heroine, at the end of the volume, "*a large family, a good income, obedience, and troops of friends*,"—and there you have the *ultimate triumph of virtue*, with the ordinary code of the novelist into the bargain.

We are ready to admit that the generality of mankind,—and for the matter of that we may as well include the portion excepted, who do not seem to be above manifesting indications of a sort of semi-consciousness of their sterling worth,—attach the highest importance to the good things of life enumerated above. Indeed, seeing how very useful they are, not understanding the word exactly in its utilitarian sense, it would have been a wonder if men had formed a lower estimate of them. But it may fairly be doubted whether love and friendship, such as we find them in our everyday life,—mere lip-affairs, and frequently not even as much; whether "*honor*," with its "*troops of friends*" (of course, when a "*good income*" is either in *esse*, or in *posse*,) and other kindred blessings, can be said to have, with virtue, any necessary connexion? As cause and effect—such a relation, the experience of the world tells us, does not exist. We must confess it appears something new to us that the motive power to virtue should be a "*large family*," and that an unswerving adherence to the path of rectitude should be rewarded "*with obedience*." And obedience on whose part? Assuredly not on his part who practises virtue; for that, to our thinking, would be a strange return. After a long and consistent course of self-abnegation, involved in the idea of a virtuous life, to be summoned, ostensibly to receive the fitting reward, but, in reality, to be ordered to go through a similar career again, would painfully remind one of the never-ending motion of Ixion's wheel, and, until virtue and vice were defined anew, offer little inducement to others to quit the walks "*strewn with pleasure*." On the part of our children then?—and the writer alludes to the "*mother's heart [being] broken by the irreclaimable brutalities of her reprobate son*." That too would scarcely hold water. The reader must remember that we are discussing the question of the *ultimate triumph of virtue*. We are prepared to concede that, if the father led an exem-

plary life, his children, might, in nine cases out of ten, walk in his footsteps, though statistics, if kept, might, we fear, tell a different tale. But that is not exactly the question. Obedience consists either in a sense of duty, and in a readiness to act in conformity with the dictates thereof,—or in simulating a willingness to obey, and harbouring along with it a spirit of rebellion. In other words, obedience may be either real and voluntary, or assumed, forced, and conditional ;—it may be founded in love, in religion, in a consciousness of a moral obligation, as in gratitude, for instance—or in expediency. In either view of the case, we fail to perceive how virtue, in one man, or woman, can be followed, as a logical sequence, by obedience, such as we have defined it, in another, and that too by way of reward to the former, except by that sort of logic, embodied in a well-known saying amongst ourselves, which may thus be freely rendered into doggerel rhyme :—

From hence I aim'd, and let the arrow fly,
It struck the plantain tree that stood so nigh,
The purple liquid runs adown my thigh,
Oh *Bâp*, my eye is gone,—Oh *Bâp* my eye!

As regards the virtuous man being blessed with a large family, all that we can say is, that it is a pity that writers, who have hitherto puzzled their heads to find out a satisfactory solution of one of the most important problems affecting the prosperity of a nation—how to check or deal with superfluous population, that its demand for food might be on a par with the productive capacity of the country, did not know that the said solution lay in a nut-shell. If a large family be a blessing, and if virtuous men are to be rewarded with it, it follows that men who are *not* virtuous have no right to that blessing; and *a fortiori* those who are positively vicious can, under no pretext, set up a claim to it. Promote, therefore, vice, and thus minimize population, reducing each family to only two venerable units, who may go on cooing and billing to the end of the chapter, without ever getting a blessed soul in the shape of a child to enliven domestic life with its innocent prattle, or angelic smile.* The *Reviewer*, as might no doubt be expected from one who knows

how to wield language and argument to his purpose, tries to shirk responsibility, and shelve it off on the shoulders of the novelist. "A large family, a good income," and the other blessings of life, "*await*," he says, "the hero and heroine *at the end of the volume*," evidently meaning thereby that the agglomeration of the unlikeliest of events—the unexpected *kow-tow* of the most stubborn of things, time and place—the stale artifice, the *hocus pocus*, which "every English writer of reputation" ought by this time to have set his or her face against, by means of which all good things are concentrated in a happy catastrophe, is the work of the *novelist*,—he, the *Reviewer*, being no party to such poetical justice. But the abuse he heaps on poor Ouida, and on her master, Balzac, of the *inverted* code, clearly shows that, say what he will, his sympathies lie with the novelists who, by their masterly manœuvre, have hitherto supported the credit of the *ordinary* code.

If what we have said above be correct, it would follow that the *Saturday Review* has signally failed in making out a fair case in behalf of large families, good income, &c. as *final rewards*, and as illustrative of the *ultimate triumph* of virtue. These things—we do not say they are of the earth earthy, for we do not affect greater sanctimoniousness than our neighbours—would, as rewards, be, in our humble opinion, a scandal, and a disgrace to the very name of virtue. Wealth, rank, title, troops of cringing friends to admire the luxuries on your table, and then to laugh at your follies behind your back, regiments of servants in rich liveries ready to

"Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,

Where thrift may follow fawning.—"

What! are these all, and peace of mind nothing? We all remember what old Howard's idea of happiness was,—

"No grudge, no strife,

"Without disease the healthful life,

"True wisdom joynde with simpleness,

"The night discharged of all care,

"The faithful wyfe without debate,

"Ne wish for death, ne feare his might."

What ! have they grown so unfashionable, or we so wise, that, in our estimation, they have no perceptible weight in the scale ? Turn over the pages of history, and then ponder, for a moment, whether its teachings are not adverse to recompensing virtue with things that have only a relative and factitious value to command the world's homage. But let that go. The ordinary novelist's code, then, is a failure, and we have now to see what that code ought to be, and whether the French school is opposed to it *toto cælo*, or even in its main features. But before we do so, we beg to be allowed to dwell a little longer upon the art now in vogue of manufacturing novels,—an art which, strange to say, seems to meet general acceptance.

It is the fashion with the novelist to open with a speck on the distant horizon, not bigger than the hand, and, in the middle of the story, to invoke, and bribe, Æolus, and the deity that presides over the "sulphurous and thought-executing fires," to kick up a shindy. Further on, all the elements are made to run a-muck of each other, and to make confusion worse confounded. Then comes on,—to the relief of the reader, though by no means unexpected—the clearing up of the moral atmosphere—the calm after the storm—the adjustment of all differences—the rounding off of all angularities—the smoothing down of all inequalities; and pat appears on the scene Hymen, in his purple habiliments, with a crown of roses on the head, the well-known torch in the hand, and with smiling faces all around. Molehills are raised, in the twinkling of an eye, to the dimensions of a mountain, and are then brought down, as quickly and as scientifically, to their original altitude. The rubbish, the unbroken stones, the hollows, the stubble, the swamps, the quagmires, are, as it were, with the aid of the Hindu Rajah's wonderful art, converted into a bowling-green that progress may not be retarded. The spirits of the nether world are called up to dance to the tune that accompanies the imbroglio—and lo ! the gods are descending to unravel the entanglement. Machinery, with its extramundane agencies—witchcraft, gypsyism,—have in vain been beaten off the field ; they have appeared only in other forms, to enlist in

their favour, not simply the credulity of the superstitious, but also the appreciative sympathy of those who would fain be believed to have made the mysteries of the universe their own. Art with its means and appliances, science with her endless resources—the stern, unyielding facts of the physical and moral world—are severally and collectively subsidized, and made to yield to the purposes of the novelist. The colored Doctor beautifully deprives one of his eye-sight *secundum artem*, that the villain, who so often outwitted the hero, being removed out of the way, he (the hero) might go on with his self-imposed task of doing good by stealth. Revelations are made by an occult science which, we believe, has no recognized place among the *ologies*, of things unseen and unheard of, to a dreamy girl with two souls, yet one. A tumbler of drinking water enables one of Duke de Richelieu's guests, who had been a contemporary of Cleopatra and of Jonathan and Saul, to read the destinies of the other guests. The sepulchre opens "his ponderous and marble jaws" to cast up again a woman, dead and buried many, many pages back, who comes triumphantly, just in the nick of time, to give her deposition. Such are the materials out of which our novelists' stories are constructed; such is their *modus operandi*; and such is the *ordinary* code. As in love, so in novel-writing, all is fair that co-operates with, and helps the end.

It is our misfortune, perhaps also our fault, that our ideas of the vocation of the novelist, and indeed of writers of works of fiction in general, do not come up to the *otium cum dignitate* standard of our worthy contemporary of the *Saturday Review*. Of course, in so far as the mere enunciation of principles is concerned, novelists, reviewers, critics, and, along with them, our humble selves, are, we know, in the main, agreed. It is only when these principles are to be applied, that we deem it our duty to come forward with a caveat, and notably in this particular instance. The *ultimate-reward-of-virtue* theory is no doubt a very good one; it is full of hope to those who have chalked out for themselves a line of conduct about the propriety of which there can be no difference of

opinion, and of inducement to others who are wavering on the demarcating line, with the regions of virtue extending towards one hand, and those of vice towards the other. But we have already shown that material prosperity is not the legitimate reward of virtue. The one may, as it sometimes does, accompany, but cannot measure the other, the two being wanting in an essential element of homogeneity. The novelist, therefore, who crowds the penultimate chapter (the last being generally filled up with a few necessary domestic arrangements) with all good things for the loving pair, incurs a heavy responsibility, inasmuch as he renders many foolish youth, and many still more foolish girls, unhappy for life, by creating expectations which, except in very rare cases, can, from the nature of things, never be realised. The *beau idéal* of earthly fecundity is certainly a very desirable object, and the reader may be pardoned for indulging in reveries, or in grudging no sacrifice for its attainment. Not so, however, one who assumes the rôle of an instructor, for your novelist professes not less to instruct than to amuse. He cannot be allowed to trifle with, still less to ignore, his obligations. He has no right to indent on what is simply possible, to depict in gaudy colors an unreal world, to spread snares around the unwary footsteps of heedless youth, and to insinuate into the minds of happy families prurient desires, false hopes, heart-burnings, grief and despair. What, then, are the duties and responsibilities of the novelist? Clearly this. He is expected to submit, for illustration of manners, customs, follies, prejudices, virtues and vices, neither caricatures, on the one hand, nor faint likenesses, limned in purple hues, on the other, but veritable portraiture of life as it is, only throwing into the deep shade of the back-ground what is likely to be offensive to correct taste, and infusing into the story the spirit of a sound morality with such artistic skill, that we may not be scared away by encountering, at every turn, the whole decalogue in all its nakedness, but be gently led to the formation of habits and modes of thinking, that are to ultimate in a perception of the loveliness of virtue, and in the spontaneous conformation of every action of ours to her dictates. Judged by this

standard, can the French school be said to have inverted any code,—unless it be that code which, if the *Reviewer* is to be believed, has met with the approbation of every English writer of reputation, but which we nevertheless do not hesitate to say is based upon an *untruth*? On the contrary, is not that code the right one, which professes to present frail humanity in its various aspects—to show what we really are, and not what we might be under different conditions, or a fortuitous combination of circumstances? It is *not* true, that virtue in this world is always, or even generally rewarded, and vice punished. Our contemporary, like a green girl, is scandalised at the very idea of *successful villainy*, as if such a thing were a pure myth, the weak invention of the enemy; and, as regards the *sufferings of a martyr*, why, according to him, they are neither here, nor there! We should really be happy if, by some Act of Oblivion, the painful reminiscences of the past—the rascalities of the species to which we belong, could, as it were by a besom, be swept away from our memory. They are a standing puzzle, and a puzzle, we fear, they will remain till the crack of doom—possibly for our own good. But so long as things remain what they are, our friends of the *ordinary* code are, we believe, bound to accept the facts however unpleasant, and even if they mar, as they certainly do, the beauty of their theory.

It should, moreover, be borne in mind that the salient points of social life undergo such rapid transitions, that the novelist's code, drawn up in Richardson's time, would be to his code in the days of Bulwer, what the Twelve Tables were to the Pandects and the Institutes of Justinian, and the crude laws of Pepin Heristel to the Code Napoleon. It would be, so to express ourselves, simply pre-historic. The days of your Westerns, Thornhills, Jonathon Wilds, Sangrados, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skegges—but their name is legion—may be said to have been fairly numbered. Their mantles may have been left behind, with little chance, however, of their being aired in public. Suppose, for instance, my Lord So-and-So were now to celebrate a birth-day, or

a wedding, and to play bo-peep with matrimony, after the swinish and rakish fashion recorded in novels, plays, and sometimes in sober histories likewise, would he not thereby shock the feelings, and seriously damage the character, of the upper ten, and justify our fast men to do away with hereditary legislators. We are but too apt, again, in these days, to caricature, and at times, not without strong provocation, judges and their justice ; but we doubt very much, if, notwithstanding certain well-known *trials* (?) which have staggered us very much, "Jedwood Justice," with its unblushing inversion of the natural order of things, can entertain hopes of repetition. And, as regards female virtue, it is now purity itself, compared to what it was some four or five decades ago. Pamela, we need scarcely add, could not be, as indeed she was not, accepted by her contemporaries as the type of the girl of the period. When continence was at so low an ebb in Courts, and in high life, it could not be expected that the virtues of the sex would be found in perfection *below-stairs*. Well has he, whose *birth* petty jealousy and meanness of spirit connected with the "stables," lashed the author through the *male* servant, who, *Creilat Judæus*, was proof against the blandishments of the noble *lady*, which to one, with sensibilities less pachydermatous, might have, considering all the circumstances, proved irresistible, despite a defect in one respect—*item*, disparity of *age*. And do *Sissys'* adventures faithfully represent the "West-End life?" The *Mysteries*, and *Anonymas* are quite welcome to tell their own *exaggerated* stories, but we may be pardoned, although our opportunities of personally testing the truth are absolutely *nil*, for not receiving them, except with large grains of salt.

Our contemporary seems to have a mortal dread of *monotony*. That there is in it an insipidity, a flatness, a something not positively repulsive, but certainly distasteful, we readily admit, and those who kick against it have therefore our fullest sympathy. The clerk grumbles at the routine work of the desk, and the schoolmaster, at work not less unvarying in its nature. The planter would gladly exchange, for something more refreshing, his single idea of the probable out-turn ; and the merchant would as gladly send to

the dogs his invoices and bills of lading. The judicial officer too, except when a sensational case is on the file, would, if his dignity permitted it, make no secret of his disgust of the sameness that is so sickening. All, all, are for running out of the groove. Naturally, therefore, does the *Reviewer* manifest an ill-concealed irritation, and would, if possible, be done with monotony for ever. "The worst of it is, that in a very short time this inverted view of things becomes as monotonous as the old one!" Just so. Why, then, stick to the *ordinary* code, with its monotony, and why condemn the "*inverted*" one, when it has at least novelty to recommend it for a season?

But is monotony *per se* a thing to be shunned as we shun the viper? The "thrice-told" tale is doubtless a very trying affair. It certainly requires more than the patience of Job to hear it out. Yet we all remember with what avidity we heard, when children, night after night, from the lips of some old woman, the same story with scarcely any alteration, beginning with the stereotyped undying friendship of the *Rajah's*, the *Mantri's*, the *Patra's*, and the *Kotwal's* sons, and ending with the eternal charmed castle, and the damsel with closed eyes, and with *silver* and *gold* sticks on either side. Again, the simplest, and the most stupid of stories, cooked up in the clumsiest manner, with little or no variation in the main incidents—both parties, paragons of beauty, accidental meeting, love at first sight, unequal rank and fortune, but the reader knows the rest by-heart,—so long as they professed to be novels had, at another period of our lives, an all-absorbing interest which we now, in vain, wish to see realised. Need we add that, at this mature and critical age of our's, with plenty of knowledge of the real character, tendency, and ultimate object of works of fiction, we throw away, in sheer disgust,—a chapter or two, in most cases, being quite sufficient—more than half the novels that come in our way? The tediousness, therefore, which accompanies monotony, has, it is clear, a relation to, and is dependant upon, observation and experience, and has not necessarily to do much, if any thing, with "damned iteration."

In the works of Nature, monotony, that is, *sameness, uniformity, repetition, imitation* (which, for our present purpose, may be regarded as convertible terms) is the *rule*,—any departure from it, the *exception*, being very significantly called *lusus naturæ*. In the vegetable, as well as in the animal *kingdoms*, we are led, by a sort of instinctive logic, to expect, in reproduction, *uniformity as regards the species*, of which form, shape, size, color, habits, &c., constitute the leading features. Strange, that even when the process of truncation has been gone through, the parts truncated manifest a proclivity towards the general characteristics of the species.* Nor, unfrequently, do we expect, in higher and more developed organisms, certain physical and mental peculiarities which differentiate, not the *species*, but the *individual*. If monotony were, of itself, the objectionable thing the *Reviewer* would have us believe, (and,—we are the last person to mince matters,—as it is generally believed and felt) should we look aghast if a mangoe seed produced a jack tree—a kid gave birth to a kitten—and a human being laid, like another Leda, a couple of eggs? We know we here stand face to face with Darwinism. But we think the theory of evolution, (whether true or false, is another question) if fairly interpreted, may not be found to be inconsistent with the view we have taken. Mr. Darwin, if we understand him at all, does not maintain that, *one* given organism, with or without any manipulation on the part of man or God, would almost immediately produce *another*, fully developed. Nor is there, in the works of Art, any material difference in this respect. The general principles, having reference to contour, proportions, symmetry, attitude, coloring, drapery, and expression, still meet with a universal recognition, attesting, by this *consensus* of ages, the truthfulness thereof. In details, but not in principles, has there been any “*inversion*.” Phidias and Polygnotus, Guido and Raphael, Rubens and Reynolds, to this day occupy their wonted niche, unchallenged,

* Read the admirable papers on the *Study of Sociology*, in the recent numbers of the *Contemporary Review*.

and little fearing that they should ever be pushed out by others. There has thus been, in respect of principles, a servile imitation—a repetition—a *monotony*; and we appeal to the *Reviewer* whether there is a *wearisomeness* associated with, and consequent upon, such a monotony. As opposed to *principles*, there is assuredly such a thing as, *capriciousness* or *extravagance*; but it can no way affect the merits of the point at issue; and, we may make only this passing remark, that it cannot, for obvious reasons, prove tiresome on the score of monotony.

But *monotony*, as such, is not only not disagreeable, but is, under peculiar circumstances, positively agreeable,—heartily welcome. The fact is, its agreeableness or disagreeableness is synchronous with the varying attitudes, or emotional conditions, of the soul. When the mind is buoyed up by a quick succession of pleasant ideas, she delights in *variety*;* when, on the contrary, she is pressed down by one all-absorbing painful idea, she seeks for relief, or rather sympathy, in *monotony*. In her merry mood, she dwells with exquisite pleasure upon—

“*Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,*

* * * * *

*Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.”*

She would hear—

“—The lark begin his flight,”

and see—

“Through the *sweet-brier* or the *vine*,
Or the twisted *eglantine*.”

In her melancholy mood, on the other hand, *one single* image seems to possess her entirely, to the utter exclusion, or temporary suppression, of other images, and to afford her gratification which is *sui generis*, but none the less felt, or none the less coveted. The Duke, in the *Twelfth-Night*, would have but *one* kind of song—

* Kames' *Elements of Criticism*.

‘—————that piece of song,
That *old* and *antique* song we heard last night ;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than *light airs* and recollected terms
Of these most *brisk* and *giddy*-paced times.”

The horror-stricken Hamlet, who encounters at a platform before a castle, and at dead of night, an unearthly being, but in a “questionable shape,” being no other than his—

“—————*father’s* spirit,
Doom’d for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin’d to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in his days of nature
Are burnt and purg’d away”—

and finds his worst apprehensions confirmed by that spirit—

“O, my *prophetic* soul ! my *uncle* !—”

could have, unless he were duller

“—————Than the fat weed,
That rests itself at ease on Lethe wharf—”

but *one feeling, one idea* ;

“—————Remember thee ?

Yea, from the tablet of my memory
I’ll *wipe away* all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pleasures past,
That youth and observation copied there ;
And thy commandments *all alone* shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix’d with baser matter.”

In the two instances cited above, *monotony* must have been both a relief and a solace.

But why travel to poetry, for the elucidation of a principle, when we have, in real life, and almost in our immediate neighbourhood, associations bristling with facts in support of our views. The funeral processions of our countrymen have sometimes an imposing aspect which we do not often see surpassed, in point of solemnity, by any thing similar. Picture in your mind, reader,—

if you are not a Native of Bengal,—a *Hindu* who has passed the prime of life, lying on a *khat*, with a rich bedding, indicative of affluence, and covered partially by a pair of valuable *shawls*. On his open breast something evidently is written, as well as on his broad forehead. A string of *tulsi*-beads is visible on his right hand which rests on his chest, and a *tulsi* sapling is beside the pillow that supports his head. The Doctor has pronounced the case hopeless, and the Kaviraj recommended removal to the banks of the sacred Ganges. The pulse has for sometime ceased to beat, yet he is not insensible—for he has a word or two, audible enough, for every body who approaches him. With streaming eyes have his venerable parents just been separated from him—with a heart-rending shriek has the doating wife been compelled to retire to the female apartments—and the two cherubs, unconscious of the bereavement awaiting them, have been gently forced to untwine their hands from around his neck. The procession is moving on with slow, and measured steps. The *khat*, borne by relatives, is in the centre, with troops of friends before and behind, and lights on either side. Carriages of all descriptions, which bring up the rear, move, as it were, with muffled wheels, and the stillness of the summer night is broken only by sobs and long drawn sighs—for the dying man was loved and respected by all who could appreciate the sterling worth of honesty, sincerity, and unobstreperous friendship,—and by the melancholy strains of the musicians ahead which fall on the afflicted ear with a deep pathos that thrills the heart in its innermost recesses, and awakes a vivid conviction—alas ! how short-lived!—of the precariousness of the tenure on which we hold our lives, and the vanity of all sublunary things. And what were those strains? Never mind, what they were ; but the sad accents that could evoke those floods of tears,—and which, the more they heard, the more they wept, and the more they liked to hear again—were they not *monotonous*? Certainly they were. The same song—the recurrence of the refrain after short intervals, could they be otherwise ! Why then were they so agreeable ? And why, to one,—blessed or cursed, we do not enquire—with

a poetic feeling, so highly spiritualised as to

"———apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends—"

the reflected ideas, in the midst of the horrid discordance that accompanies the *Niranjana*, lend a soothing balm? To the mere matter of-fact man, sensibilities so finely attuned, feelings and sentiments so exquisitely harmonised, may appear only a shade better than rank madness. But, inasmuch as the sum-total of mankind is not wholly made up of men of such a turn of mind, there is, perhaps, room for entertaining hopes of redemption for those who do not reckon it a weakness to see beauty even in monotony, and to view things in the mild and subdued light of poetry.

SONG.

EYES with love-light brightly beaming,
 Cheeks where rose and lily bloom,
 Set my truant heart a-dreaming;
 O the power of eyes bright beaming,
 Cheeks where rose and lily bloom!

Smile like sunlight on red roses,
 Flings a glamour o'er my soul,
 Ah! the pearls which it discloses;
 Smile like sunlight on red roses,
 Flings a glamour o'er my soul.

See me, then, a captive pining,
 Fettered in Love's golden chain,
 Will she not her heart inclining,
 Pitying free the captive pining,
 Fettered in Love's golden chain?

I shall go and kneel before her,
 Will she my fond vows believe?
 Will she feel that I adore her?
 When I humbly kneel before her,
 Will she my fond vows believe?

O. C. DUTT.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT TAXES. ✓

WE recur to the subject of taxation, as it is engaging, at this moment, the earnest attention of Government. We repeat, what has often been asserted, that no system of direct taxation is suited to the people of this country, the bulk of whom lack the qualifications necessary to understand the equitableness of such measures, and are either unable to contend against the abuses which the levying of such imposts inevitably produces, or feel inclined to evade their just liabilities. Instances of over-assessments, erroneously and arbitrarily made, and extortions committed on various pretexts, are by no means few, and cases of artful elusion have occasionally happened. The people as a body are not sufficiently advanced in their knowledge and appreciation of public wants, of their rights and duties, as to be able, on the one hand, to resist undue exercise of power to extort what may not justly be demandable from them, nor are they willing, on the other hand, to make the fairest and fullest disclosure of what constitutes their liability under a specified form of taxation. High-handed proceedings on the part of assessing officers, and wilful concealment of just liabilities on the part of the assesseees, combine to produce a large amount of discontent and disappointment, and the joint effect of all proceedings connected with the execution of elaborate systems of direct taxation, in a country circumstanced as this is, concur in producing an amount of demoralization among the people which cannot be too highly reprobated.

In a late number of this Magazine certain evils of Income Tax operations were exposed, and it was from a consideration of like evils and the absence of urgent necessity that Government has been pleased gradually to mitigate the severity of that tax. The entire body of the people, from the millionaire down to a person earning 10 or 12 Rs. a month, were subjected to vexation of the most annoying character, and the shifts and expedients adopted by over-zealous tax-levying officers to raise the proceeds

of the tax, and by their under-paid and generally corrupt subordinates to harass the poor and ignorant people, were varied and many. Cultivators of land who followed no other trade or profession, and who, under the law, had been exempted up to a certain limit of income, were ingeniously made liable on the discovery, sometimes real and oftentimes fancied, of the fact that they sold milk, lent money, and otherwise supplemented their gains from cultivation by other means, however casual or trifling. The income of every individual member of a joint family derived from service, or business carried on by him singly, when found to fall short of the taxable minimum, was not exempted, as the law meant it should be; but the separate incomes of the other members of the family, small or large, were lumped together and the entire sum made liable to the tax. And what was worse, the small incomes of two or three people, living in the same village, who had no connection with each other, in business, family tie, or even in caste and religion, were considered to belong to a joint body and subjected to the tax! Many other irregularities were committed which caused so much discontent and dissatisfaction as to call for special interference on the part of the higher authorities, who, though more willing to deal fairly by the people, were unable, from the numerous instances in which their intervention was necessary, completely to check the evils or afford the relief people of every class wanted. To the cases of hardship, noticed in the last article on the same subject, we may add that, in several other cases, all the earthly goods possessed by the defaulters, from the sale of which the Income Tax imposed on them could be recovered, were sold, but the proceeds fetched were found insufficient to pay the tax-gatherer's demand. Criminal prosecutions, imposing double penalty, operated also in a very mischievous way to heighten the people's sufferings; and the combined effect of all this produced an amount of hardship and oppression which made the Income Tax the most unpopular of any that had been imposed in this country. All these evils have been happily in a great measure put a stop to, by the concessions made by the supreme Governmen

to extend the minimum of taxable income under the Income Tax law. But we shall not be far from the truth when we state that, whatever relief under one law has been accorded to the people, will be more than counterbalanced by the evils anticipated to arise from the imposition of another tax. This latter work of evil, we fear, the Road Cess Tax will accomplish.

Of all the schemes of taxation now existing or proposed to be soon introduced none has raised such a feeling of vague apprehension as the Road Cess. View it in whatever light we may, we fail to see how the working of its cumbrous and complicated details can be effected without causing the greatest annoyance to the bulk of the people who have interest in land. Of all measures of taxation framed by the legislature of this country, the principles and procedure enjoined in none appear to be so intricate as in this ; and we shall not be surprised to find if the working of this tax is attended with difficulties far surpassing any in the history of Indian taxation. The enforcement of this tax will, as we have already said, more than revive the complaints of oppression made during the administration of the original Income Tax ; and from its most comprehensive character, not recognizing any limit of exemption for small incomes, the operations connected with it will do more to disturb the quiet of every humble cottager in the country, and subject him to unmerciful exactions than any impost realized in the country, under legal sanction, has ever done. The tardy way in which every class of land-owner, from the zemindar of a large estate down to a tenant paying more than Rs 100 as rent, will be required, one after the other, to submit elaborate returns, in forms generally not well understood, and the inconvenience and expense to which poor people living at great distances from the station of the Collector will be put in preparing and filing their returns, are evils of no trivial character; but the greatest evil, which is most likely to ensue from the operation of this tax, will be the illegal exactions to which ignorant and illiterate ryots will be subjected in the collection of this cess, which in the end will contribute to rob the

poor ryot of a portion of his hard-earned money more to fill the pockets of many grinding oppressors and rack-renting land-owners than replenish the coffers of the district Collectors. We do not speak against this tax in hopes of getting it annulled, for that is too much to hope for ; but we would beg His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor who has taken such warm interest to introduce it, so to instruct his subordinate agents that they may not, by their over-zealous proceedings, increase the rigour of this most rigorous law ; that the conduct of the superior land-owners in reimbursing themselves from their under tenants and ryots may be most vigilantly watched, for the first year or two, by competent officers acting under the immediate control of His Honor himself ; and that the assessment of the house rates under part IV. of the Act may be conducted with fairness by a well-selected body of men.

With regard to other taxes in contemplation, the new scheme of municipal taxation is still under the consideration of the supreme Government. Its operation is looked on by the village people with dismay. The varied additional burdens which it will impose may aggravate the sufferings of the people to an extent which will be ill compensated by the supposed benefits calculated to arise in some years to come from the passing of that Act.

I'M FREE! ✓

(*Lines written at School.*)

I'm free, I'm free, as is the wind
 Which ranges uncontroll'd
 O'er ocean waves and pine-clad hills,
 Thro' leafy wood and wold.
 I'm free, I'm free;—what words can tell
 The joys with which my heart doth swell?

The pleasant holidays are here,
 For which I long did yearn,
 I'll use them well,—for time once flown,
 I know will ne'er return.
 The daily dull routine of school
 No more my precious hours will rule.

I've burnt Sam Johnson's ponderous tomes,
 For O ! they teased me sore,
 And torn my mystic Algebra,
 Its tyrant reign is o'er,
 And kicked and crushed with horrid glee
 Wise Doctor Brown's Philosophy.

Volumes of song and sweet romance
 Before me open lie,
 All weary soporific tasks
 I now can well defy :
 How smooth would glide my hours away,
 Were life but one long holiday !

O. C. DUTT.

THE BANKER CASTE OF BENGAL.

By the Editor.

CHAPTER I. THEIR ORIGIN.

NOTHING would throw a stronger light on the nature and character of Hindu society and on its inner life, than a history of the several castes into which that vast social system is divided. Such tribal histories, if they contained accounts not only of the rise and progress of the various castes and of their sub-divisions, but also of their peculiar manners, customs and religious rites

would form a sort of natural history, or rather geology, of Hindu society, laying bare before us the successive formations and strata of which it is composed. We know not how far such histories are possible. Perhaps, materials for such narratives have perished in the wreck of time. It cannot be doubted, however, that, though complete histories of Hindu castes and tribes are perhaps not possible, a great deal of interesting information may be gathered from the unwritten history and floating traditions of each caste. We purpose in the following pages to present our readers with a monograph upon the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks, usually called the Banker caste, of Bengal.

Though the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks do not at present, owing to circumstances to be mentioned afterwards, occupy a high position in the social system of the Hindus of Bengal, they are a most influential class. The wealthiest men in Calcutta are members of that caste. The late Babu Syáma Charan Mallik, the millionaire—and the only millionaire in Calcutta—was a Suvarṇa-Vaṇik; and the late Babu Mati Lál Sil, who, in his early years, used to go about in Calcutta from street to street with a bag of *pice* on his shoulder for procuring his livelihood, and who afterwards rose to great affluence—second only to the father of the late Babu Syáma Charan Mallik—also belonged to that caste. In commercial enterprise, which is the Vaṇik's own element, no name in the Native community stands at this moment higher than that of Babu Durgá Charan Lálá, a banker by caste; while, in munificence and charity to the poor, few names in Calcutta can equal those of the late Mati Lál Sil, and of the venerable Ráya Rájendra Náth Mallik Báhádur—may his shadow never grow less!—both of them members of the Suvarṇa-Vaṇik caste. Some years since, several of the Rájás of Calcutta were Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks; and the Burra Bazar and Pathuriaghatta Malliks, the Sils of Chinsurah, and other wealthy families, though somewhat shorn of their ancient greatness, may take honest pride in the fact, that some of their former servants and dependants, belonging to other castes, are now amongst the richest and most influential

Zemindars of Bengal—Zemindars, who gratefully acknowledge that they “have become *men*,” to quote the language of a Bengali proverb, “by eating,” though not literally, “the rice of the *Sonár Benid*,” as the *Suvarṇa-Vaṇik* is called in common parlance. As a class, proportionately, more *Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks* are wealthy than the members of any other single caste; hardly any family of that caste is in absolute want; indeed, it is a common saying, that “*Lakshmi*,” the goddess of riches and prosperity, “is kept tied in the houses of the *Sonár Benidás*.” The origin, social history, manners, customs, and religious practices, of so wealthy and influential a class, can hardly fail to be interesting.

It is well known that, amongst the Hindus, there were originally four castes, Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras. The Brahmin was the teacher, the prophet, the priest and the spiritual director of his country; the Kshatriya administered its internal affairs, and defended it from foreign invasion; the Vaisya developed its resources, carried on trade, and thus contributed to its material prosperity; while the inferior Sudra waited as a servant on his Brahmin, Kshatriya and Vaisya lords, and engaged in menial and servile work. It is true, that some European oriental scholars have maintained that the Sudras were not Aryans, but either the aboriginal inhabitants of the country pure and simple, or mixed races produced by intermarriage between the aboriginal inhabitants and their Aryan conquerors; but recent investigations, especially those made by Dr. Kern of Leyden, tend to show that the four-fold division of caste had an ante-Vaidik origin. However this may be, it is a simple fact, that the Sudras, as a class, though they existed in the time of Manu, or rather in the Hindu society as it is depicted in the code of that great lawyer, do not exist now, —their place having been taken up for the most part by the large class called *Varṇa-Sankaras*, or Mixed Castes, formed by the intermarriage of the four original castes into each other, and by the union of the offspring of those intermarriages with one another. Sudras and *Varṇa-Sankaras* have, in our day, become almost convertible terms. Of these Mixed Castes, Manu gives, in the tenth

Chapter of his Institutes, a list of twenty-nine divisions. At the top of the list is the Ambashtha or Vaidya (the physician caste) produced by the union—legal in those days—of a Brahman man with a Vaisya woman ; and next to him is the Káyastha, the offspring of a Brahman father and a Sudra mother. It is superfluous to remark, that the twice-born and pure-blooded Brahmans, Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, looked down with contempt upon the Mixed Castes.

The Suvarṇa-vaniks—literally *gold-merchants*, from *suvarṇa* gold, and *vanik* merchant—repudiate the idea of being either Sudras or Varṇa-Sankaras. They maintain that they are superior to all the Sudras, to all the Mixed Castes— the Káyasthas and Vaidyas not excepted, and inferior only to Brahmans and Kshatriyas. They claim to be the pure-blooded and twice-born Vaisyas of the Vedas and of Manu, the developers of their country's resources, the promoters of commerce, and the guardians of national wealth. We think their claims are just, and shall endeavour briefly to state the grounds on which they base those claims.

1. The traditions of the caste—most of which are found embodied in writing by A'naṇḍa Bhatta (a Brahman) in a Sanskrit book called *Ballála-Charitra*, or Life of Ballál Sen, king of Bengal—show that the Suvarṇa-Vaniks have been descended from Saṇaka Adḍhya, a Vaisya of Rámgaḍ in Ayodhyá (Oude), one of the earliest aryanized provinces of India. There are no records concerning the first settlement of the Adḍhya family of the Vaisya caste in that fertile province ; whether they came along with its first Aryan invaders, or migrated to it in subsequent times from some other part of Aryan India, we know not. The earliest notice we have of them is during that dreadful struggle between Buddhism and Brahmanism, which shook the whole of India to its centre, and which ended in the discomfiture of the former and the re-establishment of the latter. It was while Buddhism was making extraordinary efforts to reduce to religious subjection the happy and holy land of Ráma and Bharata, that there lived in Ayodhyá a wealthy Vaisya of the name of Kesava .

Chandra Aḍḍhya. Kesava had three sons, Sanaka, Sanátana and Sanat-kumára. The three brothers were all merchants, though the articles in which they dealt were not the same. The first traded in gold, the second in pearls and precious stones, and the third in aromatic spices. Of these three sons, we shall pursue the fortunes of only the eldest of them, Sanaka, as from his loins were descended the Suvarṇa-Vaṇíks of Bengal. It appears that, in his time, Buddhism was making rapid progress in Ayodhyá. The people were fast forsaking Brahmanism and becoming converts to the Buddhist faith. Many of his friends and relatives became Buddhists. Whether the rulers of the country were followers of Gautama or not, we have not the means of knowing ; but, owing to the victorious march of Buddhism, Ayodhyá, which was at one time the paradise of Brahmanism, was becoming too hot for the residence of orthodox Hindus. Under these circumstances, Sanaka, who is represented to have been pious, learned and well-versed in the Vedas, determined, not unlike the pilgrim-fathers of the New World, to forsake his native country and to repair to some other part of Bhárat-Varsha, where he could worship the gods of his fathers without molestation, and at the same time quietly pursue his secular calling. He cast his eyes about, and saw Buddhism triumphant every where except in the kingdom of Bengal. That kingdom had indeed been domineered over by a long line of powerful Buddhist kings of the Pál dynasty, who had reduced many of the neighbouring provinces to their sway. But that dynasty had lately ended, and the sceptre of Bengal had just passed into the hands of Adisura, a monarch who was not only an orthodox Hindu, but who was making every effort to rekindle the dying embers of Brahmanism into a blaze, with the assistance of learned Brahmans whom he had invited from northern India. To this asylum of orthodox Hinduism Sanaka accordingly directed his steps. He was accompanied by his near relatives and by his priest Jnán Chandra Misra, who was a Brahman of the Svárasvata order. He repaired to the court of Adisura, who seems to have resided generally at Vikram pur near

Dháká (Dacca) ; and the king was so charmed with the merchant-pilgrim that he granted him a village on the banks of the Brahmaputra which, though now in ruins, is still called Suvarṇa-grāma or Sonárgán, that is the *golden village*, in honour of the great gold-merchant who settled there.

Such is the account of the settlement in Bengal of the progenitor of the Suvarṇa-Vaniks ; and the account is so simple, so natural, so consistent with itself and with the history of those times, that we have no doubt that it is true. And there is no other account of the first settlement in the country of the caste under consideration. It thus appears that the Suvarṇa-Vaniks are Vaisyas, as they have been descended from Sanaka Adḍhya, who was a Vaisya of Ayodhyá.

It is interesting to observe how the great struggle between Buddhism and Brahmanism exerted influence on the Vaisyas of Ayodhyá and the Vaisyas of Agroha in Hariana in northern India. We have just seen that it was Buddhism which drove Sanaka from Ayodhyá ; and we learn from Mr. Sherring's *Hindu Tribes and Castes*, recently published, that it was Buddhism also which dispersed the Agarwálás—who profess to be true Vaisyas—from their settlement in Hariana.* Does not this striking coincidence verify and corroborate, to a certain extent, the traditions of the Vaisyas of Bengal ?

2. The very name *Vanik*, which is a part of the designation of the Banker caste, shows that they are Vaisyas, for *Vanik* and *Vaisya* are synonyms. In the Sanskrit dictionary called *Rājanirghanta*, *Vaisya* and *Vanik* are said to be synonymous terms :—

“বৈশ্যস্ত ব্যবহৃত্তা বিট বার্তিকঃ পণিতোবণিক”

And in the *Rāmāyana*, Vālmiki calls Vaisyas, Vaniks in the following passage :—

“পটন দ্বিজো বাগমতত্ত্ব নীতিৎ
কত্রায়য়ো ভূমি পতিত্বনীয়াৎ ।
বণিগ জনঃ পণ্য ফলত্ব নীয়াৎ
শূদ্রনুহি হি শূদ্রোহপি মন্বত্বনীয়াৎ ॥”

* Mr. Sherrings *Hindu Tribes and Castes*, p. 285.

That is to say,—If a Brahman reads this book [the *Rámáyana*] he will obtain eloquence, if a Kshatriya reads it he will obtain lordship of land, if a *Vanik* reads it he will obtain wealth, and if a Sudra hears it read he will obtain greatness.” It is needless to remark that *Válmiki*, the writer of the above *sloka*, considered *Vaisya* and *Vanik* to be identical terms.

It may be said, however, that though *Vaisya* and *Vanik* are identical terms, it does not follow that *Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks* are *Vaisyas*. Whence came the adjunct *Suvarṇa*? To this question the *Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks* give a satisfactory answer. They affirm that the present name of their caste was not their original tribal designation; but it was a denomination given to them by king *Aḍisura*. The circumstances connected with the bestowal of the title *Suvarṇa-Vaṇik* upon the *Vaisyas* of Bengal were as follows. When *Sanaka* was settled at *Suvarṇagrāma*, he carried on mercantile business on a large scale. It is said, that he traded with Arracan, Burmah and even with China, and amassed an immense fortune; and the little village of *Suvarṇagrāma* rose to be a great commercial mart. *Aḍisura*, the king, as a token of his admiration of the abilities and energy of the great gold-merchant, presented him with a copper-plate bearing the following inscription:—

“স্বর্ণ বাণিজ্যকারিত্বদত্ত বিশাংগর।

সুবর্ণ বণিগিত্যর্থ দত্তা সম্মানবর্দ্ধয়ে॥”

That is to say—In order to increase the honour of the *Vaisyas* of this place who are engaged in gold trade, I give them the designation of *Suvarṇa-Vaṇik*. This inscription not only shows that *Adisura* bestowed the title *Suvarṇa-Vaṇik* upon *Sanaka* and his castemen, but that he acknowledged that they were *Vaisyas*.

The two proofs given above are, in our opinion, sufficient to show that *Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks* are true *Vaisyas*, but for the fuller satisfaction of the reader we shall produce some more arguments.

3. *Manu*, in the tenth Chapter of his *Institutes*, gives a list of the several classes of *Varna-Sankaras*, or Mixed Castes; in that list the *Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks* do not appear. It is true, that all the mixed

classes, especially the lower ones as they exist at the present day, are not to be found in that list; but it is a marvel that so wealthy and influential a class as the Banker Caste has no place in it. The omission can be accounted for only on the supposition, that those who are now called Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks went by the name of Vaisyas in the time of Manu.

4. Manu tells us, in the tenth Chapter of his Institutes, that Ambashṭha, called Vaidya more frequently in our day, that is the physician caste, is the offspring of a Brahman father and a Vaisya mother. Now, it so happens that amongst Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks and Vaidyas several cognomens, or family names, are common. Both the castes have the following cognomens in common :—

1. Sen.
2. Dás.
3. Datta.
4. Chandra.
5. Dhar.

The question is, how these surnames have come to be common both to Vaidyas and to Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks. Now, with regard to the obtaining of family-names amongst the Varṇa Sankaras, or Mixed Castes, Manu prescribes a rule which is never departed from. It is this :—

পুত্রা যে ত্বনস্তরস্ত্রীজাঃ
 ক্রমেণোক্তা দ্বিজঘনাং ।
 তানস্তর নাম্নস্ত
 মাতৃদোষাৎ প্রচক্রেতে ॥

That is to say, those sons, who are begotten by twice-born fathers with women of other castes, receive their names from their mothers. Agreeably to this rule, the community of cognomen among the Vaidyas and Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks could have arisen from either the one or the other of these two circumstances,—either that the Vaidya was the offspring of a Brahman father and a Vaisya mother, or that the Suvarṇa-Vaṇik was the offspring of a Brahman father and a Vaidya mother. But the second proposition is supported by no authority whatever within the entire range of

the Hindu Sástras; whereas the first is clearly asserted by the highest of all authorities, namely, Manu. We are then absolutely driven to the conclusion, that the Vaidyas have derived some of their family-names from those who are now called Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks, but who were formerly called Vaisyas. This conclusion is corroborated by the interesting fact that the A'garwálás of northern India—who claim to be true Vaisyas—have some family-names, like Pál and Sen, common with the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks.

5. Particular occupations were originally assigned to particular castes. This was the case as well with the Mixed Castes as with the pure-blooded ones. In our day, changes have certainly taken place in this respect, presenting to us the phenomena of a Brahman turning a cook or a ploughman, and a member of one of the Mixed Castes taking his seat as a judge in the highest court of judicature in the land. Still, in the main, the several castes stick to their own proper occupations. The *tantuváya* still weaves cloth, the *sutradhar* still fashions wood, the *madaka* still makes sweetmeats, and the *chammakara* still makes shoes, as their forefathers did in the days of Manu. If we are to ascertain the caste of a class by their occupations, the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks must be pronounced to be Vaisyas. In a well known passage Manu assigns the following occupations to the four original castes:—"Brahmans are to teach, to study, to worship, to officiate at religious services, to give gifts, and to receive gifts; Kshatriyas are to protect their subjects, to give gifts, to worship, to study, and not to be addicted to worldly business. Vaisyas are to protect beasts, to give gifts, to worship, to study, to trade, to receive interest of money, and to till the ground; and Sudras have only one duty—to serve the members of the above three classes. Of the seven occupations assigned to the Vaisyas in the above *sloka*, the Suvarṇa-Vaṇiks have been deprived of two of them, *viz*, worshipping or sacrificing and studying, as we shall see in the next chapter, by the edict of an unjust and tyrannical king; the occupation of tilling the ground has been left by them as it has been taken up by some of the lower subdivisions of the Mixed Castes; but the occupations

proper to the Vaisyas, viz, trading and receiving interest of money, are still retained by them, and by them more than by any other castes; while there is no caste, in Bengal at least, which shews greater tenderness for animal life than the Suvārṇa-Vaṇiks.

Manu distinctly says that wealth is to be accumulated only by the Vaisyas. The Brahman is to devote his life to study and to religion; the Kshatriya to government and to feats of arms; the Sudra to menial service; it is the province of the Vaisya alone to accumulate wealth. And it is a singular fact, that the richest people in Bengal have been in former days, and are at present, the Suvārṇa-Vaṇiks.

6. We do not set much store by the argument from complexion. Brahmans are said to be fairer than the rest of the Hindu inhabitants of India. Probably, on the whole, Brahmans and Kshatriyas (the Rājputs for instance) are fairer than the rest of the people, though we have seen occasionally a Brahman as black as a crow, or as the ebony pipe of the *hukā* which he smoked. The theory is, that pure-blooded Aryans are fairer than either the Mixed Castes or the aboriginal inhabitants. The Vaisyas, according to this theory, ought to be of light complexion; and any one who is acquainted with the Suvārṇa-Vaṇiks of Bengal must admit that they are, to say the least, as fair as Brahmans and Kshatriyas. And it is a fact, universally acknowledged, that the women of the Suvārṇa-Vaṇik caste are fairer and handsomer than the women of any other castes in the country—Brahman women not excepted. The superior lightness of the Suvārṇa-Vaṇik woman's complexion over that of the Brahmani is, in some measure, owing, no doubt, to the greater affluence of the former, which prevents her from being exposed to the influence of the sun and of the weather, but the very fact of her possessing a light complexion shows her to be a pure-blooded Aryan.

It thus appears from a variety of considerations,—from the light complexion of the Suvārṇa-Vaṇiks; from their pursuing to the present day the principal occupations which Manu assigns to the Vaisyas; from the fact of their having given

family-names to the Vaidyas whose first mother was a Vaisya woman ; from the omission of their name in the list of Mixed Castes given by Manu in the tenth chapter of his Code ; from their very designation of Vanik, which is synonymous with Vaisya ; and from the traditions of the Caste, which represent them to have been descended from a wealthy Vaisya gentleman of Ayodhyá,—it appears from these facts, that the Suvarṇa-Vaniks are not a Mixed Caste, but pure-blooded and twice-born Vaisyas ; that they are, therefore, superior to and more honourable—so far as the distinction of caste is concerned—than Káyasthas and Vaidyas ; and that they are, consequently, as much entitled to read the Vedas and to wear the sacred thread as Brahmins and Kshatriyas.

Errata.

Page 246, last line but one, for *scenes*, read, *suns*.

„ 248, first line, for *magic light* read, *magic of light*.

„ 248, last line but two, for *indecent* read, *in deceit*.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER II. *The Village Páthsáld.*

THE *páthsáld*, literally "House of Reading", of the village of Tálpur, had no house of its own. It met under the open sky on a spot of ground in front of a temple of Siva, which was situated in exactly the middle of the village. On two sides of this spot of ground there were six banyan trees, three on each side standing in a line ; under these trees, ranged in rows sat the boys. There were of course no benches ; each boy sat on a little mat or gunny-bag which he brought every day from his house along with his writing materials. As the hours of the school were from early morning to about ten o'clock, and again from three o'clock in the afternoon till sun-down, the boys were not much exposed to the sun, especially as the umbrageous branches of the lofty banyan trees afforded sufficient protection from the rays of that fiery deity. Excepting in the rainy season, the school met in the open air ; there was, therefore, no want of ventilation,—a complaint often made against the school-houses of England and the countries of Europe. In the wet weather, when Heaven pours down rain in torrents, the boys left the open air and took shelter in the ample arcade which was attached to the adjacent temple of Siva. The idea of building a school-house had never occurred to the inhabitants of the village ; they were content to receive instruction in.

the open air as their fore-fathers had done before them ; and I must say they were wise, for the open and free air of heaven is infinitely better than that of a heated and ill-ventilated mud-cottage.

The number in daily average attendance was about thirty, drawn from all castes. There were Brahman, Vaidya and Káyastha boys ; the *navasákas* were also there ; and the agricultural class too had its representatives. To say that the boys were not arranged in classes would be incorrect. There was classification ; but the principle of classification adopted in the *páthsálá* was different from that in English schools. Boys were arranged according to the materials they used in writing. From this point of view there were four classes in the Tálpur *páthsálá*, and I suppose, in all the *páthsálás* of Bengal, at least of western Bengal. The last class were called the “floor-boys”, because they traced the letters of the Bengali alphabet by means of ochre on the floor or on the ground ; the third class were called the “palm-leaf-boys,” because they wrote on palm-leaves with pens of reed ; the second class were called “plantain-leaf-boys”, because they wrote on plantain-leaves ; and the first or highest class were called “paper-boys”, because they wrote on paper.

The curriculum of studies was confined to the three R's—Reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. Especial attention was given to caligraphy, and the boys of the Tálpur school were all distinguished for the perfection of their penmanship. They excelled also in arithnetic, especially in mental arithmetic ; while some of the Káyastha lads were thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of zemindari accounts—a science, in which I made little or no progress, as I was withdrawn from the school, as the reader will see by and bye, at an early age. No grammar was, of course, taught in the school,—indeed, in those days there was only one book on grammar existing in the Bengali language, that written by Rájá Rám Mohana Raya, called the *Gaudiya Vyákarana* ; but that book was used in only some of the advanced Bengali schools in Calcutta. As for books of reading, there was only one used in

the Tálpur *p'ithsálá*, and that was the *Sishu-Sevadhi*, which contained, besides some arithmetical rules, the stories of *Guru-dakshiní* and *Dátákarna*.

The presiding genius of this hall of learning was Gopi Kánta Mukhopádhyaýa. At the time I sat at his feet, he was about thirty years old. He was about five feet nine, rather thin-looking, had a fine head of hair which fell considerably below his neck, and which gave him a somewhat feminine appearance, an ample forehead, and a splendid pair of moustachios which he kept continually twirling with his fingers. He was dressed in a simple *dhuti*, having no *jélmá*, or *chádar* either. He always walked to school without shoes, at least I don't remember having ever seen him with either shoes or slippers on. What struck any one who saw him was his snow-white *paita*, or Brahmanical thread, which consisted of a great many threads and shone over his left shoulders and across his chest like the Milky-Way in the heavens. Though a Brahman and a pedagogue, he was ignorant of Sanskrit; indeed, he could not manage either the S's or the N's of the Bengali alphabet, but used them indiscriminately; his pupils, therefore, as a rule, made mistakes in orthography. He had, when a boy, begun the Sanskrit grammar called *Sankshipta-Sárr*, which was in vogue in that part of the country, but had to give it up as a hopeless task. Besides, were not his father, his grand-father and his great-grand-father, all ignorant of Sanskrit, and did they not prove excellent schoolmasters notwithstanding? Why should he be different from them? But Gopi Kánta had his redeeming qualities. He was an arithmetician of the first force. All the rules of Subhankara, the Indian Cocker, were at his fingers' ends. He could mentally go through intricate processes in the double Rule of Three without the use of slate and pencil or pen and paper, and solve in a trice difficult questions in mensuration. And as to his penmanship, nothing could be more exquisitely beautiful. It was, as his pupils expressed it, *devakshara*—the penmanship of the gods. Being a pedagogue of the fourth generation, it will be easily believed that Gopi Kánta made an excellent teacher. It is true,

he had not much to teach; but what he knew he had a rare felicity in communicating to his pupils. He was pedagogue all over. He seemed to be to the manner born;—and no wonder, for the blood of three generations of pedagogues was flowing in his veins.

A Bengal village schoolmaster is nothing if he is not a severe disciplinarian, and Gopi Mahásaya, as he used to be familiarly called amongst ourselves, was amongst the severest of all severe disciplinarians. For myself, I could never look upon him without trembling; indeed, I may say without exaggeration that, during my school-days, I hardly ever looked him in the face. Seated on a wooden stool in the middle of the school, with a long bambu-switch in his hand, his eyes shooting fire and indignation, he always seemed to me to be the veriest Rhadamanthus that ever exercised authority over boys. Like a good father to his pupils, he never spared the rod. He kept it constantly moving, and made it often descend with force on the ill-fated pates of the urchins. Some very obstreperous boys used to have their hands tied with strong tapes, and in that helpless state subjected to repeated applications of the bambu-switch to all parts of their body; and not unfrequently nettles were applied to their bare limbs, to the no little torment of the young sufferers. And yet Gopi was by no means a hard-hearted man. On the contrary, he was naturally an amiable man, and a great favourite with the ladies of the village with many of whom he was on speaking terms. This may seem strange to our Anglo-Indian readers, who have a notion that Bengali women are kept shut up in their houses. However it may be in towns, there is no doubt that there is a great deal of liberty in the villages; and a spiritual director, or a family-priest, or a Brahman pedagogue, is a sort of privileged person, who can find access to places from which other persons are carefully excluded.

A remark on the financial state of the Tálpur *páthshálá* may not be uninteresting, especially at present, when Mr. Campbell is establishing primary schools in all parts of the country. There were, as I have already said, about thirty boys in the school,

most of whom paid one anna a month as schooling-fee ; a few paid two annas a month, but there were others who were too poor to pay any thing ; so that, making allowance for every thing, the school yielded to the *gurumahāsaya* an income of about two Rupees a month. He had, however, his perquisites, which made a considerable addition to his income. Every boy had to give to the schoolmaster a *sidha* every month. This *sidha* was no joke,—it was much more valuable than the schooling-fee. It consisted of a quantity of rice, a quantity of pulse, a few vegetables, some salt, and a small quantity of mustard oil,—that is to say, all those delicacies which furnish the tables of ordinary Bengalis. Each *sidha* often supplied materials for the breakfast and dinner of the *gurumahāsaya* and his wife and child for one day ; and thirty *sidhas*, therefore, kept his table supplied for the whole month. But this was not all. Half an hour before the close of the school in the evening, several boys were allowed to go home for a few minutes, chiefly with the view of enabling them to bring some little present for the schoolmaster ; and most of them came back, each furnished with a small quantity of prepared tobacco for the *hukī* of their teacher. As there used seldom to be any tobacco in my house, in consequence of my father being away in Calcutta eleven months out of every twelve,—and Hindu women of the higher and middle classes never smoke,—my mother almost every evening gave me either a betel-leaf (*pān*) or a betel-nut (*supāri*) for the *gurumahāsaya*. The schoolmaster had also other occasional perquisites. A marriage was seldom celebrated in the village without putting something into his pocket, as a fee for the village-teacher from the friends of either the bride or the bridegroom, was, and still is, one of the established institutions of the country. At the time of the general harvest in December, and at the cutting of the sugar-cane in January or February, presents were made to the village pedagogue of paddy or treacle, by those well-to-do yeomen whose sons attended the village *pīthsālā* ; while, at the celebration in the house of the *gurumahāsaya* of a ceremony, whether of a marital or of a funereal character,

the whole village was not unfrequently laid under contribution to supply him with the necessary materials. I remember when Gopi Kánta's mother died, and he had to give a feast in connection with the funeral obsequies, we forcibly entered into the gardens and houses of the villagers and cut down branches of plantain trees, alleging that our master wanted them for the feast. When all these items are added together, it will be found that the Bengal *gurumahásaya* was after all not so badly off as he has sometimes been represented to have been. I say, the Bengal *gurumahásaya* was; for I much fear his case is, at the present day, a great deal worse than it used to be forty years ago, owing to the decay in the villages of primitive simplicity of manners and the introduction of new-fangled notions and habits.

Such was the school, and such its presiding genius, to whose guardianship I was entrusted by my father, and who taught the young idea in me to shoot. And here I must record in grateful acknowledgment of the services he rendered me,—especially as he has lately been carried to that bourne from which no traveller ever returns, by that terrible epidemic which has been recently decimating the population of western Bengal,—that Gopi Kánta did his duty by me to the best of his ability which, however, was not great. In the course of a short time I was promoted from the “floor” to the “palm-leaf” class, in which class I must have remained at least two years. My bundle of palm-leaves must have consisted of about twenty or thirty pieces which I procured from the palm-trees with which my paternal acres in the village abounded; my pen I formed out of a common reed called *sar*; and I manufactured my own ink by scraping off the accumulated soot which settles on the bottom of an earthen pot, or *húndi*, used for boiling paddy, and mixing the said soot with a little quantity of water. Armed with these simple weapons, which cost my father nothing, I proceeded to the conquest of the vast realms of knowledge, under the leadership of that redoubtable champion—Gopi Kánta Munkhopádhyaýa of Tálpur. After a world of trouble, I mastered the Bengali alphabet, together with

those awful double consonants, which have scared many a foreigner from learning those Indian languages which have been derived from the Sanskrit. Then came those arithmetical symbols of fractions, the like of which cannot be found in any of the languages of Europe. All this time, however, I was made to repeat, every day, in a chorus along with the whole school, the Multiplication Table extending as far as twenty times twenty; and by dint of daily repetition my knowledge of that celebrated Table became so perfect, I might have also said, so intuitive, that I could tell you the product of 17 times 18 or 19 times 19 in less time than you took in pronouncing the name 'Jack Robinson.' The orthography, taught in the school, was chiefly confined to the spelling of proper names; and I believe I do not exaggerate when I say that I spelt the names of nearly all the inhabitants of Tālpur, from Rāmdhān Muchi, the village shoe-maker, to Mritunjaya Tarkapanchānan, the venerable Pandita who kept a *tol* in his house and delivered lectures to his pupils on the Dialectics of Gautama. From the "palm-leaf" class I was in due time promoted to the "plantain-leaf" class; and I had every day, both morning and evening, to furnish myself with several pieces of the broad and smooth leaf of that very useful and very graceful tree. When I took to writing on plantain-leaf I bade adieu to the spelling of the names of individuals; I commenced letter writing. Letter-writing in Bengali is not so easy as my Anglo-Indian reader may suppose; it is extremely difficult, as the forms vary according to the rank and condition of the parties addressed, and according to the precise degree of relationship in which the writer stands to the person written to; and most of all, these forms are generally in Sanskrit, the meanings of which I then no more understood than I understood Greek or Hebrew. My *gurumahāsaya* made me write many imaginary letters to my father—they were of course never sent to him—in all of which, I remember, I was made to beg my father to send money soon, as we were supposed to labour under pecuniary difficulties; and the other boys were made to write precisely to the same effect.

While in polite literature I was going on with name-writing and letter-writing, I was making answerable progress in mathematics. The two fundamental operations in arithmetic, *viz*, addition and subtraction, both simple and compound,—for in Bengali arithmetic there is neither multiplication nor division,—took me a long time ; I don't think I make an over-statement when I say that I was at them for at least three years. Then came the two *ánámáshás*, *kánchá* and *paká* ; and thereafter *kadikashá*, *serkashá* and *mankashá*, forms of the Rule of Three, which last, I believe, was the *Ultima Thule* of my mathematical studies in the village school. Not that other boys did not know more of arithmetic ; but I was withdrawn from the *páthsálá*, shortly after I had been promoted to the “paper” class, and while I was in arithmetic in the midst of the *kashás*, and removed to Calcutta that I might there carry on my studies under my father's eye.

Before bidding adieu to my *páthsálá* life, I must make some mention of a system of daily examination which prevails generally throughout the country, and which we as boys used to call *ghoshá*. The boys of one large household, or of several households, are made to assemble together, every evening, in one *chándi-mandap* or *baitakkháná*, that is, a sitting room, under the presidency of some elderly person, generally a father, an uncle or some other relation, and are there subjected to an examination chiefly in arithmetic. O, those dreadful evenings ! What painful recollections have I of them ! Scarcely had I finished taking my evening meal when I had to go to the *baitakkháná* to *ghuste*. There, sitting cross-legged on the mat which covered the floor, half-awake and half-asleep, every part of my body bitten by mosquitoes, I was subjected by my uncle—for my father was generally absent in Calcutta—to an arithmetical examination. “Suppose in one pice you get nine plantains, what will be the price of fifty plantains ?” After putting me this question, he would turn towards another boy and put him another question ; and then to the rest of the boys who might be four or five in number. We were not furnished with either slates or paper and pen ; every operation had to be gone

through mentally. For my part, I generally fell asleep during these examinations ; and when my uncle demanded the answer from me, ten minutes or quarter of an hour after the question had been put, he invariably found me in the land of Nod.

ADIEU MY BARK ! ✓

(*From the French*)

ADIEU, my proud and stately bark,
My sunny days are o'er,
Life's path for me grows cold and dark,
We part for evermore.

Yet still uncheck'd by wind or wave,
Defiant thou wilt bear
To other lands our sailors brave,
To win fresh laurels there.
But I no more shall sail in thee,
Shall never gaze again
Upon the fervid southern sea,
The sunny shores of Spain.
Adieu, &c.

How gallant was thy bearing proud,
When storm-lash'd waves ran high,
And from the black electric cloud,
The lightning rent the sky :
Above, shrieked wild the angry gale,
A hell beneath did yawn,
Yet without loss of spar or sail,
Triumphant spedst thou on.
Adieu, &c.

Alas ! those days for me are fled,
—The fire burns faint and low,—

These trembling hands are withered,
 Which fought the desperate foe,
 Which ne'er did flag, nor tire, nor droop,
 Till floated wide and free,
 From shatter'd mast and blood-stain'd poop,
 Our sign of victory.

Adieu, my proud and stately bark,
 My sunny days are o'er,
 Life's path for me grows cold and dark,
 We part for evermore !

O. C. DUTT.

THE PEASANTRY OF BENGAL. ✓

BY ARCYDAE.

It was in 1757, that a handful of Muhammadans and a handful of Hindus, oppressed beyond endurance by a capricious and tyrannical despot, called to their aid a band of foreign traders to dethrone the subadar. The idea was not repugnant to the feelings of these ambitious traders, and they lent a willing ear to the proposal. More than a century has rolled away, and those Hindus and Muhammadans have long since ceased to live. Were it possible for them to awake again from their long sleep, they would indeed have reason to wonder and to pride on the wisdom of their choice. Instead of a country desolated by long misrule, harassed by frequent invasions, plundered by its own governors, they would view with delight peace spreading from one end of the land to the other, commerce thriving, agriculture spreading, the resources of the country fast developing to a wonderful extent. They would see their beautiful country dotted with fair and spacious towns, and their countrymen fast possessing themselves of sciences and a literature freer and nobler than even what their renowned ancestors could lay claim to. Last though not the least, instead of a general system of oppression almost by every

recipient of power resulting in a general insecurity of life and property, they would wonder to see an amount of security and freedom unheard of in the annals of India,—a freedom which allows us not only to act as we please, but even to think and say what we please, though it be against our rulers themselves. A contemplation of the past is always instructive; and though it is but meet and proper that, imbibing the liberal ideas of our rulers, we should criticise their acts judged by *their* ideas of justice, it is also meet that we should not altogether lose sight of what we were a hundred years ago, that we should not be altogether unmindful of the blessings secured to us by the British rule,—that we should not be altogether wanting in gratitude to those who have so blessed us.

Amid this general improvement, there is one class of people who have been peculiarly backward in reaping the benefits of the English rule,—and this class, it is much to be regretted, includes the millions of the peasantry of Bengal who in reality constitute the nation. Indeed, in recounting the blessings of the English rule, the fact that such blessings do not concern by far the majority stares us in the face. We shall therefore pause here, and endeavour, within the limits of this article, to describe the condition of this majority of the people of Bengal, and paint the Bengal ryot as he was and as he is.

The Bengal ryot under the Muhammadans (except during the last days of misrule and oppression) was much the same as he is now. Remaining in complete ignorance, tilling the land with borrowed capital, powerless to resist, and patient under calamities and oppression, he lived in his humble cottage and tilled his fertile land, as he lives and tills even now. The relationship which existed between him and his landowners, and which has hardly ceased to exist even now, precluded the possibility of his ever hoping to enjoy to-morrow what he might save to day, and he revenged himself by never saving a penny; and accumulation of wealth is a thing unheard of in the history of Bengal ryotry from the earliest times to the present day. The very seed he

sows is borrowed, and oftentimes he lives on borrowed capital for eleven months in the year, paying his rents as well as his debts on the month of reaping, and then beginning to borrow again from the village *mahajans*. Surely a more effective way to thwart the cupidity of oppressors has never been invented. Would they intrude into his house? A mud cabin to shelter him, which if broken down may be rebuilt in the course of a day, a handful of corn for his daily food, a couple of cows and a plough, a few earthen utensils and a tattered mat, are almost all that he possesses and all that he requires. And with this "he led a life of ease, he loitered and danced and sang. There is no magistracy in Asia to prevent that."

Such was the Bengal ryot under the Muhammadans, and such he is at the present day. In a few respects, however, his condition has improved. The oppression of landowners has now a greater chance of being visited with punishment by courts of justice than under the Muhammadans, though even now the chances are feeble enough. Though we still receive harrowing accounts of famines now and then, their recurrence and even their force have steadily decreased with the increased care taken to ascertain the state of the crops, and with the increased facility afforded for bringing corn from distant parts by rail. And last though not least, warfare and invasions, which would devastate the country, and cause endless misery to the peasantry, and blight their prospects almost once in every generation, have ceased altogether.

But even these improvements were not secured in a day. The condition of the Bengal peasantry, wretched enough during the Muhammadan rule, underwent a change even for the worse when the English first came in possession of the province. Those days were indeed days of general mourning for Bengal. Suddenly entrusted with the management of a strange country with strange inhabitants, our rulers, during the first thirty years of their rule, could neither compass the amount of their responsibility, nor cared to devise measures for the good of the people. Every

underling of the new government could, with perfect impunity, rob the people of the country; and vast fortunes were amassed in the twinkling of an eye under the name of inland commerce. Indeed, the generation, which lived at the time of the transfer of these provinces from the Muhammadans to the English, witnessed an amount of misrule and oppression unheard of even in the annals of Bengal. In the powerful language of Macaulay, the cultivators left their homes and lands in despair, and, fleeing from the oppression of Government underlings, sought the company of the more humane tigers and wild animals of the forest. The result followed soon;—a famine ensued, the like of which had never before been known in this fertile country,—a famine which is estimated to have carried away one third of the population. Land revenue was seriously impaired, till at last the Company's servants were wakened to a due sense of their responsibility, and to a knowledge of the extremely miserable condition of the Bengal peasantry; and they at once resolved on redress.

This was a critical moment. It was a moment that comes but once in the history of a nation, a moment whose good use might have compensated for the misrule of generations. The Bengal ryot, passionately fond of his home and his land, had not ceased to cultivate it in spite of all misrule and oppression, and the moment had come when his unfailing interest in his land might be rewarded by vesting him with its proprietorship, or at least by granting him with a long lease on fixed rent. He had suffered most cruelly in those oppressive times, and the moment had come when the long tissue of his grievances might be redressed by making him the little zemindar of his land. He had for centuries groaned under the oppression of the zemindar,—and the moment had come when the zemindars might be turned adrift, and an end put to the oppression of centuries. But Lord Cornwallis was an aristocrat, and aristocratic prejudices prevailed; he was an Englishman, and English institutions were introduced.* He

wanted to create an aristocracy like the aristocracy of England. He waved his magic wand, and a strange aristocracy arose on the soil. The moment was lost, and once lost, it is lost for ever.

We shall not dwell at length on the painful subject of the consequences entailed by the Permanent Settlement. But one or two things we feel we cannot pass over. In a country, where the peasantry are so weak, so ignorant, so incapable of resistance, where so little publicity is given to what takes place in the villages, a child might understand the impolicy of lodging extensive powers in a few hands; but Lord Cornwallis did not understand this, for he was thinking of the English aristocracy. The simple fact seems to have been this. To preserve the peace of the country, and to raise the greatest revenue from its people, were the two primary notions which swayed and determined the policy of our Muhammadan rulers; and so long as the country was in peace, and the exchequer was not empty, not one out of ten Muhammadan subadars would care to investigate as to how the people were ruled or money was obtained. Institutions were accordingly developed in the land which, though oppressive in the extreme to the people, were favorable to the policy of the rulers. The zemindari system recommended itself to those rulers, because by making substantial men directly responsible for the revenue, it ensured, on the one hand, the safety of the revenue, and relieved them, on the other hand, from minute and detailed accounts (to which the Muhammadan rulers of India were always averse), which would have been necessitated if every ryot had to pay directly to Government. A mighty change was brought about with the advent of the English in India. Besides the two motives mentioned above, the more civilized policy of our rulers recognized a third and a nobler motive, *viz.*, to secure as far as possible the happiness of the people; and the consideration regarding the happiness of the people weighs hardly less in the estimation of our enlightened rulers than even the consideration of the stability of their revenue. Such being the case, it behove our rulers when they

first conquered this land, to consider, how far the existing institutions of the country were compatible with this third and noblest of motives, before they stamped such institutions with the seal of perpetuity. It behove them to consider, how far the then existing zemindari system would be for the good of the people if made perpetual ; but a mistake was then committed, and the consequences threaten to last till the end of the chapter. The Muhammadan rulers approved of the zemindari system because they minded not if the peasantry were harassed and oppressed by the zemindar and his underlings ; they minded not if extortion was carried on among the helpless people. The humane spirit of English administration is strongly opposed to these acts ;—then it behove the English to consider twice before they made a system perpetual which facilitated such acts. Once the system has been made perpetual,—and even English intelligence and English good will seem to be unequal to the task of putting a stop to zemindari oppression. No doubt the Courts of justice are open to the peasantry as well as the zemindars, and good reason has the Calcutta Cockney to disbelieve in the fact of zemindari oppression of the present day. But, says one proverb,—who can fall out with aligators and then live under water ?—what ryot can fall out with a zemindar and then live on his lands ? As a natural consequence, the ryot in nine cases out of ten tamely puts up with the insolence of the zemindar's underlings, till in the course of time such insolence comes to be regarded as customary and legal.

And yet there can be no doubt of the fact that the measure was enacted with the best of intentions* If we want to satisfy

* “Never was there any measure conceived in a purer spirit of generous humanity and disinterested justice than the plan of the Permanent Settlement of the Lower Provinces. It was worthy the soul of a Cornwallis. Yet this truly benevolent purpose fashioned with great care and deliberation has to our painful knowledge subjected almost the whole of the lower classes throughout these provinces to most grievous oppression,—an oppression, too, so guaranteed by our pledge that we are unable to relieve the sufferers”. Lord Hastings' Minute, dated 31st December, 1819.

ourselves with regard to the benevolent intention of the Permanent Settlement, we need only read the Act. Says Sec. VII,—and the words ought to be inscribed in tablets of gold by every zemindar and hung up in his bed room that he may read them morning and evening :—“To conduct themselves with good faith and moderation towards their dependant Talukdars and ryots are duties at all times indispensably required from the proprietors of land, and a strict observance of these rules is now more than ever incumbent on them in return for the benefits which they will themselves derive from the orders now passed. *The Governor-General in Council therefore expects that the proprietors of lands will not only act in this manner themselves towards their dependant Talukdars and ryots, BUT ALSO ENJOIN THE STRICTEST ADHERENCE TO THE SAME PRINCIPLES ON THE PERSONS WHOM THEY MAY APPOINT TO COLLECT THE RENT FROM THEM.*” The Italics and the capitals are our own : but have the expectations of the Governor-General been fulfilled ? Painful experience, broad day light facts, prove the contrary.*

We hope we shall not be mistaken. It is not for us to advocate the abolition of a settlement which the Government of India have solemnly declared to be permanent. The good resulting from such an event will bear no proportion to the evil that

The policy of enacting irrevocable laws for future generations involved in the Permanent Settlement has been thus condemned by Bentham:—“At each point of time the sovereign for the time possesses means for making himself acquainted with the exigencies of his own time—with relation to the future he has no such means of information, all is vague anticipation, rough and random guess drawn by analogy. An irrevocable law therefore transfers the government from those who have the best possible means of information to those who are necessarily incapacitated from knowing any thing at all about the matter. Instead of being guided by their own judgment, the men of the 19th century shut their eyes and give themselves up to be led blindfold by the men of the eighteenth century,—men who have half a century more experience to ground their judgments upon, to men who have half a century less experience.”

• Our remarks do not of course apply to every particular zemindar,—but certainly to by far the vast majority of them.

will be created in the general distrust and want of confidence of the people towards Government. We would rather recommend a line of conduct anticipated by the act itself. Sec. VII. declares—“It being the duty of the ruling power to protect all classes of people, and *more particularly those who from their situation are most helpless*, the Governor General in council will whenever he may deem it proper enact such regulations as he may think necessary for the protection and welfare of the dependant Talukdars, ryots and other cultivators of the soil.” We sincerely and earnestly hope that Government will consistently follow out this policy till every illegal act perpetrated in the villages have a fair chance of detection,—till the much wronged peasantry of Bengal feel in themselves a power to resist, or at least to publish, every act of injustice from which they may suffer. We shall gradually see how far Government has acted in accordance with this policy.

Four scores of years have rolled away since the Permanent Settlement has been enacted, what fruits have these eighty years of active legislation brought for the poor ryot? Echo answers, what? Within this period a world of changes has been inaugurated in Bengal. Every department has undergone a radical reform, and benefits and blessings have been showered upon us like the dew of heaven. Blessed be the rule which has conferred such benefits on us. But whom do these benefits concern? Not the sixty-six millions of the peasantry of Bengal, whose history of these eighty years presents us with a cheerless blank. Commerce has thriven, but commerce to them is practically forbidden; and if agriculture has been extended, the zemindars and not the ryots reap the benefit. Poor cultivator!—no municipality has improved his village,—no schoolmaster has set his intellect a-marching. He lives even as his forefathers lived in poverty and under oppression, and yet finding time, in the vacant routine of his every-day life, moments to smile and sing with an empty heart and unrepressed hilarity.

Four scores of years have rolled away since the Permanent Settlement, the only laws enacted calculated to effectually

benefit the classes of people "who from their situation are most helpless" are,—Act. X. of 1859 of Lord Canning, and Mr. Campbell's Resolution on primary education. The former has not been able to secure the amount of good that it was intended to do, though we are free to confess that it has done a certain amount of good. It has thrown a salutary check on the conduct of the little village lordlings; and although the cultivating classes, for reasons mentioned above, have not been able to avail themselves of its provisions to their fullest extent, yet instances are by no means unfrequent of Gomastas being punished for transgressing such provisions; and such instances, isolated though they are, serve as salutary examples. Ejectment of ryots from their homes and lands, as well as unlawful enhancement of rent, though not altogether put a stop to, have certainly been checked.

The next step brings us at once to contemptuous events, and to the vortex of angry vituperative discussions. Hardly any public officer has been so severely, and we shall venture to say, so unjustly handled as our present Lieutenant-Governor; and among his acts hardly any has been so bitterly censured as his policy of advancing mass education after making certain reductions from the "high education" of the country. And yet we believe we are stating a simple truth when we say, that the British Government of India within the long period of its dominion has never enacted,—has never conceived a more benevolent and philanthropic measure than the one lately inaugurated by Mr. Campbell relating to the education of the masses. What real well-wisher of the country can contemplate without a feeling of intense delight the consequences that will in all human probability ensue from this benevolent act? A more complete commingling of the different classes of people, will be brought about, a stronger sympathy between the towns and villages will be created, intelligence will be drawn on the cultivating classes for the first time within the long period of their history, and will enable them to improve their own condition in various ways, and a knell will be sounded to all kinds of oppression in the villages of Bengal. But it is needless to dwell

on arguments to shew the likelihood of such results flowing from this measure. Arguments are out of place and can carry no conviction when masses of stupidity and narrow selfishness are ranged in opposition and block the way. Under such circumstances, we are glad to find that Mr. Campbell has cut short all arguments, and has acted in defiance of such opposition. From the village *pāthsālās* our educated and influential classes have little to hope ; on the contrary, knowledge is power, and knowledge imparted to the peasantry might arm them against oppression. Are we to believe that these reasons have induced our zemindars and the educated classes to declare against Mr. Campbell's Resolution on primary education ?—that these reasons have induced our press,—the mouth-piece of the upper ten thousand—to condemn the philanthropic measure ? Never were the best interests of a country so seriously jeopardized by the extreme selfishness of her best educated children. We are fully alive to the importance of the remark often made, that villagers would much prefer employing their sons to help them in their work to sending them to school. We have ourselves heard objections raised by villagers to sending their children to school, so long as those children can be employed in feeding the cows or profitably engaged in silk and indigo factories for 3 Rs. a month. Nor are we at all hopeful that any extensive use would be made of these village schools during the first few years ; on the contrary, it seems exceedingly probable that the villagers would look upon these institutions with suspicion and distrust, even as the Hindu College in its early days was looked upon with distrust by the orthodox Hindus. The opposers of Mr. Campbell's measure will therefore have, for some years at least, facts and plausible reasons to congratulate themselves on the wisdom of their anticipations. As, however, the benefit of having one's children educated will become more and more apparent, it is impossible but that the villagers will be impelled by the strong motive of self-interest to make a more general use of the schools, and then the results may be fairly expected to be brilliant indeed.

Nor should we pass over the other argument also brought forward against the Resolution on primary education. It is often stated that the children of the cultivators on receiving some sort of education would be discontented with their present low occupation, and would aspire to higher walks of life. Such higher professions, however, being already overcrowded would open no prospect for the new comers, and the whole thing would end in discontent and failure. This argument is based on a fallacious generalization. To be sure, whenever, in an exceptional case, a man belonging to the cultivating classes happens to have an education at the present time, he instantly seeks out for himself some higher walk of life ; but does not this happen simply and solely because such cases are exceptional ? One village boy receiving education would at once perceive the difference between himself and his ignorant fellow-villagers, and would therefore be tempted to seek what he may consider his proper sphere, but this motive will naturally disappear when a large number of villagers will be educated together. The assertion, therefore, that a wide-spread education of the villagers will be followed by a general desertion by them of their homes and lands (!) and a rush towards the town, contains an egregious blunder in generalization. Besides, English education is at present so widely spread in every town in Bengal, that an education in reading, writing and arithmetic in the vernacular tongue, such as the Lieutenant-Governor proposes to bestow on our villagers, will never enable them, even if they were so inclined, to compete with towns. It is evident, therefore, that our villagers with their vernacular education will never aspire to any thing higher than to be the *Nucls* or the *Gomastas*, the *Mandals* or the *Halsahanas*, the *Patwaris*, or some other *Matabbars* of their villages. A healthy competition in this way will, in course of time, vastly add to the usefulness and popularity of the village schools.

We shall here bring this article to a close. If we have said any thing wrong we are open to conviction, if we have uttered any thing unpleasant, a sense of duty could alone have induced us to

do so. Our parting words will be to the zemindars. They have done much for the good of the country,—they alone have from time to time represented her grievances and advocated her rights through their powerful Association. We sincerely thank them for all this. But, while we remember this, we cannot forget that the interest they take in the welfare of the millions of the peasantry, who look up to them as to their lords, is feeble. As a natural consequence, too often the ryots are oppressed by their servants without their knowledge,—sometimes against their will. If our zemindars had spent a tenth portion of their time in seeking the welfare of ryots, if they had spent a tenth portion of their riches in improving their villages and schooling the minds of the people, our villagers would not have been at the present moment so hopelessly backward in civilization. We sincerely hope that the measures now devised will at no distant date bring about a material change in the condition and prospects of the much aggrieved PEASANTRY OF BENGAL.

SONNET. ✓

In my life's morn where now a palace high,
 Rears its proud arches and pilasters light,
 Enchased with costly stones of stainless white,
 A lonely heath reposed, gorse-clad and dry ;—
 An aged Moslem owned a hut hard by,
 A friend of legends store, whose nimble sight,
 Could oft, (men said), in lonely lanes by night
 The fairy queen, and elfin court descry !
 Blest morn of life ! sweet time of song and play !
 What soulfelt joys were thine ! What blissful dreams !
 I long believed, from regions far away
 Of pleasant shadows and purpureal gleams,
 That old man's magic art could gems purvey,
 As bright as frost wreaths lit with morning beams !

D.

OUR DESTINY. ✓

WHAT is written in the book of Fate concerning us? Some disciples of Buckle affirm that there is no hope for Bengal, because "history is the result of natural and physical causes." Are they right? Let us see.

Assuming for a moment that physical causes mould the destiny of nations, why should any one, we ask, suppose, that the future history of Bengal shall not be as glorious as the most devoted patriot can desire? Is the dogma that none can rise from shame to honor, because Nature acts in one uniform way, at all tenable? What is the testimony of facts? Listen!

The Britons who sent an humble petition to the emperors of the West, on the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons, to be protected from the inroads of the Danish and Saxon Vikings were certainly not a great people; but in the present day not only is Britain the undisputed mistress of the ocean, but, if we may believe an emperor of France, the acknowledged leader of European civilization.*

The Irish Rapparees who fled like hunted sheep before Schomberg's Dutch dragoons were, according to contemporary writers, not conspicuous for courage, but who but the Irish during the Peninsular war? Since William of Orange crossed the Boyne, in every quarter of the globe, from the snows of Canada to the wilds of Caffraria, the valour of the Irish infantry of England has turned the tide of battle on the most momentous occasions.

More than ninety thousand Russians surrendered to an army of six thousand Swedes under Charles XII. on the fatal day of Narva, within less than one hundred and twenty years from that day, at Borodino, eighty thousand of these same Russians could not be made to retreat before an equal number of French soldiers under the great Napoleon until after a carnage greater in

* See the speech of the emperor Napoleon at the inauguration of the Breakwater at Cherbourg.

proportion to the numbers engaged than that of any battle in modern times.

If glory has such weak beginnings elsewhere, why not here?

Knowing as we do how mysteriously Nature works—with what a hectic bloom she covers decay—how strength lies hid in weakness—how it is darkest before dawn, it seems certainly unreasonable to despair before the final end. Our duty is to watch her course with reverence.

But is history the result of physical causes? If it can be shown not only that nations rise from obscurity to greatness, but that they fall, and that they fall and rise again under the same climatic and other natural influences, none surely can help answering the question in the negative.

Let us turn again to facts.

Egypt was once great. If nothing else, the pyramids and the stupendous ruins along the course of the Nile bear witness to the glory that has passed away. Why is she now the 'basest of kingdoms'?

"Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they."?

Again, take the case of Spain. What climatic changes have occurred in that country to account for the valor that baffled the legions of imperial Rome in the days of Viriathus—the apathy that tamely bore the yoke of the Moslem for a period nearly equal to that of the joint supremacy of the Muhammadan and Englishman in Bengal, and the spirit that in our own day enabled the Spaniards to dictate the terms of an honorable peace to their former masters, under the walls of Morrocco?

If we turn to Italy, it is the same story still, with the incidents even more strongly marked perhaps, than in the sister peninsula. Though Nature has always been the same, the Italian nation has experienced the greatest vicissitudes of fortune. They have risen—they have fallen—they have risen again. It was under the blue sky of Italy, breathing the balmy Italian air, that Manius Curius Dentatus overwhelmed the Macedonian phalanx at Beneventum; that Charles Albert learnt by bitter experience at Novara,

what Radetsky meant when he declared, he held the sword at ninety with the same firm grasp as in the days of his youth; and that Cialdini stormed the heights of San Martino, in spite of rifled cannons and arms of precision on the dreadful day of Solferino.

We are not of those who see nothing in the future but prosperity and honor for our country. We know that the way of death is before her, as well as the way of life. We know that she may ruin herself, as she has heretofore ruined herself, from father to son, unto all eternity; but we know also that, if remembering that promotion cometh neither from the east nor the west she faithfully turns to Him who maketh and unmaketh kings, "all things" shall be hers, notwithstanding the "damp heat" of her rice plains, and the speculative theories of philosophers.

Long ago, a prophet, speaking to a despised people, tremblingly gathered together to lay the foundation of a modest temple for the worship of a covenant-keeping God, exclaimed—"Consider now from this day and upward, from the four and twentieth day of the ninth month, even from the day that the foundation of the Lord's temple is laid, consider it: Is the seed yet in the barn? yea, as yet the vine and the fig tree, and the pomegranate and the olive tree have not brought forth: from this day will I bless you: from this day, saith the Lord of hosts, will I take thee, O Zerubbabel, son of Shealtiel, my servant, and will make thee as a signet, for I have chosen thee."

If Bengal, weary of alienation, will but return to Him who calleth those things that be not as though they were, to whom alone the earth and its fulness belongs, the comforting words of inspiration will be found true as regards her also.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

MILTON.

SMELLING.

Smell chiefly addresses itself to our feeling like sound. I will not presume to speculate upon the exact process through which pain or pleasure is produced in the mind by the sense. Mental science has not reached such perfection as satisfactorily to explain the phenomena. It would be uncomplimentary to our race authoritatively to declare, that the *ne plus ultra* of human researches in this, or indeed in any other subject, has already been attained. On the contrary, the progress every day made in different branches of knowledge may perhaps lead one to suppose that nothing limits the power of man short of omnipotence. Turn whichever way you like, your view is intercepted by numberless monuments of his invention, that, in point of novelty or beauty, seem to rival the works of the Creator himself. The despotic, I had almost said, tyrannical, sway he exercises over the elements more than realizes the fiction of Canute, or of the hero of the equestrian fete recorded by our bard. He rips open the womb of pregnant earth for his trinkets, he carries the dreaded weapon of Vulcan in his waistcoat pocket, he leads discomfited Tide captive behind his triumphal march, he levels the strongholds of Tornados to pave high ways for his aerial expeditions, he compels other spheres to give up their secrets, he exposes to school boy wonder the patches on the manly face of the great god of day. His whistle wafts armadas across the sea, his beck conveys hourly despatches from pole to pole, his fiat transports Time for life, his pleasure dooms Distance to death. Like Nero he fiddles away amidst this universal persecution of the elements, and his only regret appears to be that there are not more elements to conquer and enslave.

Yet this reputed lord of creation is but a weak mortal, too weak, physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, to command even a tolerably competent knowledge of that most important of all important subjects,—the knowledge of himself. His inner and outer selves yet remain unexplored. Behold! the Professor leaves his seat with awful solemnity and defines Inertia to be that property in matter by which it tends to preserve a state of rest when still, and of uniform rectilineal motion when moving. To make surety doubly sure, he strikes an ivory ball stationary on a smooth surface, suffers it to move to a yard's length or so, and thus satisfies himself, and his pupils too, that matter moves matter which, if unresisted, will go on moving to the end of time. But the *Artium Magister* omits to inform his hearers, how his own professorial weight was first put into motion, and how, once in motion, it did not roll on to eternity in the absence of all attempts to arrest the progress of the sad catastrophe. His spruce theory of Statics and Dynamics thaws and melts away like the crystal palace of the Czarina before the motive power of the *Will*, which regulates the movements of plethoric limbs without the paraphernalia of levers and pulleys, of axles and inclined planes. The gravitation of our legs and hands, to couth and uncouth quarters, no earthly laws of gravitation can direct or their momentum ascertain. The Man of Medicine crams the whole world of infirmities within the nut-shell of his Pharmacopia, and, with overweening confidence, talks of life and death without understanding the meaning of either. What life is, where it resides, why it is retained, how it flies, are things not dreamt of in his philosophy. But a short while, the child was all spirit and animation, the very life and soul of his father's home and hearth. His flaxen hair, his high front, his arched brows, his fiery eyes, his pearly teeth, his rounded chin, his airy steps, and then his smile—Oh! such a smile as angels might cheerfully acknowledge their own,—a contagious smile, that mantled the face of every man and woman, every boy and girl, aye, every bird and beast, beaming universal sunshine all around, and chasing away care and sorrow from within the hallowed precincts. Never at rest,

ever busy in doing nothing, never quiet, ever prattling sweet nonsense! What! hushed to silence at once, to speak word never more, while still lingers the charming smile on his ruby lips, as if deriding Death robbed of its sting, deriding grave robbed of its victory! Yes, BOOAH is dead! Dead in a barricaded saloon crowded to suffocation by friends and relatives, all, all ready to die ten thousand deaths for the sake of my darling! Dead within the doctor's grasp!—his life for ever fled God Almighty knows how or why! So much for your *healing* art. With the same air of infallibility our Psychologist taps the *Zenana* of "the Human mind," and ascribes the ecstasy caused in the soul by sweet scents to the mere mechanical contact of odoriferous particles with the olfactory nerves, leaving the exquisite mechanism of the organ, the beautiful adaptation to the external world, the mysterious transmission of the sensation to the real seat of pleasure, and the miraculous revolution that takes place there, to explain themselves the best way they can. It is said, that a certain relative of the ten-headed sovereign of Ceylon was once engaged in a topographical survey of the island, apportioning particular blocks for particular edifices and excavations calculated to improve its sight and sanitation, while FATE laughed from above at the short-sightedness of the Alnaschar which failed to discover that ere long the kingdom was to pass to other hands. With what pity must the Fountain of all knowledge contemplate our clamorous congratulations on the successful interpretations of "Easy Primers," unconscious of the voluminous works left untouched in this Bodleian library of nature.

"—Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise,
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!

So pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky,
 The eternal snows appear already pass'd,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last,
 But, when those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labors of the lengthen'd way,
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills and Alps on Alps arise."

Nothing establishes the impotence of man so conclusively as his so-called perfumery-rank imitations that mock and mimic the perfumery of the field. If you wish to retain the name for the mongrel breed of your distilleries and laboratories, your Burgamots, your Verbenas, *et hoc genus omne*, you are quite welcome to do so ; but do not, for decency's sake, insult the vegetable kingdom by including in the same nomenclature its legitimate offsprings that have for full six thousand years successfully defied all competition, and preserved their prestige inviolate. Call the rose by any other name it will smell as sweet.

"——the Rose o'er crag or vale,
 Sultana of the Nightingale,
 The maid for whom his melody,
 His thousand songs are heard on high,
 Blooms blushing to her lover's tale :
 His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
 Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
 Far from the winters of the west,
 By every breeze and season blest,
 Returns the sweets by nature given
 In softest incense back to heaven."

Eau de Colognes or lavenders knock at the gate with *dacoit* rudeness that startles and alarms the mind, the knock of the flower is the soft gentle knock of the timid lover, which the somnolent soul at once recognises and gladly throws the door wide open to receive the longed-for visitor in ready embrace. The flower is the emblem of liberty. It disdains to be corked down in bottles

and enlarged, like jail birds, on holiday occasions. Every day in the calendar is a holiday with it. Freely it shines, freely it breathes, freely it dances surcharging the atmosphere with celestial honey, enjoying and being enjoyed without stint or reserve. The more free, the greater the beauty—the sublimer the fragrance.

“Go, mark the matchless working of the Power

That shuts within the seed the future flower ;

Bids these in elegance of form excel,

In color these, and those delight the smell ;

Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,

To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.”

Matchless, indeed, is the working Power that commands odour to insinuate itself within us, and forthwith to cast the entire system into a rapturous mould that powerfully reminds us of our vast capacity of receiving pleasure by vouchsafing a sort of glimpse, as it were, of the unalloyed bliss we are destined to enjoy independent of the vanities of human wishes. All sublunary acquisitions dwindle into insignificance compared with the beatific thrill that vibrates through each and every fibre, and disposes the mind to the contemplation of Him whose benevolent providence has so designed the sense, doubtless, gradually to train us for higher functions and grander scenes with which an abrupt transfer might ill prepare us to be speedily reconciled. Hopelessly intoxicated must be the wretch with the alcohol of ambition or avarice, who sees nought in this divine dispensation to challenge admiration and exact meek devotion from animalcule man, whose salvation demands so much attention of the invisible Contrivor. Music affects the mind as agreeably but not without consequences that impair the usefulness of man as a member of society. Music debilitates the soul, smell invigorates it ; music engenders inactivity, smell rouses to action. Like opiates, music induces drowsiness ; like unadulterated wines, smell promotes wakefulness. Like luxury, music prostrates the constitution ; like temperance, smell restores exhausted nature to its wonted tone.

Smell, as every thing else calculated to prevent any disturbance

in the equilibrium of the mind either from stagnation or over-exertion, is highly conducive to health so essentially necessary for the due appreciation of the bounties of heaven.

“Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise :
With health all taste of pleasure flies.”

This habit of appreciation ventilates the intellect and secures for the mental atmosphere a salubrity of which the victim of chronic distempers can form no idea. The preference given by theologians to natural death on the ground of its affording time for repentance is inapplicable in his case. Petulance and pævishness are the invariable concomitants of continued ill health. The leper, corroded and eaten up by an incurable and a loathsome disease, shunned by dearest friends, avoided by nearest relatives, humiliated and heart-broken, a prey to pestering worms and insects before life is extinct, at eternal war with the world, at eternal war with himself, the woeful caricature of the genus Homo, has neither time nor inclination to seek consolation from Religion. Better far it appears to him to die the death at once than to protract the “long disease.” Thrice welcome seems the whisper of his evil genius that purposes rather by one bold struggle to put an end to a world of woes than to continue feeding a torturing fire by fresh supplies of oil. It is but once to strain his nerves and every thing is over with him. It is but a single plunge and there is a full stop to his suffering, on this cis-side of existence at any rate.

“Let him who crawls enamour’d of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied hand ;
Ours the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed,
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.”

I yield to no man in my horror and abomination of the Suicide. There can be no sympathy with insanity which alone

can prompt the Heir Apparent of Heaven to disinherit himself and to suffer the splendid patrimony to escheat to the crown by deliberate felony. Sophistry itself can lend no countenance to an act so transparently odious. The acuteness of ancient philosophy has been of no avail to the senseless miscreant who voluntarily cuts himself off from the luxury of living and elects grim death for his boon companion here and hereafter. If murder is a sin—and of that there is no doubt—self-slaughter is doubly so in-as-much as it involves the loss of life aggravated by a culpable breach of trust. All our belongings are so many trust funds which we are to improve and not waste and misappropriate. Even the bugbear of courage, which the maniac would fain arrogate to himself by his rash exodus to eternity, has been thoroughly exposed and proved a sham: His is a morbid courage who, afraid of the taunts of his silly neighbours, or overawed by ordinary misfortunes, braves Omnipotence by such an impudent transgression of His eternal laws.

“—————What more speaks

Greatness of man than valiant patience ?

That shrinks not under his fate's strongest stroke ?

These Roman deaths, as falling on a sword,

Opening the veins, with poison quenching thirst,

(Which we erroneously do style the deed

Of the heroic and magnanimous man,)

Was dead-eyed cowardice and white cheeked fear :

Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under

Fortunes false lottery, desperately ran

To death for dread of death. That soul's most stout,

That leaving all mischance, dares last it out.”

It must at the same time be admitted, however, that our infirmities, and their name is a legion, very often assume attitudes so formidable as to cow down the stoutest heart, and tax fortitude far beyond its strength. The agony and anguish of the bed-ridden child of misery, fast sinking under an accumulated load of afflictions, seems to render the atrocity of self-slaughter almost venial.

As smell is eminently calculated to promote health, the solitary prop that supports our forlorn hope of catholically completing this trying pilgrimage, the all-wise Health Officer has placed it in the seat of respiration to make ungrateful man happy, as it were, in spite of himself. Having eyes, we may not see; having ears, we may not hear; but to dispense with the services of the nose, is to dispense with life itself. The abnegation involves the sacrifice, not only of the invaluable hygienic aid yielded by fragrance, but also that of the best and easiest test of the quality of the food we take. All animals, carnivorous or herbivorous, graminivorous or omnivorous, appeal, more or less, to this infallible analysis for the detection of any poisonous particle that may perhaps lie concealed in the viands presented by art, or in the delicious dainties reserved for us in the larder of nature. Experience has placed beyond the reach of scepticism the fact, that this preliminary examination cannot be neglected without exposure to the most frightful missiles let fly from the exhaustless quiver of Pandora. The mouse or the tit-mouse requires no stupendous hospitals or costly dispensaries, no probes or lancets, no forceps or catheters, no astringents or laxatives, nor thee, Cinchona! the bane and antidote of the weak, who loathe thee and long after thee, just as a toper, after a night's carousal, oppressed with nausea and headache, with depression and lassitude, hates and hugs the Brandy bottle, his curse and cure! Once weaned, the creature we call irrational, is his own physician, his own surgeon, his own purveyor, his own croupier, performing the complicated offices with professional aptitude, living and enjoying life, throughout the whole period allotted to it, and then dropping down dead unattended by mock mourners, by empty ceremonies. Not so Heliogabalus. He "disdains a cheap and vulgar happiness", and concocts for himself "imaginary goods, in which there is nothing that can raise desire but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature." Thus they become the sports of

sun-strokes and moon-strokes while alive,—when dead, mere cumbrous lumber in the hands of their survivors.

Smelling is the most fastidious of all our senses. We can taste what offends our palate, we can see what offends our eye, we can hear what offends our ear, but what offends the organ of smell we do not, we cannot stand. Pleasure or pain, derived through the other senses, admits of degrees. Gradually, and by perceptible stages, it culminates from the lowest to the highest." "A spacious landskip, cut out into rivers, woods, rocks, and meadows", on canvass, is pleasing enough; but the pleasure is considerably heightened when it is painted on the walls by the camera-obscura. "Here you might discover waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colors, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there *appears* the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature leaping about." But good smell and bad smell are, like logical contradictories, having no term in common, and recognising no link to connect the extremes. It is either thorough pleasure or thorough pain. There is either a soothing tranquility that cheerfully accommodates itself to the various vicissitudes of life, or a dreadful conflagration that consumes every fibre, and vomits burning lava through every pore. Like a wakeful watch, the sense is always upon the alert to sound the alarm at the approach of the enemy, and rouse the whole garrison for defence. The entire system is agonised at once with an acute pain the nature of which baffles description. The palsied limbs, the feverish pulse, the throbbing heart, the leaping bowels, and reason that, quite delirious, would rather seek relief from utter annihilation itself than endure a living death that shadows forth the future doom of the unrighteous. Interpreted aright, the convulsion is but a warning voice,—a memento vividly placed before us that we may repent betimes, and escape the greater convulsion.

"Trust the warning—look before thee,—

Angels may the mirror show,

Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,
We are wiser than we know."

BHARAT CHANDRA RAYA.

THE name of Bhárat Chandra Ráya is a household word in Bengal; yet how little was known of that remarkable man until the late Isvar Chandra Gupta, himself no mean poet, collected, at the cost of considerable trouble and money, the facts of his life, and published a brief biographical account of him, with a criticism of his works. The account is meagre, for reasons which the reader can well understand. But meagre as it is, it will ever remain a monument of the disinterested labors of Isvar Chandra in rescuing from oblivion the life of the "Prince of Bengali poets." The present paper is based on that work and other publications containing incidental notices of the poet.

Upwards of a century and a half ago, one Narendra Náráyan Ráya resided at Pando, in Parganá Bhursut, not far from Burdwan. He was a man of family and fortune: a Kulin Bráhmaṇ of a high order, and a landholder owning large possessions. He was, by courtesy, styled Ráji, for his wealth and influence. In those days, when life and property were insecure, the houses of wealthy zemindars were, as a rule, surrounded by a strong mud wall, with a wide ditch at its base, like a fort; and the residence of Narendra Náráyan was thus fortified, and was, on that account, called the Fort of Pando. He owned another residence at Bhavénipur, near Pando, which being likewise fortified was called the Fort of Bhavénipur. Narendra Náráyan had four sons, of whom the subject of this notice was the youngest. Bhárat Chandra was born in Sakábdá 1634, corresponding to 1712. There had arisen a dispute between Narendra Náráyan Ráya and his more powerful neighbour the Chief of Burdwan, in connection with the boundary of their estates. Narendra Náráyan

had the audacity to speak disparagingly of Rání Vishnu Kumári of Burdwan, the mother and guardian of Kirti Chandra Ráya, who was then a minor. Her indignation knew no bounds when she heard of it. Indeed, a woman of her spirit could ill brook insult offered by a comparatively petty chief like the landlord of Bhursut. She avenged the insult to her heart's content. She personally proceeded to Pando, at the head of a large body of retainers, to take forcible possession of the Fort. The Fort was entered without resistance, for Narendra Náráyan had fled at the approach of the Rání, leaving his family and property behind to take care of themselves. She took possession of every thing of value that was in the house. After making arrangements for retaining possession of the Fort, she returned with her booty to Burdwan ; the following day a fresh disaster awaited the unfortunate Narendra Náráyan. He was shortly after deprived of all his estates. His house at Pando, however, was restored to him. The proud lord of Bhursut was thus reduced to impecuniosity.

Bhárat was very young at the time we are speaking of. Shortly after this unfortunate occurrence, we find him, young as he was, proceeding to Napára in Parganá Mandalghát, where his maternal uncle resided. During his stay there, which was not long, he finished *Vyākaraṇa* and learnt by rote a good portion of *abhidhāna*. He was then only fourteen. He was so intelligent that he is said to have mastered the difficulties of the Sanskrit grammar even at that early age. He returned to his parents, after marrying a daughter of one Narottam Achárya of Sáradá a village not far from Napára. His brothers upbraided him either for marrying before they had married, or for marrying in a family inferior to theirs in point of respectability. Bhárat was very sensitive : this rebuke he laid to heart, and again left home in disgust. He came to Devánandapur, near Bansbariá, to the north of Hugli. Here he found a kind friend in Ram Chandra Munshi, the founder of the well-known Káyastha family of that place. Rám Chandra was a kind-hearted man. He readily took the needy boy under his protection, and supplied all his wants. Bhárat

began to study Sanskrit and Persian with uncommon assiduity, and soon acquired considerable proficiency in both. It was here that he first began to write poetry. His first poetical composition was a poem in *tripadi* in praise of Satyanārāyan. He wrote it at the very early age of fifteen, and in an incredibly short time. An anecdote is recorded touching this poem—an anecdote illustrative of the extraordinary power which Bhárat possessed, even at that early age, of improvising poetry. It is this. There was the *pújá* of Sattyanarayan at the house of Ram Chandra Munshi. A poem celebrating the attributes of the deity is, as all know, recited on this occasion. Bharat had been asked, only a short time before the *púja* commenced, to do the rhapsodical part of the affair. He complied with the request, adding that he would recite his own poem. Saying this, he went away, with the ostensible object of bringing it, but with the real one of writing a fresh poem for the occasion. And he produced a good poem. Bhárat was at Devanandapur till the age of twenty, when he went back to Pando, much to the regret of all those to whom he had endeared himself during his residence there.

His father had taken *izará* of ten mehals from the Rájá of Burdwan. Finding Bharat in every fitted to act as his agent at the Court of that Chief, he sent him to Burdwan in that capacity. But Bharat soon brought himself into trouble. He quarrelled with some of the principal officers of the Court, and fell a victim to their machinations. His father was deprived of his *izará*, and he himself was thrown into prison. He managed, however, to escape from jail, and fled beyond the limits of the Burdwan Raj to Cuttack.

The province of Orissa was then in the possession of the Mahrattas. One Siva Bhatta was the governor of the province. Bharat took refuge with this chief at Cuttack. He was very kindly received and treated. His stay at Cuttack was not long. Being so very near Purushottam, he, as a Hindu, was anxious to visit that holy shrine. He received permission from the governor to visit, and reside at, the shrine of Purí. Special privileges were

vouchsafed to him : no pilgrim tax was to be taken from him ; and he was to be allowed daily, from the temple, food sufficient for himself and his servant (he had with him a servant named Raghunath) so long as he might stay there. Armed with these privileges, he repaired to Puri, accompanied by his faithful adherent, Raghunath. He took up quarters at the monastery of the venerable Sankaracharya. He renounced his secular dress, and assumed the holy garb of a Vaishnava. The faithful Raghunath also did the same. He read all the works then extant bearing on the creed of the Vaishnavas. His stay at Puri was long, extending over a period of about fifteen years. This long time he is said to have spent in hard study and austere devotion. Need we then wonder at his deep erudition and intimate knowledge of several languages which his works display ?

Bharat left Puri on a pilgrimage to Vrindavan. He had not proceeded far when circumstances at once changed his course. Instead, then, of proceeding to Vrindavan, he went to Sarada to visit his wife, whom he had not seen since their marriage. "A change came over the spirit of his dream." Sordid concerns of worldly life now assailed his thoughts. His chief concern now was how to settle in life. As he wanted means to this end, he left Sarada, after a short stay, in quest of employment. He turned up at Chandernagore, where he expected to get speedy employment. One Indra Narayan Chaudhuri held a high post under the French Government. He was a very wealthy and influential man ; a *ghat* built by him, near Chandernagore, still attests to his public spirit. Bharat made his acquaintance, and soon ingratiated himself with him. But Indra Narayan had no suitable appointment in his gift at the time. He promised, however, to introduce him to Raja Krishna Chandra Raya of Nadiya, with whom he was very intimate. Bharat was ere long introduced, in very flattering terms, to the Raja, when the latter was on a visit to Indra Narayan.

We now enter upon the most interesting period of Bharat's life. His introduction to the Raja of Nadiya was a stepping-stone

to his future fame. Raja Krishna Chandra was the Mæcenas of Bengali literature. Men of learning received liberal encouragement from him ; and his Court, like its prototype the Court of the celebrated Vikramaditya, was composed of the most eminent men of letters of the time. Under the fostering care of such a patron of learning the genius of Bharat developed apace. Immediately after his arrival at Krishnanagar he was appointed Poet-Laureate, with an adequate allowance. He was about this time forty years of age. He wrote many poetical pieces for the special delectation of the Raja, who conferred on him the title of *Gunakar* as a token of his admiration of his poetical powers. Not satisfied, however, with small fugitive pieces of poetry, he desired his Laureate to write a regular work. Bharat, accordingly, wrote the *Annulânangal*, on the model of the *Chandi* of Mukunda Ram Chakravarti, better known as Kavi Kankan. He next wrote, also at the desire of the Raja, the exquisite *Vidyâ Sundara* ;* and, shortly after, *Mansingherpûlâ*. These three poems constitute one work, they being intimately connected with each other. This work, the *magnum opus* of Bharat Chandra, is indisputably the best in the whole range of the poetical literature of Bengal. It yet stands unrivalled. The accomplished Madan Mohan Tarkalankâr, when he began his *Vâsabdattâ* is said to have declared that should that work not come up to the *Vidyâsundara*, he would never write poetry again. On comparing the *Vâsabdattâ* when finished to the *Vidyâsundara*, he found the former to fall far short of the latter. And Madan Mohan, true to his word, never wrote verse again†. We may remark by the way that the *Vâsabdattâ* is a work of considerable merit.

* The Tale of *Vidyâ* and *Sundara* was originally written in Sanskrit by Varruchi, of the Court of Vikramaditya. The *Vidyâ Sundara* of Bharat Chandra Raya, and that of Ram Prasad Sen, are mere versions of that work. For full information on the subject, see the life of Kaviranjan Ram Prasad Sen by Nanda Lal Datta, published a few years ago.

† Life of the late Madana Mohana Tarkalankara, and a criticism of his writings. Bharat Jantra, Calcutta. Sambat 1923.

Bharat's other poem, the *Rasamanjari*, is a well rendered version of the well known Sanskrit work of that name—the erotic matter of which has ever been spoken of in terms of just reproach.

To resume the thread of our narrative. Bharat had given up all idea of revisiting, much less residing at, Pando. Raja Krishna Chandra gave him the option of residing at any place within his Raj. Bharat chose Mulajor, opposite Chandernagore, for his future residence. His selection of Mulajor was influenced more by a sense of gratitude for his former patron than by any special recommendations of the place. In plain language, he desired to be as near as possible to the good Indra Narayan Chaudhuri of Chandernagore. The Nadiya Court gave him the village on izara, for a small annual consideration. Bharat took his wife to Mulajor. He was now fairly settled in life. He sometimes resided at Mulajor, and sometimes at Krishnanagar, and often visited his friend Indra Narayan.

About this period, Bengal was frequently visited and oppressed by the Mahratta free-booters. And Burdwan, from its position, was, of all places, most exposed to their oppressions. The dowager Rani of Burdwan, with her minor son Tilak Chand, fled across the Hugli, to Kangadihi, a small village near Mulajor, where a splendid mansion, secured by a double moat, had been built for their residence. Till recently the ruins of the noble edifice were worth a visit. "Up to 1860, one could find within 'the ramparts the ruins of noble brick buildings and of a splendid 'gate. These have been pulled down for furnishing ballast for 'the Eastern Bengal Railway—an unpardonable piece of Vandalism, considering how poor Bengal is in interesting ruins of 'any kind. It is to be regretted that so enlightened a man as 'the late Prasanna Kumar Tagore should have suffered a set of 'utilitarian Vandals to sweep away the relics of an imperfectly 'understood period of the history of Bengal.'"* Here, at Kangadihi, the nuptials of the young Tilak Chand were celebrated

* The *Bengalee* of May 25, 1872.

with unusual *eclat*. The Rani longed for the *pattani* of the neighbouring village of Mulajor, which she succeeded in obtaining, notwithstanding opposition from Bharat Chandra. He was thus deprived of his *izara* ; compensation was, however, granted him for this loss. He received, from the Nadiya Court 16 bighas of rent free land in Mulajor, and 105 bighas more, also rent-free, in Gusté, in Pargana Anarpur, with permission to remove to, and reside at, the latter place. The inhabitants of Mulajor were so fond of him that they would not let him go. He yielded to their solicitations, and remained where he was. Bharat had begun a drama, *Chandinatak*, which, unfortunately for posterity, he did not live to complete. He had been for some time suffering from dialitis, to which he succumbed at the premature age of forty eight. His descendants are to this day living at Mulajor. They are, we are sorry to say, not in good circumstances. Bharat Chandra was not a great poet: he was neither Kalidas nor Milton. He was a poet of the same class with Pope, with whom he had many points of similarity.

Sáradá Prasád De.

MAYO.

As some proud Mother, from a mountain-height,
 Watching the fury of the war below,
 Her fair face flushing with a fiery glow,
 Because she knows that foremost in the fight
 Is he, to whom her sweet soul gave the light,
 Suddenly sees the snowy crest sink down,
 And feels a darkness o'er her spirit thrown,
 While her breast throbs with yearnings infinite ;
 So, Mayo, when those awful tidings came
 Of thy dread doom beyond the Orient wave,
 Thy country's heart sank like a dying flame,
 Her burning tears fall fast upon thy grave,
 Too soon for us, but not too soon for fame,
 Reft from our gaze, O Statesman kind and brave !

ON VITAL FORCES.

BY NOBIN KRISHNA BOSE.

It is a truth, illustrated by almost every step in the progress of scientific discovery, that appearances are often misleading—being not only different from, but sometimes even the very reverse of the things of which they stand for signs. The steps by which we arrive at a correct interpretation of them, however, are necessarily laborious and slow. They involve not only comparisons of accumulated observations which must frequently extend over vast periods of time, but also a preparatory discipline of the mind itself, to fit it for processes so little akin to those called forth by the ordinary avocations of life. To the untutored eye the sun is a small luminous body—hardly more than a foot in diameter—running its daily course round the earth from east to west, and the stars only so many twinkling spots in the heavens to adorn and beautify our nights. Science has now revealed their real nature; but long and patient observation, aided by a careful study of the laws of vision and of the mathematical relations of the forms of space, was necessary to achieve its triumphs. Nor were these achievements made without opposition and struggle. The mind is naturally loath to receive ideas which do not readily adhere round some nucleus which is already there, and angrily turns away from those which rudely disturb its own cherished stock. Hence those persecutions of scientific discoverers, like Galileo and Friar Bacon, which so much disgrace the annals of human progress. But the question here is—whether future generations have benefited by these past blunders of intolerant bigotry and self-satisfied ignorance? Or, are we not as ready now as ever to denounce researches and speculations which run through new and unwonted channels?

Man from the first has been impelled by an inborn curiosity to lift the veil which hides the springs of nature from his view. But explanations of phenomena are nothing more or less than their resolution into an identity of force. The distant and

unknown are accounted for by being likened simply to what is more familiar and known. Thus the mystery of the heavens was solved when the force which impels the planets in their orbits was shewn to be the same which governs the fall of a stone. The awe-inspiring thunder in the same way was divested of its supernatural terrors when identified with discharges which, with the help of an electric apparatus, we can at any time produce ourselves; and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions ceased to be miracles when traced to expansive forces similar to what is evolved by an ordinary gun-powder explosion. The force most obtrusively present in the mind, is, however, that by which one is able to move and perform other acts himself. This force, too, is perceived to be under the control of an unknown principle located within the organisation in some most mysterious manner. Departing, accordingly, from this principle as the animating cause of our own bodily movements, the primitive observers of external nature had no difficulty in referring *its* movements likewise to the operation of other equally unseen but kindred powers. And hence the world came to be peopled with no end of invisible beings—raised gradually by the hopes and fears of men to the rank of gods and goddesses—to each of whom was assigned dominion over a particular class of natural phenomena. But beautiful as is the inspiration which the poetic genius has drawn from these spirits of the earth and sea and air, their delegated rule over their respective elements could last only so long as man himself was content to remain a mere passive spectator of the wonders which pressed upon him from every side. It could not co-exist, in fact, with his own growing dominion over the external world. For then was nature called to the witness box and compelled by cross-questioning to divulge the real secrets of her strength. But she has many a secret still, on which to examine her the proper clue has not as yet been found; and, true to the instinct of barring all new and disturbing elements from the mind, there are not wanting those who, untaught by the past history of Science, would fain keep her off from those hallowed regions.

But hard-fought as the battles of Science have hitherto been, and inch by inch as she had to win her ground over the domains of prejudice and unyielding error, who shall even now say to her—You have here reached the utmost limit of your conquest, and further thou shalt not proceed? And yet, remarkable as it may appear, such a mandate has been actually issued to her, not by the ignorant multitude alone, but from many a learned professorial chair as well. After a long and persistent struggle, the phenomena of inorganic nature have at length been given up as the legitimate game of Science to be deciphered by her, as she likes, by the application of fixed natural laws; but the conservatives in philosophy have built a partition-wall on the verge of the organic kingdom, as a forbidden ground which she is not to enter with her crucibles and analytic tests. She may be permitted to examine the foundation of the enclosure at least, and see whether it rests on solid rock or merely on sand.

It appears from a careful study of the subject, however, that the encroachment of Science on the organic domains of nature, is resented not so much for its own sake as for the supposed hostility of the results, likely to ensue, to religious beliefs. "Of all departments of scientific investigation," says Dr. Lionel Beale, "the one which concerns itself with the study of living beings is that which is calculated to exert the most serious influence upon religious thought. * * * It is, indeed, in connection with views concerning the nature of life that the most distinct antagonism between Religion and Science will be found to obtain.*" Will it though? It is no valid objection to a scientific theory or hypothesis, that its tendencies may be so and so: the only legitimate question is—whether it is based on facts? But there is no need to shrink from the tendencies either. We make bold to say that the theistic controversy can never be affected either the one way or the other by mere discoveries of Science. She deals only with analogies and transformations of natural forces; and all the light she can shed over

such transformations will not make the theist lose, nor the atheist gain, a single inch of ground. After all she can possibly achieve in the way of phenomenal explanations, the great mystery of creation will remain as profoundly impenetrable to her as ever ; and before its awful solemnity man must ever fall prostrate and acknowledge the utter helplessness of his analytic methods. Here, then, as on a secure and everlasting rock, Religion should be made to take her stand. From its sublime and majestic height she could afford to look down on the boldest investigations of philosophy and science, as on mere innocent sports of children, with a smile. But her *soi-disant* defenders have dragged her away from this her own most proper pedestal, and trusted her defence to untenable out-works erected by themselves on ground which again and again has given way beneath their feet. Yet made no wiser by past mishaps, they cling to their old system of defensive warfare by making strongholds still of *unsolved* natural problems,—as though the mysteries of one generation never unravelled themselves before the keener vision of the next,—and thus place themselves and their faith at the mercy only of a fresh scientific discovery. No wonder, then, that an apparent antagonism has grown up between Religion and Science, and false alarms are raised in Religion's name when the alarmists themselves are only at fault.

But say the advocates of a vital principle *per se*, that “the vital phenomena exhibit no analogy whatever to the chemico-physical phenomena,” and cannot be traced therefore to the same natural causes. All that with truth we are entitled to say, however, is, that no such analogy has as yet been *detected* by us ; and certainly from this non-detection we are not warranted in inferring that it does not *exist*. The truth is, that the analogies of nature do not always lie upon the surface to be perceived at a glance. They are buried, on the contrary, under diversities of appearance, whence long and assiduous observation and the most skillfully contrived experiments alone can bring them to light. Even the analogies between kindred physical forces took centuries to throw off the mask. The motive power of heat was placed

beyond all cavil only when steam was compelled to do the work of a horse ; and the identity of electricity and chemical attraction was made patent only by the decomposition of salts by the powerful battery of Sir Humphrey Davy. Much stress, too, has been laid on the failure of chemical combinations to elicit anything approaching to living vital processes from inorganic matter. But the argument derived from this failure is altogether a negative one, and, like all negative arguments, is simply worthless whilst obliged to leave out an unknown quantity of which it can make no account. Who will venture to predict from what the chemist has already done, all that he will hereafter be able to do? Nay, who will audaciously make the capacity of the chemist or the natural philosopher the standard of all possible evolutions of natural forces? "Among all the possible combinations of the 'fifty or sixty elements which chemistry points to as existing "in this earth, (says Sir John Herschel) "some have never yet been formed." And who will undertake to say how these combinations, when effected, will influence and modify the course of terrestrial phenomena—both inorganic and organic? How preposterous, then, from our own small and limited experience of natural causes, to prescribe a limit to their actions and results? But the changes which take place in a living organism, it is said, are so different *in kind* from those which characterise mere inanimate matter, that it is impossible to conceive how the one could be a transformed correlate of the other. Equally inconceivable it is how water, which extinguishes fire, could be a transformed correlate of two gases, one of which is the most powerful supporter of combustion and the other the most combustible body itself on earth. And yet the fact is so. Indeed, the phrase 'different in kind', as applied to natural forces, has yet to be explained. "Isomorphism, (in the "words of Baron Liebig) or the quality of form of many "chemical compounds having a different composition, tends to "prove that matter consists of atoms, the mere arrangement of "which produces all the properties of bodies."* "The attraction

* *Chemical Lectures.* p. 54.

"of gravity and chemical attraction and repulsion, (says Mr. Wyld) are all the same physical force, and the entire external world is nothing but a manifestation of it."*

Of course, the foregoing remarks go no further than to shew that there is nothing *a priori* to discredit the hypothesis of the vital functions being the modified equivalents of the physical and chemical forces in operation in the external world, and that experience does not bear us out in concluding from their apparent diversities that they are specifically distinct in themselves. To be accepted as a correct theory of life, however, the mutual convertibility of the two sets of phenomena must be proved, and not simply assumed. We are free to acknowledge, too, that no conclusive proof of this has up to this time been obtained :—but why, then, trouble yourself with the hypotheses at all? Because, we say, an idea must be conceived before it can be proved. Nay, the conceiver must be impressed with some sense of its reality before he would care to look about for proofs,—or before he could go the right way in search of them. No scientific theory, as such, ever came to us perfected and matured, all at once, as a fully demonstrated fact. It had, in the first instance, to be taken up provisionally as an hypothesis only. Gravitation for years had formed a part of the current creed of astronomers before it was verified by Newton by the observed declensions of the moon ; and Franklin would not have been at the pains to catch the lightning with his kite, had he but been persuaded of its kindredship to terrestrial electricity before. If plausible clues are forthcoming, therefore, pointing to a particular direction for the solution of any class of obscure and imperfectly understood phenomena, Science but does her legitimate work in following them out to their end ; and it is certainly no indication of a philosophical turn of mind to pooh-pooh her whilst lingering in the labyrinth to trace her way. Let us then see whether any such clues are to be found with reference to the subject now in hand.

* *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.* vol. V. p. 387.

It has been justly observed by Sir William Hamilton, that, "when aware of a new appearance, we are unable to conceive that therein has originated any new existence, and are, therefore, *constrained* [both the italics are of Sir W. H. himself] to think, that what now appears to us in a new form, had previously an existence under others,—conceivable by us or not." And again : "We cannot conceive, either, in the one hand, nothing becoming something, or, on the other, something becoming nothing.*" "But vitality, it is needless to assert, has not been a constant quantity on the surface of the earth ;—and how are its fluctuations to be accounted for? Are we to suppose that, with every variation in the distribution of vegetable and animal life, the difference came from nothing, and again merged into nothing?—or, conformably to the analogy furnished by all other natural phenomena, would it not be more rational to hold that these quantitative changes in one quarter, were balanced by a corresponding increase or decrease in some other quarter? The first supposition, it will be perceived, involves a conception, which, as Sir William tells us, "we are *unable* to conceive;" and yet, without realising this very inconceivable conception, it is impossible to see how the specifically distinct character of vitality could ever be maintained. But the advocates of the distinction have made easy work with this difficulty at the threshold, by endowing the mind with an especial faculty with regard to the organic, not possessed by it (even by their own shewing) in respect of the inorganic world. Thus writes, for instance, Dr. Lionel Beale :—"It is possible for us to conceive an entire cessation of vitality—complete extinction of life after its introduction ; but we cannot conceive of the extinction of matter and its forces after they had once been created,†" The fact is, we can do neither nor both. If in imagination we can annihilate all living beings, what is to prevent us from annihilating the whole material universe itself

* *Philosophical Discussions.* p. 605

† *Life Theories.* p. 93

in a similar manner? Time and space are the only things with which we are unable to make so free—they being the modes of thought itself. Supposing the sun and moon and stars were not, or removed from us to an imperceptible distance, and fire, too, were extinct, all light then will be gone from this nether world; and how could we feel assured that it was not altogether extinct? By reducing the atmospheric density again, the temperature even of the equatorial regions could be lowered to icy coldness; and what then was to persuade us that there was not so much absolute loss of a most powerful material force? Dr. Beale will tell us perhaps, that though under the supposed circumstances, light and heat had ceased to exist as sensible phenomena, they would exist potentially in matter still. How does he feel himself authorised then to assume that though all living things were to disappear from the surface of the earth, vitality would *not* exist potentially still in the elements of which their structures were composed? Of course, the answer to this will be that we can evolve light and heat from matter—but not life. But is this a sufficient reason to deny its potential existence when not manifesting itself in an active form? It will not cost much to reduce all the diamonds existing on earth to a substance in no way differing from common charcoal, but chemists do not possess the skill of reproducing the diamond from it. It is then to be inferred, from this want of skill in our chemists that the lustre, or rather the peculiar structural force, of the diamond, from which it was derived, was gone absolutely and for ever when the diamond as such had been destroyed? And if so, what becomes of the great law of conservation of natural forces even in the inorganic world itself? Indeed, the law must either be abandoned altogether, or applied to living things just as much as to inanimate matter. Let us see what hints can be gathered from experience in favor of this view of the question.

To be Continued.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER III.—*The Kásid, and the Journey to Calcutta.*

WHAT is a *Kásid*? the reader will ask. Some thirty or forty years ago the *Kásid* was an important personage in the Mofussil, at least in western Bengal. There was no zemindari *dák* in those days, neither was there a single rail-road in the country. There were about fifty inhabitants of Tálpur who did business in Calcutta, and who visited their native village only once a year during the *Durgá Pujá* holidays ; and as the Post Office had made no provision for carrying letters to remote villages in the interior, all correspondence between Calcutta and Tálpur had to be transmitted through a person who carried letters from Tálpur to Calcutta, and back again from Calcutta to Tálpur. Such a person was styled *Kásid*, or messenger. I well remember the *Kásid* of Tálpur, though he died a quarter of a century ago. His name was Golaka Tili, usually called Golká Teli. He was rather tall for a Bengali ; had long arms which, when he stood up, reached his knees ; and his body, which I saw never covered except round the waist, was thickly planted with hair. This man was the carrier-pigeon of the village of Tálpur. I call him *pigeon*, because he was as illiterate as that bird, having been guiltless of all knowledge of the Bengali alphabet. But he did not carry letters only. Those people of Tálpur that did business in Calcutta used to send every month money to their families in the village through Golká

Teli, and not only money but also various articles of household consumption, especially in the shape of luxuries, which could not be procured either at Tálpur or in the neighbouring villages, such as cocoa-nuts, betel-nut, oranges, sweet-plums, dates, cardamums, and the like. He had fixed rates of charge. For every letter he carried he charged one anna, for every Rupee two pice, and for fruits and other articles he charged a great deal more in proportion, as they had to be carried over thirty miles of water and forty miles of land; and all persons whom he accompanied, and whose guide and cicerone he was, he charged according to their circumstances, never more, however, than one Rupee.

As in subsequent years I often had Golaka as my guide in my annual journeyings from Calcutta to Tálpur, I have a vivid recollection of his method of procedure on the road. Before leaving Calcutta he used to pack up all the goods, cocoa-nuts and the rest in gunny-bags which he carefully sewed up; the letters he put into a small bag, and the money he kept tied round his waist in a long pouch which was hidden under his clothes, or to speak more correctly, under his cloth, for he never wore more than one piece of cloth called *dhuti*, save and except his *gúmelhá*, or bathing-towel, which was often seen lying horizontally across his left shoulder. Thus accoutred, with bag and baggage, he hired a boat at Jagannáth's Ghát to carry him and his precious charge to Triveni, about eight miles north of Hooghly. As the trip to Triveni always took a day, or at least a part of a day, and a night, and as the river was in those days infested with pirates, Golaka made it a point never to sleep on board. Seated near his gunny-bags, he kept watch, and counteracted the influence of "tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep" by the fumes of tobacco of which he was inordinately fond. Put ashore at Triveni, he hired some coolies, the number of which varied according to the number of packages he had to carry, and wended his way, having a huge gunny-bag on his own head. Usually he spent two nights in the inns on the Grand Trunk Road before he reached Tálpur. Those two nights he also kept awake. He never started very early in the

morning, nor travelled late in the evening, lest he should fall into the hands of robbers and clubmen, a number of whom infested the roads in those days. All Hindus, in Bengal at least, bathe every day in the year, but Golaka, during the two days that he was on the road, did not dip foot in water ; for he could not put his pouch of money away from his person ; and if he bathed with the pouch round his waist, it might be noticed by evil-minded persons. Thus unwashed and unslept Golaka reached Tálpur.

The arrival of the *Kásil* Golaka at the village was no ordinary event. It always created great excitement. Scarcely had he reached the outskirts of the village, when his advent was heralded by scores of voices exclaiming—"Golká Teli is coming!" On hearing this announcement made, some of us used invariably to leave the *páthsálá* and run to meet this important personage,—the *gurumahásaya* not interfering with our exit. And sure enough, there was Golaka with his half-a-dozen coolies, all marching in single file, Golaka himself bringing up the rear. Men, women and children, used to come running into the street,—all putting the question—"Have you brought money for us, Golaka?" Golaka would not open his mouth to any one. He felt his importance. That was the hour of his triumph. After reaching home, he would leisurely wash his feet, smoke his *huká*, and smoke again, but did not deign a single reply to hundreds of questions put to him by scores of anxious spectators. Golaka would not speak till he had recreated himself. For many an hour have I sat by his cottage door, waiting to hear from the great *Kásil* the news whether my father had sent any letter and money from Calcutta. At last the village Mercury became propitious, opened his bag of letters, his gunny-bags of articles, his pouch of money, and gave each one his due.

Such was the genius that presided over the postal department of Tálpur, and that brought letters, at least one every month, from my father in Calcutta to my mother in the village. Not that my mother could read and write, for into those arts she had never been initiated ; indeed, those letters were never addressed to

my mother, for it is reckoned indecent for a Bengali to write to his wife. The letters were addressed to me, though I could not read them ; and they were all read to my mother by a *gomastá* whom my father gave, I think, eight annas a month for collecting rent from a number of ryots we had, and for doing all sorts of work, among which were included writing and reading letters. After I had completed my ninth year, my father in his letters often dwelt on the necessity of taking me to Calcutta to give me an English education. As I was always present when the letters were read to my mother, I remember the arguments he made use of to induce her to let me go to Calcutta. A knowledge of English, he said, was necessary to earn a competence in life. People ignorant of English no doubt got situations, but situations to which only paltry salaries were attached. He felt his own want of English every day, and was therefore resolved to remedy that defect in the education of his son. He did not wish to give me what at present is called high education, that he considered useless ; for, in his opinion, real knowledge was not to be found within the range of English literature, it being confined to the Sanskrit which is the language of the gods. But for secular purposes, for gaining a decent livelihood, a knowledge of the English language was absolutely necessary, as that was the language of the rulers of the land. My mother was intelligent enough to understand these arguments, but her feelings struggled against her judgment. She could not be persuaded to part with me of whom she was excessively fond. At this time my father wrote oftener than usual, and in each letter expatiated on the necessity of my going to Calcutta. My mother was obliged, at last, with a heavy heart, to submit to my father's decision. As my father was a religious man, he directed that the family-priest and the village astrologer should be consulted for the fixing of an auspicious day on which I should start on my journey, and that I should leave the house after the celebration of due religious solemnities.

The family-priest and the astrologer one day came to our

house. My horoscope was spread out before them. They then plunged into abstruse calculations, an iota of which I did not then understand, and shall never understand to the end of the chapter. They fixed not only the auspicious day, but the auspicious hour on which I should start on my journey. The time they determined upon was an hour and half before sun-rise. The family-priest addressing me said,—“Bábá! [son] the hour for making your *yátrá* (departure) is splendidly auspicious. A capital day for starting on a journey! Sun, moon, stars and planets are all propitious! The gods will bless you, and Madan Mohana [the name of our tutelary god who was twice a day worshipped in our house by the same family-priest, and whose image was kept in a separate room built for the purpose] Madan Mohana will befriend you.’ The astrologer addressing my mother said—“Mother! It is the most auspicious day I have ever calculated. Your son will be a learned and rich man. The gods bless him!” My mother said in a mournful voice—“I do not want my son to be either learned or rich. Give your benedictions that he may be spared to me.’ The day before the auspicious morn my mother spent in sighing and weeping. Three of my aunts who lived in adjacent houses often came and reasoned with my mother, alleging that weeping at such a time was not proper—indeed, it was ominous. My poor mother did her best to suppress her tears in their presence. That night she had not a wink of sleep. She tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and every now and then hugged me to her bosom, as I was sleeping in the same bed with her. Two hours before dawn I was awakened by my mother. She had already struck a light and set in order the materials of a religious ceremony. I got up, washed my eyes and face, and put on clean clothes. Half an hour after, the family-priest knocked at the outer door and was admitted; my three aunts and other women of the neighbourhood also came into the house. The family-priest sat on a small carpet, and I sat on another opposite him—my mother and the other women all standing. The priest uttered several prayers, a syllable of which, of course, I did not

understand. I had only to bow down, touching the ground with my forehead. The priest dipped his finger into some curds, and touched that part of my forehead which lies between the eye-brows. After which he stood up, and walked out of the room, directing me to follow him, and repeating the words—" *Sri Hari ! Sri Hari ! Sri Hari !*" After leaving the room I was told to bow down before the feet of my mother ; I next proceeded to the door of the room in which resided Madan Mohana, the family-god, and bowed myself down. I then left the house, the family-priest going before me, and my mother and the other women coming behind. I was told to go on to the outskirts of the village without looking behind, for to look back on starting on a journey is unpropitious. What my poor mother did at the moment I did not see, but I thought I heard the sound of her weeping ; and I afterwards learnt that she was carried away by main force from that pathetic scene by my aunts.

The family-priest led me out of the village to the side of a tank, near which under a tree were sitting six or seven people whom I knew, and who also were going to Calcutta. Near them stood with *lukā* in hand Golkā Teli, the celebrated Kásid, whose fame was in all the villages, and who was to be the guide of the party. The family-priest took leave of me, after blessing me by putting his hand on my head, and after consigning me to the care and protection of the household gōd. His place was supplied by the faithful servant of our house, Tinkāḍi by name, whom I usually called Tinkāḍe *dādā*, that is Tinkāḍe the elder brother, who was to accompany me to Calcutta. As the stars had not yet disappeared from the heavens, as Sukra (the planet Venus) had barely got above the horizon, and as it was not safe in those days to travel either very early in the morning or very late in the evening, on account of *lathials*, that is club-men, skulking about in the fields or in the bushes with a view to way-lay travellers, we sat under the tree for a long time, listening to the stories of Golkā Teli narrating how he fell into the hands of club-men, and how he extricated himself out of their hands. But the longest night

has its end. The stars began to disappear, Sukra lost his former brightness, red streaks became visible in the glowing east, and we all felt that the chariot of the god of day was not much below the horizon. The party, therefore, rose and began their journey, each repeating the formula—"Sri Hari! Sri Hari! Sri Hari!", or—"Sri Durgā! Sri Durgā! Sri Durgā!" according as he was of the Vaishnava or of the Śākta persuasion.

It is not my intention to give a detailed description of my first journey to Calcutta from Tālpur, especially as it was not marked by any striking incidents. The distance between the two places is about seventy miles, forty by land and thirty by water. The richer sort of people usually performed the land journey, in those days when rail-roads had not been heard of, with the help of *pālki* bearers; but as my father was too poor to indulge me in the luxury of that very agreeable and very lazy vehicle, I had to perform the journey on foot. It is a common saying in this country, that when men leave their houses for a distant place, their legs feel heavy and are indisposed to stir; though they are quite lively and smart when their owners return to their homes from a distant place. The first part of this saying was verified in our first day's journey. We travelled only eight miles. We put up in an *addā*, or inn, bathed, cooked our food, ate and drank (Adam's ale only), lounged about, again cooked and ate at night, washed our feet in hot water, and laid ourselves down on the ground—a thin piece of date-matting being interposed between our flesh and the mud floor. We got up at dawn, and again started on our journey. The second day we managed twelve miles, after which we halted and went through the same process as on the preceding day. On the third day we again marched twelve miles; and on the fourth day, after doing the remaining eight miles, we snatched a hasty meal and got into a boat on the river Hooghly at Triveni. At the end of the third day's journey I felt myself completely knocked up. My feet felt as heavy as millstones, and the soles of my feet were all blistered over. On the morning of the fourth day, therefore, I

found myself unable to walk. But, thanks to the good-nature of Tinkade *dádá*—peace to his ashes! he has long ago been gathered to his fathers—he very kindly took me on his shoulders, on one of which I rode astride and caught hold of his head to preserve my centre of gravity. It was while perched on the shoulders of my faithful servant and friend that I had a sight for the first time of the noble Bhágirathi, and as I had not seen so large a river before I involuntarily exclaimed—“O brother Tinkade! what a big tank is this!” Brother Tinkade gave me my first lesson in geography by teaching me to distinguish a river from a tank. He replied—“It is not a tank, Kála-Gopál, but Mother Gangá.” He put me down from his shoulders on the ground, went to the water’s edge, sprinkled a little of the holy liquid over his head, and bowed down before Mother Gangá. I need scarcely add that I followed the example of my pious servant. Next morning we landed at Jagannath’s Ghát close to the Mint.

From Jagannath’s Ghát to my father’s residence was a short walk. He had taken rooms in that monster building which is situated immediately to the south of the Mint, which belongs to the Mahárájá of Burdwan, and which was at that time inhabited, I believe, by at least five hundred traders and merchants, who had come from all parts of India, from Behar, from Oudh, from the North Western Provinces, from Rájputana and from the Punjaub. My father did not immediately put me to school, but allowed me to see a little of the city. I was taken to the principal streets, to Chowringhee, to the Fort, and to other places in the suburbs, like Kálighát. From the window of my father’s room in Rájá’s *Chak* I saw no end of sights. I had been taken from an obscure village in the interior and placed in perhaps the busiest part of perhaps the busiest city in India. It was quite a new world to me who had never seen a four-wheeled carriage in my life. Every thing I saw was new, and excited my curiosity. But unalloyed happiness is not the lot of mortal man. I had been told before I left my native village that Calcutta was a place of sickness and of mosquitoes. For the mosquitoes I did not much care as I

slept under curtains ; but to sickness I had to succumb. I had scarcely been a month in Calcutta when I had a violent attack of diarrhœa, from which I had hardly recovered when I was laid prostrate by a severe form of fever. It was after I had completely recovered from the effects of this fever that I was admitted into an English school. Before I tell the reader into what school I was admitted, I must, in the next chapter, give a brief review of English education in Calcutta before 1834, the year in which I began to learn English.

SONNETS.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here." Matthew XVII. 4.

WHEN to Thy House upon the Sabbath day,
 My God, with humbled spirit I repair,
 And sit amidst the crowd assembled there,
 Keeping my thoughts from wandering astray,—
 And when the minister begins to pray,
 While I join in it, what a load of care,
 The promptings of distrust and dark despair,
 Like magic vanish from my soul away !
 O then what joys my drooping heart possess !
 How sweet to me Thy Love and Grace appear !
 No more I feel alone and comfortless,
 I know, full well I know, that Thou art near,
 And grateful with folded hands confess,
 'Tis good for me, dear Lord, to come and worship here.

O gentle river that with many a song,
 Glidest thro' meadows richly blest by thee,
 Time was, when I could wander anguish-free,
 In peace with self, thy flowery marge along.

Now, as I gaze on thee, O what a throng
 Of bitter memories rush tumultuously
 Across my heart ;—alas ! that I should be
 A prey to restless passions dark and strong.
 Calm, limpid river !—see the sun's last gleam
 Lights up thy waves with radiance divine,
 The beauties of the sky enhanced seem,
 Reflected on thy mirror crystalline :—
 Oh, if my heart were pure as thy pure stream,
 Heaven's image would be there as now it lies on thine !

O. C. DUTT.

VITAL FORCES.

BY NOBIN KRISHNA BOSE.

(Concluded from page 388.)

Now, the materials of which organic structures are built are in no way different from those of which inorganic bodies are composed ; and not a particle can be obtained from either the animal or the vegetable kingdom which was not originally taken by it from the rocks, the atmosphere, or the seas. The combinations only differ. But the properties of a compound can be no other than the sum of the properties of its elementary ingredients ; and, where these are identical, therefore, the resulting sum, however it may vary in appearance according to the nature of the compound, must, under every diversity of form, be but a correlate of itself. And that such correlations do actually obtain between the organic and inorganic worlds, one has only to open his eyes to see. Not an act or movement can take place in a living organism, but synchronously with a counter-act or movement in its inorganic surroundings. Every such act or movement depends, in fact, on the abstraction of some force from inorganic nature or on its being rendered back to it. The force thus revolves in a wheel, as it were, passing half through living and

half through inanimate matter ; and this too, without any ultimate gain or loss. And as vitality is inconceivable except as a congeries of such revolving forces, how can it form an exception to the rigid law of conservation of the physical powers ? Nor do these forces when, having performed their part in a living economy they are rendered back by it, come charged with any signs to shew that they had been subjected to the action of any occult or unknown principle there. All that they seem to be indicative of is that, within the living system, they had been called upon to take part in functions of a more subtle and complex character than had been their wont in the world without ; and it is in this subtlety and complexity, indeed, that all the mystery of life and vitality lies. Still, are they of such a nature as to be beyond the legitimate pale of scientific investigation ? The vital theory, explaining nothing itself, can serve only to hide our ignorance and to keep out the light.

The most striking peculiarity of organic compounds,—and which forms, perhaps, the principal difficulty in the way of their artificial preparation,—consists in their being determined in a manner which does not satisfy (so to say) the most powerful chemical affinities of inorganic matter ; and hence a peculiar and extraordinary principle has been considered necessary to hold them in abeyance, as it were, and develop a new set of powers to answer the purposes of the organic world. But against this assumption, to quote Sir William Hamilton again, “there exists “a primary presumption of philosophy. This is the law of parsimony, which prohibits, without a proven necessity, the multiplication of entities, powers, principles, or causes ; above all, “the postulation of an unknown force where a known impotence “can account for the phenomenon.”* The question then simply is—whether any such “known impotence” exists to account for the phenomena under discussion ? Now, however antagonistic the molecular attraction, at work in promoting the growth and

* *Philosophical Discussions*, p, 612.

nutrition of animals and plants, may appear to be to the ordinary affinities of outside elements, all the difficulty on that score must vanish, if this antagonism itself can be subordinated to some higher law. The long and short of the whole thing is, that chemical affinities are no stable and permanent things : they vary, on the contrary, with the diversities of their physical surroundings ; and this, too, to such an extent that Berthollet was led to suppose them to result from the surroundings themselves. One of the most powerful affinities known on earth is certainly that which binds together oxygen and hydrogen in the shape of water, as may be judged both from the stability and the vastness of the result. But just treat this water with a little zinc and sulphuric acid, and anon the oxygen, leaving the hydrogen alone, goes to ally itself with the zinc, and then, thus combined, with the acid, to form sulphate of zinc. Bring it again in contact with common salt and the same sulphuric acid, and you witness at once a double divorce. The hydrogen of the water and the chlorine of the salt, moving one another from their former attachments, form an acid called the hydrochloric ; whilst the hydrogen's *quondam* mate, wedding itself to the liberated sodium of the salt, leagues with the sulphuric acid to produce a new kind of salt. And yet to shew that the new attachments, thus formed, are not necessarily stronger than the old, it needs only be observed that peroxide of manganese, though powerless with water itself, would dissolve the union of its hydrogen with chlorine. After this, need we wonder if the atoms, of which organic structures are composed, being put to new temptations, as it were, should desert their old outside 'loves' to form fresh connections there ? The exact inducements by which they are thus enticed away, are, no doubt, unknown to us at present. But, in the face of the great law of variation already adverted to, is it necessary to have recourse to an "unknown force" to account for them ? Or, is not the mystery sufficiently solved by our own analytic "impotence" to resolve that law into all its modal expressions ?

But the frontier line of the organic kingdom has been

already crossed, and the out-works, at all events, appear to be the work of no necromancer after all. They form rather a connecting link with the mineral kingdom which, so far from being separated from it by an impassable gulf, slopes away, with an easy descent, from the bordering regions. Indeed, the artificial preparation of some of the organic substances at least, —as oxalic acid for instance, which occurs in nature as a vegetable product, and urea, to be met with only as an animal elimination,—has shewn, beyond all possibility of doubt, that these and other like substances, at all events, stand in no need of an unknown vital principle to give them birth. And as other animal and vegetable compounds are only different, even though ascending, series of the same progressive scale, it would be simply absurd to insist on the presence of any such principle for the production of these. The manipulations of the organic laboratory become more and more subtle and complex, no doubt, in proportion as the compounds to be prepared recede more and more from those of the inorganic world : but here must the miracle end. But if the compositions, of which the tissues of living things are formed, can thus be shewn to require the presence of no unknown principle or force to develop themselves, what, we may be permitted to ask, could be the office of a mysterious vitality in the economy of either animals or plants? Even the advocates of this mysterious power themselves, however, have now-a-days, been led to abandon a part of every living structure as “the seat of physical and chemical changes only,” and “to conclude” from “observations” that “of any living thing, “but a part of the matter of which it was constituted, was living “at any moment.” This part, the bioplast) is said to be the scene, however, of those “wonderful changes,” which “cannot be explained by physics and chemistry.” Perhaps not. But Dr. Beale himself (from whom the above quotations are taken) has been good enough to give his readers a view of the changes in question, through his 5000 times magnifying glass ; and after observing them with all the attention and patience at our command, we confess we could see nothing in them save the play of molecular

attractions and repulsions—each tissue drawing unto itself what it wanted for its nourishment, from the blood, and rejecting and driving away what it did not. We conclude that the learned Doctor himself did not perceive much more ; for, of the changes under notice, that which appeared to him the most remarkable, he thus describes :—“ One part [*i. e.*, of the bioplast] could be “seen to move,*as it were*, (the italics are ours) into or through another “part, in one case blending partially or completely, in another *apparently* remaining distinct from the rest.”* Now, overlooking even the “apparently” and “as it were,” we should like to know, whether movements of this kind, are not performed, by a mixture of slightly heterogeneous fluids, (a little stirred up) daily before our eyes. And as to invoking the *unknown* to unfold their nature to us, it will, we think, be time enough for that, when by a categorical exclusion of all the varying equivalents of the *known*, we have paved the way for it. But certainly not till then.

When coal is taken in into an engine for boiling water, it is never doubted that it carries with it the power of generating the heat by means of which the water is boiled, and that it is the steam, so produced, by which the engine is moved. But when the same coal (in another form) is taken in by a living system, it is contended that the power of moving it was imparted to it by the system itself. Yet the only difference in the two cases lies simply in this :—in the one case, the identity of the force exerted by the coal, *within* and *without* the engine, is recognised at once ; in the other, it appears under a disguise. It is now among the elementary facts of physiology, however, that the combustion, going on in the lungs of an animal, in no way differs from that going on in the furnace of an engine. And as the heat produced by the latter moves the engine by impelling the piston, so the heat generated by the former moves the animal by pulling its muscles. So far, then, the analogy is clear ; but whereas in the engine, the whole of the resulting heat is expended in motion only ; in the

animal a part alone is so expended,—the remainder being required to take part in the other functions of its internal economy. But in evolving these functions, this remainder undergoes such transformations itself, that it is not to be recognised at once. The same is the case also with the other forces introduced into living organisations from without. Every animal and vegetable, it is well known, has its origin in a cell, and its structure is only gradually built up by the appropriation of materials from the external world. The part, too, which these materials play, on their first introduction into the organic economy, is not very dissimilar to that habitually enacted by them in the inorganic state. Thus the food, in finding its way to the stomach, is subjected only to the action of a chemical solvent; and the oxygen of the air, on entering the lungs, combines with carbon, also in a purely chemical way, and thereby generates heat. But the products of these first processes, in their progress through the system, give rise to other combinations and decompositions, with which, there is nothing in the inorganic world to compare, and the manipulations by which they are effected, have hitherto eluded our perceptive powers. As a matter of course, too, as these combinations and decompositions proceed, the forces carried by the materials from the outside world, become variously interwoven amongst themselves, and are altogether so obscured and complicated at the end, that their identity is no longer traceable by us. And as the resulting phenomena appear also to be so very different from those exhibited by inanimate matter, we find it difficult to connect them causally with the homely material forces, which, and the effects of which, seem to be so familiarly known to us. Hence unknown principles and agencies have been put in requisition to account for them. In all this, however, we confound the *known* and *unknown*, with the *knowable* and the *unknowable*. We hold it, that it is given to man to take cognisance of all mere *phenomenal* appearances of nature, however complicated or obscure they may, at first sight, seem to be; and they all form, therefore, lawful objects of scientific investigation. It is only when we come to the *origin* and *essence* of

things that we are altogether baffled and repulsed, and feel the utter inadequacy of our faculties to lift the veil. Even the phenomenal, no doubt, is such an infinite series in itself that man, with his limited powers and resources, can never hope to compass it as a whole ; but, at the same time, no bounds can be set to his progress either. In the very infinitude of the field before him, in fact, he has an unlimited tenure for discovery and research, and the barriers raised in his way, have again and again been levelled to the ground, amidst shouts of triumph in after times. Before the discoveries of modern science, even the partition-wall between organic and inorganic nature is gradually receding from the view.

NOBIN KRISHNA BOSE.

CONVERTS' HOME. — STREET.

THE humblest minnow in its native stream,
 Breasting the freshets, or at careless play,
 Where stones and dancing flags the tide delay,
 I hold more lovely than the shoals that gleam
 In radiant globes of crystal, though they seem
 Like living gems, or elves in loose array,
 Whose polished corslets, and brigandines gay,
 Flash back with usury the pale moon's beam.
 The hardy snowdrop that untended blows,
 By hedgerow paths, when winter rules the sky,
 I deem too, sweeter, than the hothouse rose,
 That droops dejected at the north wind's sigh ;
 And thus these lofty walls, this ver-lant close,
 I pass to-day nor feel my heart swell high.

D.

MADAMOISELLE DE LAJOLAIS. ✓

(From the French of Madame Eugénie Foa.)

ONE Sunday in the month of June 1804, a carriage closed on all sides and drawn by four horses was passing at a grand gallop on the road from Strasbourg to Paris. The mounted guard who attended or escorted it proved by the sufficiency of their number and the vigilance which they exercised, of what importance was the prize it contained. Each time that the carriage slackened in its motion in consequence of the inequalities of the road or stopped to change horses, one could hear only cries and prayers, but none could see what was happening or passing within. Those who approached too near were soon dispersed by the guard, and those who asked—"What or whom conduct you thus?"—were met by the reply, "That is no business of yours." Arriving alongside the walls of the Bicêtre the carriage entered the courtyard of the prison; the massive gates which opened to allow it to pass in, slowly rolled back on their hinges, and one of the guards unfolding the door of the vehicle asked the prisoners to descend. Two females then appeared. Their costume was rich although soiled with dust; it was evident they had been seized hastily, barely leaving them time to dress properly; they had their heads, necks, and arms bare, a shawl of Indian cashmere, an article then very scarce and dear, thrown over their shoulders enveloped them both. Of the two heads which shewed themselves out of this red shawl, the one was covered with fine black hair, and the face was hidden in a handkerchief; the other was a light-colored head of a young girl, nearly a child, who appeared to be at the utmost fourteen years old. Extremely pale and as unquiet as afflicted, the young girl, pressing close to her mother, examined with evident alarm the high walls which rose on every side, the black building with its grated windows, and yet more, those men with sinister appearances who surrounded them and who were talking in a whisper, while casting on them both, poor frightened women, searching looks.

Very soon, one of the men having an enormous bunch of keys at his girdle, detached himself from the group and approached the prisoners; "you must follow us madam," said he to the one who was hiding her face in her handkerchief.

The two women stepped forward.

"O not you," he said to the younger, "you are at liberty"

"I quit not my mother," said she with a soft voice tightening her hold of the shawl.

"But it is necessary that you quit her, my little mother, for I have not orders to lock you up."

"O separate me not from my daughter," cried out the other woman, while convulsively pressing her daughter to her breast, and turning towards the jailor her face meagre through sufferings.

"Such are my orders," interrupted roughly the man.

"It is impossible that you have orders to snatch away a daughter from her mother," replied the poor woman melting into tears.

"Impossible!" murmured the jailor, "I tell you I have such orders. Follow me, madam, and let the child retire."

"You may kill me, but you will not separate me from my mother," cried the child holding with her two arms the mother's neck.

Smiling an ironical smile, the jailor put his rough hand on the plump arm of the child.

"Know you little mother," said he to her, "that here we get ourselves obeyed by those who do not obey with good will."

"But if you snatch her from me, where do you wish her to go?" asked the prisoner, shoving back with the energy of despair the hand that was interposing itself between them both.

"Does that concern me?" said the jailor. "Am I embarrassed about it? Did you ask my advice to assassinate the Emperor?"

"My mother is innocent, Sir," cried the girl red with indignation.

Your mother innocent? that may be; that doesn't concern

me. It is for the tribunal to find it out. As regards your father the proof of his not being so is, that eight days ago he and George Cadoudal with others have received their sentences,” said the jailor.

The two females turned pale with astonishment. Neither had the courage to open her mouth and ask what the sentence was. Alas! the tone of the jailor had indicated it sufficiently. The coldness which seized them made them succumb under the horrible intelligence. The voice of the jailor aroused them from their despair.

“Come, ladies,” said he reducing as much as possible the severity of his tone, “take courage and obey with good will, it is necessary that I execute my orders, my orders are to put in confinement the wife of general Lajolais.”

“O! my mother!” murmured dolorously the young girl falling on the neck of her mother.

“My poor Maria!” exclaimed Madame Lajolais, kissing the pale forehead of the child

“But nobody except Madame Lajolais,” added the jailor to Maria, “So you see well, my little mother, you will have to retire.”

“Finish quick,” added impatiently one of the guards. “We cannot remain standing here all the day.”

“Take your prisoner Monsr. Chorion so that we may go,” added another.

“One moment, yet one moment,” added the two females, tightly clasped in each other’s arms.

“But only one moment more,” rejoined several approaching the prisoners. The scene which ensued was sufficient to force tears from any man.

“O mercy! mercy! gentlemen,” cried the child, “remove not my mother, where would you that I should go—I, a poor infant, all alone, without help or support? Shut me up in the same cell with her. Who will know it? Who will see it? For the love of heaven, gentlemen, listen to me.”

“Go, my daughter,” said the mother, repelling gently the arms that entwined her neck. “Go. A cell for you! O my poor child, you will not be able to breathe there.”

"But you, you, you will be there, and I wish to be there also," said the daughter, with that sort of mutiny which well befits spoilt children, and at which parents ready to give way to their demands smile, but which at this season was more than folly. "And I wish to be there also," repeated she sobbing.

The guard were evidently affected at the desolate accents of Maria, and some of them dashed off tears.

"It is all folly," said the jailor, "come, finish, and be done with it;" so saying he laid his hand on the arm of Maria to detach her from her mother. Maria struggled unsuccessfully.

"Mamma! Mamma!" shrieked she in accents of despair. But soon the veins of her forehead swelled, her voice failed, and she fell senseless into the arms of the guard who, taking advantage of the fainting-fit, transported her out of the prison.

H. C. DUTT.

(To be continued)

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE. ✓

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"

MILTON.

TOUCHING.

TOUCH is less affected by atmospheric influences than smell or sound though most exposed to them. Like a practised ruffian, well skilled in the inhuman trade, does Æolus, ambushed in the lull, very often waylay our unsuspecting senses, and transport the rich booty to distant haunts, defying detection, and leaving the tantalised soul to rue the heavy loss, alike powerless to cure or endure the anguish of bitter disappointment that snatches away such invaluable treasures almost from within its grasp. Fragrance is the symbol of innocence that lends a secret charm to the half-blown rose on beauty's cheek. Senseless is the man who is not worked up to ecstasy by this finishing stroke of the Creator. Heartless is the villain who demonstrates appreciation by complete

annihilation of what he professes to appreciate, who supplants simplicity, and inaugurates the reign of cunning, effacing every vestige of what once was so eminently calculated to please. The heavenly hue is living hue no longer ; the admirable contour is but the curve of a white-washed sepulchre ; the balmy smile is but the horrid grimace of a hideous satyr. The polluted touch of the debauchee metamorphoses the angel into a loathsome carcass emitting contagious effluvia through every pore. So ghastly looks the face of nature stripped of odour.

“In vain the golden morn aloft
Weaves her dew-bespangled wing ;
With vermeil cheek, and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring ;
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground.”

Though the flowers “were to retain all their bright diversities of colouring, it would seem as if they were deprived of a spirit which animates them,—how cold and dead would they instantly become,—how much should we lose of that vernal joy which renders the season of blossoms a new life to ourselves. It is by this delightful quality that the tribes of vegetable life seem to hold a sort of social and spiritual communion with us. It is, as it were, the voice with which they address us, and a voice which speaks only of happiness.” Of this happiness are we heartlessly robbed by a gust of wind which, like an unseen bird of prey, pounces upon it, and bears it away within its talons, while we stand stunned and paralyzed by the bold surprise.

Equally cruel does the fell element prove, at times, with regard to sound. There are moments when a word of mouth—mere breath—becomes infinitely more precious than untold gold. A word without which the poetry of life is instantaneously paraphrased into dull common-place prose. Better far fling the wretch from the top of the Tarpeian rock, and at once dash out the tortured brains, than by withholding the word suffer him to pine away, inch by inch, a long miserable existence. *The word, and nothing but the*

word, will arrest the progress of decay, or cast a single ray of joy within the gloomy dungeon of his breast. Enveloped in palpable darkness is the mind when the gale unmercifully cuts off, from the clumsy articulation fraught with the eloquence of feeling, the parting lover about to resign himself to endless waves, that, unconscious of the awful self-denial, toss him to unknown shores, through wearisome days and nights,—his sheet anchor, the much-coveted, the much-dreaded Farewell.

“’Tis hard to be parted from those

With whom we for ever could dwell :

But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows

When perhaps we are saying for ever farewell.”

Could he but hear it out ! Could he but hear out the laconic benediction that would wish him numberless blessings abroad and oh ! if modesty permitted, a safe return for practical refutation of the antiquated apocrypha, for emphatic demonstration that “out of sight is NOT out of mind.” What would not the CHILDE HAROLD pay for the scattered syllables that would have supported him during the privations of the Pilgrimage, would have enabled him to dance merrily on Noah’s deluge, would have supplied him with Thetian armour to wage unequal war with the mighty host drawn in battle array on the field of exile. No miser ever gloated over his hordes with such exultation as he would have done over the moistened “Adieu” deposited in his innermost heart beyond the reach of thieves or the mischievous pry of curious neighbours more thievish than they. One minute more and he would have been richer than Cræsus himself. What is gold or silver compared with language that links soul to soul in everlasting union !

“Void is ambition, cold is vanity,

And wealth an empty glitter without love.”

Such soothing, hallowing, elevating, subduing love was being poured into his ears, when, alas ! a sudden blast swept it off. It is lost—lost for ever. A world of sobs and sighs will not bring back the fugitive sounds that mock pursuit, and, like birds on their wings, look hundred fold lovelier because of the flight !

Not confined to small delicate organs Touch defies the ravages of time and maladies with equal success. In spite of the ample provisions made by Heaven to protect certain organs, their usefulness is often sadly impaired if not altogether annulled by various causes. Nothing more sublime can be conceived than the mechanism of the human eye. In the first place, "the contraction of certain muscles on which the particular field of our vision depends, and which may almost be said to enable us to increase the field of vision, by enabling us to vary it at will ;—in the second place, the external light, emitted from all the objects within this radiant field which, on its arrival at the retina, is itself the direct object of vision ;—in the third place, the provision for increasing or diminishing the diameter of the pupil, in proportion to the quantity of that incidental light ;—in the fourth place, the apparatus by which the dispersed rays of light are made to assume, within the eye, the focal convergence necessary for distinct vision ;—and lastly, the expansion of the optic nerve as a part of the great sensorial organ essential to sensation ;"—aye, the very instinctive dropping of the lid at the approach of the slightest danger, so as to ward it off, or to transfer it to some other region, better able to sustain the attack ; or, in the event of accidental failure, the plying of the crystal wells to dislodge the assailant by an unceasing flood not to subside till the ejection is effected. Each phenomina is a complete Revelation containing evidence of so conclusive a nature as to force conviction into the most obdurate heart. "It is a machine of such exquisite and obvious adaptation to the effects produced by it, as to be, of itself, in demonstrating the existence of the Divine Being who constructed it, equal in force to many volumes of theology. The atheist who has seen and studied its internal structure, and yet continues an atheist, may be fairly considered as beyond the power of mere argument to reclaim." But "there are peculiar diseases which affect the optic nerves, or other parts of the sensorial organ immediately connected with it,—there are other diseases which affect the refractory apparatus,—others

which affect the iris, so as to prevent the enlargement or diminution of the pupil when different quantities of light are poured on it, others which affect the muscles that vary the position of the ball,—and in all these cases we find, as might be expected, a corresponding difference” in the operation of the organ even when the eyesight is not altogether quenched by disorder more serious than leave the orbs

“ Though clean,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot ;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun or moon, or star throughout the year.”

These melancholy contingencies serve to invest the pleasures of most of our senses with an air of insecurity incompatible with true enjoyment. We are ill at ease. We would rather decline to accept the rich legacies on tenures so precarious. We grumble because the uninterrupted action of the senses has not been guaranteed by making the organs less liable to distempers and of more comprehensive grasp. We discover a spirit of niggardliness stamped on the very face of the gifts, and are at a loss to know why liberal concessions should be so hampered with conditions as almost to lose their value. It is always optional with the donor to confer or refuse the boon ; but after having once held out hopes of success to stint the gratification seems to argue a sort of vacillation irreconcilable with Divine attributes.

“ O why was sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious, and so easy to be quenched,
And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore ?”

Touch is not only impervious to injury, but is diffusive in the most extensive sense of the term. No particular adaptation is necessary for the pleasures of this sense. Whenever and wherever there is contact there is pleasure. The ear is blind. Our auditory nerves, however perfect in their own way, are of

no use whatever as far as objects of sight are concerned. Blank is the face of nature. In vain do the seasons return, in vain is renovated the vegetable kingdom. The ear sees it not, it cannot see any more than the eye can hear, which is deaf to sounds soft or hard, harmonious or discordant. If we had as many eyes as there are stars in the firmament, sweet music would remain unappreciated by them all. But we touch by the organ of seeing, we touch by the organ of hearing, we touch by the organ of smelling, we touch by the organ of tasting, we touch by our hands, we touch by our legs, in short we touch by each and every organ or limb throughout the whole frame, and feel none the less for it. Whatever organ or limb we make use of for the purpose, the pleasure is always the same without any diminution either in quantity or quality.

“I felt to madness ! but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within, but still
Words were too weak : they were unknown ;
The feeling was most poignant.”

Touch is the first and last of our senses. It commences before we are ushered into the world, and never deserts us till life itself is extinct. It is moreover the only sense that recognizes temperature. Whether bodies are hot or cold, humid or dry, cannot be ascertained by the rest to which the avalanche on the peak of Everest and the torrent of burning lava rolling down by the side of Vesuvius, the genial warmth of life and the repugnant cold of death, is difference without distinction.

Besides performing its own legitimate functions with uncommon punctuality and precision, Touch renders material assistance to sight and often efficiently officiates for it. The reported failure of the band of blind men, deputed to ascertain the shape of the elephant, must have been owing to some gross neglect on the part of those pampered fools of experiment. Had the fool, who ran away with the idea that the beast was like a cylinder by feeling only the proboscis, carefully manipulated the other limbs, he might have been helped to a more correct

conception. Indeed as regards magnitude and figure Touch is an infalible guide, not being exposed to the illusions of space or atmosphere. There is scarcely any office of sight which Touch cannot perform as well. Doubts were long entertained whether it could distinguish colour. Small wonder that man should be sceptical about this point, when there is no dearth of quidnuncs who would make us believe that the colours themselves are only feelings of the mind. Happily for the world, the race is at present obsolescent, if not quite obsolete. The superiority becomes still more indisputable in the dark. Life would have been an infinite series of bruises and blunders but for the aid of this sense. We would have not only knocked our heads and noses against walls and posts times without number, but would have unwittingly migrated to sheets to be welcomed by knocks harder still, and finally to be consigned to the tender mercies of the vultures that infest the purlieus of hair-splitting High Courts.

Unlike the other senses, Touch gives us a sort of secondary pleasure derived, not from the object itself, but from its belongings. Even the brush of the parasol, secured in the pew by an undivided attention to the doctrine of chances promising more tangible happiness than the doctrines preached from the pulpit, is not without its peculiar thrill. The handkerchief, dropped by accident, or, as the scandalous world would have it, by art, gives rise to a scramble more intense than that of the hungry Israelites for manna showered in the desert. It is to the lay a mere piece of cambric, but not so to the Doctor graduated in the University of Love. A primrose is not simple primrose to him any more than an ordinary needle is the needle touched with loadstone. It is cambric magnetized, possessing properties unknown to the huge bales exported from Liverpool or Manchester. The guest arrives, and forthwith ensues the rush, not to the shrine itself for the first smile, but to the gateway, the destined site of a pitched battle of belligerents high and low who helter-skelter reach the scene and fight tooth and nail till victory leans to one side, and Hector-like the hero bears the trophy clutched firmly within

his gaint grasp over caps and hats, helmets and meters, and deposits on the consecrated spot my Lady's foot stool sanctified by the sacred friction of her silken boots, a shade or two smaller than those of a Chinese belle!

How painfully are we reminded of the utter worthlessness of human language as a channel of communication when we attempt the description of the various affections of the mind! What words can convey the idea of that sweet melting relaxation of the soul released from the cares and anxieties of life and absorbed in the contemplation of the happy reunion. Arms locked within arms, heart locked within heart in holy embrace, full, too full, for vulgar speech, exchanging thoughts by sighs and throbs, sigh for sigh, throb for throb,—Oh so locked, so sighing, so throbbing, the happy pair could live to the end of eternity spiritualised, canonised, placed far, far above the witcheries of high-sounding titles or world-wide renown. On occasions like these, even the muckworm of the “Penny saved pennygained” creed forgets his base instinct and involuntarily exclaims—“If there is bliss on earth, it is here, it is here!” Conceive then, gentle reader! for I do not pretend to describe it—the beatitude of the lucky wight whose greeting culminated to the first kiss of love.

“He took

The bride about the neck, and kissed her lips
With such a clamorous smack that at the parting
All the church echo'd!”

THE CHILD-BRIDE. ✓

I.

‘Tis past, my girl!—the words are said—henceforth thou art not mine,*
A mother's love no more will watch those sweet bright looks of thine,
And stranger hands will rear thee up, for thee the stranger feel
Those griefs that sinless hearts betray when most they would conceal.

* It is a custom among the natives of Bengal for the mother of the bride to join the hands of her daughter and son-in-law, and after blessing them to accost the latter with words to the following purport—“My daughter was mine till now, henceforth she is yours.”

II.

Three fleeting springs have scarcely past since thou upon this knee
 Did'st frolic blithesome as a child, in childhood's artless glee,
 But pass three fleeting springs again, and haply on that brow
 The cares of womanhood will dim the gleam that lights it now.

III.

My heart too keenly feels its loss to share the mirth around,
 The gay lute breathes upon mine ear a strange discordant sound,
 And when I think that we must part, and part perchance for aye,
 The starting tear and sudden sigh my secret grief betray.

IV.

I cannot pierce the future's veil, yet let me hope the best,
 That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,
 That true and duteous to thy lord, thou'lt win his fervent love,
 While flowers around thee open their eyes, and skies are blue above.

H. C. DUTT.

 ANCIENT AND MODERN POETRY.

By J. C. DUTT.

THE first step that a nation takes towards the formation of literature is in poetry. At a time when man has hardly yet learnt to supply himself with the necessities of life, when he is too simple to cultivate arts, too ignorant to discover the laws of nature, and too thoughtless to engage in any scientific investigation, his heart is always open to receive impressions from the magnificent phenomena of Nature that surround him on every side. If we trace the annals of a nation to its very beginning, we shall always find that poets lived and flourished long before philosophers or scientific observers. The Rishis of ancient India sang the hymns of the Rig Veda in honor of the deified phenomena of nature centuries before Kapila or Gautama lived, and Homer tuned his lyre three hundred years before Thales the first philosopher of Greece. Such is the constitution of our mind that it first wonders and admires and then looks out for causes. Give a child a moving doll, and he will gaze at it with wonder, and years will roll on before he becomes curious to enquire what it is that moves it. What is true of the individual is also true of nations.

It has been said that as a nation advances in civilization, it loses in poetry. Be that as it may, this much we can safely assert that a vast difference is observable in comparing ancient poetry with modern. The noble sublimity, the wildness of fancy, and the naked and simple beauty of the ancients, have given place to artistic descriptions of the human feelings and to the painting of beauty clothed and adorned. The wildness of fancy which peopled the heavens with gods and filled their histories with wild and romantic adventures, has no parallel in modern poetry. The simplicity of ancient habits, told with as much simplicity, is rare in the works of our modern poets.

Whence this falling off, or at least this change? The secret we believe lies in a nut-shell. The essence of sublimity consists in the conception of something towering and stupendous in its grandeur, compared with which we ourselves sink into insignificance, into very nothingness. Now, in barbarous times man constantly comes across forces and operations of nature before which he cows down with fear,—the conception of the sublime therefore becomes with him not only possible but a living reality. On the other hand civilized man has so far brought under his control the forces of nature that he fails to see in them anything so stupendously grand as his forefathers used to do. The conception of the sublime therefore becomes day by day more arduous.

In olden times, when the powers of man were exceedingly limited, when his sway hardly extended beyond the tract he inhabited, when science could not explain to him the phenomena of nature, every thing around him had an unearthly significance. The huge mountains whose snow-clad peaks seemed to support the sky, the trackless wood that lay around him in primeval grandeur, the rolling rivers stretching their meandering lengths, the eternal and unfathomable sea which seemed to him the very emblem of eternity,—all impressed him with awe and veneration. The lightening and thunder filled him with terror, and man trembled at his own weakness as compared with the mighty strength of nature. This sense of fear inspired in him the thought of the

grand and the sublime, and whether he depicted the court of heaven and the assemblage of gods and goddesses, or described the depths of hell, whether he invoked the king of the mountains, or prayed to the rising sun in all the humility of helplessness,—it was all the flow of sublimity and grandeur issuing involuntarily from his lips or his lyre. But as time rolled on, man cultivated science, and science gave him power, and he brought to his control the forces of nature before which he one time trembled. He has now unravelled many of the mysteries of nature, he has known the causes of the thunder and the lightning, he has measured the mountains, and proved himself stronger than the waves and the wind. He may now look Nature in the face without being cowed down. Nay, conscious of his own dignity, he considers the workings of his own mind important enough to be glorified and recorded; his poetry, therefore, is replete with sentiments, feelings and individual opinions and tastes. It is chiefly for such reasons as these that we do not find among us poets like Homer or Valmiki, nor see among the ancients poets like Byron and Shelly. Milton has attempted the sublime. But, as we have said before, the world before us furnishes us with nothing stupendously terrific to man;—Milton therefore had recourse to a higher and a lower world and to the resources of his imagination; and his sublimity seems artistic and unreal as compared with the sublimity of the ancients. One more instance. Byron has attempted the sublime in his well known description of the ocean. But, conscious that ocean with all its grandeur has ceased to be particularly terrific in the eye of man, the poet has drawn on his imagination, and by dint of description, has represented ocean as more powerful, and man as more helpless than they really are!

Another thing strikes us very much in ancient poetry, *viz.* the wildness of fancy and the strength of the creative imagination. The reason of this is akin to what has already been stated. Chaotic uncertainty in the midst of startling incidents, utter weakness and helplessness in the midst of dangers, the sudden appearance of wonderful phenomena whose causes and antecedents are

unknown,—these and such like causes specially develop the imagination of barbarous nations, and fill the brain with nameless and shapeless beings of horror or of loveliness, each being reputed to be the author of some particular phenomenon observed. Civilization, however, by ascribing a variety of phenomena to uniform laws, by giving us hope and assurance in our own strength, by reducing our lives to almost an uniform routine work, and by making us more and more familiar with society and less with nature, eliminates the creations of our imagination, and lays the axe at the root of the faculty itself.

When the habitations of man were limited by vast woods, mountains or seas, and man had little conception of the things beyond his home, his imagination created people for the rest of the world. He fancied the abode of gods to be on the hoary peaks which seemed to reach the skies ; his imagination created giants and Rakshasas and sturdier and fiercer races than man to dwell in the woods impenetrable to him, and he conjured up denizens of the air and the ocean. And in India, this imagination has been particularly developed, helped no doubt by climatic and physical causes. The tales of gods and giants, at present laughed at, were passed as true, and received as such by the ignorant and susceptible minds, of the people ; for, otherwise they would not have been recorded: Times have changed. Man has climbed the hills nor found these the abode of gods. He has cut down the woods nor found any Rakshasas loitering there. He has explored the sea, nor been enticed by the songs of mermaids or sirens. He has acquired knowledge and experience, and knowledge and experience have falsified the creations of his brain. He has learnt the value of reason, and therefore discards even in poetry what reason does not uphold.

Lastly, modern poetry is more artificial than ancient poetry,—and the reason is obvious. Poetry is but a reflection of manners and society,—a reflection of the human mind. Society is becoming more and more artificial, and our manners and habits, our thoughts and ways of expression, are undergoing

the same change. Poetry cannot but bear the marks of the change.

Thus we have seen why sublimity, creative imagination, and naked simplicity in poetry are, day by day, decreasing with the progress of civilization. Modern poetry therefore, cannot fail to be inferior to ancient poetry. The one thing in which poetry has gained is in the artistic descriptions of the workings of the heart,—the out-pourings of over worked sentiments,—of thoughts that breathe and words that burn. But this is a poor compensation for the losses mentioned above.

THE "CHIT CHAT CLUB." ✓

MARCH MEETING.

The Chancellor's Speech at the Convocation.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Bábu Rádha Krishna Banerjea.

——Pyári Chánd Basu.

——Jaya Gopal Ghosha.

——Syámá Charan Chatterjea.

——Jadu Náth Mitra.

Maulavi Imdád Ali.

Rádha, "GENTLEMEN," you all know the reason why there has been no meeting of the *Chit Chat Club* since November last. In that month, His Excellency the Governor-General of India, in his reply to the address of the Bombay Association, declared, as we understood him, that His Lordship was against the Natives of India entering into the Civil Service by competitive examinations, inasmuch as the system of competitive examinations was not so well applicable to the people of India as to those of England. We felt very sad on account of this statement; as it seemed to us to give a death-blow to the advancement of the Natives of India, and in consequence declared our Club to be in mourning. We did not

therefore meet for the last three months. It now turns out that our mourning was causeless, as His Excellency, in his speech at the Convocation of the Calcutta University in his capacity of Chancellor, has been pleased to disclaim the sentiment which we ascribed to His Lordship. Let me read to you from the *Englishman* of the 15th instant that part of His Excellency's speech which has reference to this point :—

"I said the other day in answer to a deputation of the British Indian Association of Bombay, that it appeared to me that a competitive examination held in India was not the best method of obtaining young men for the public service in this country. My remarks were not meant to refer to the competitive examination which is held in England for admission to the Civil Service, to which competitive examination all the subjects of Her Majesty, of whatever race they may be, or wherever they may be born, are by law eligible to be admitted. My remarks were directed to the question which is now before the Government of India, namely, in what manner the admission of natives of India into appointments which used to be confined to members of the Civil Service, but which have been opened to the natives by a recent Act of Parliament, can be best carried out. I said then, as I say now, that I do not think that this object can be best attained by means of competitive examinations in India. I have noticed that what I said at Bombay has been alluded to in a manner which does not correctly give the opinion which I then expressed, and I mention this subject now, to say here, in addressing as I do those who probably are as interested, if not more interested, in the question than any others in this city, that the subject is one which will be considered by the Government of India with an honest and sincere desire to admit, so far as public interests will allow us to do, natives of India to such offices, in which we shall, upon mature deliberation, consider that they can give to the public and to their fellow countrymen valuable and efficient service. (Hear, hear.)"

Such being the case, we have no cause for mourning any longer ; and I propose that we hold our monthly meetings as before."

Pyári. "Certainly, we should meet as before. But I think we owe an apology to His Excellency for having misunderstood his meaning, and published, in the account of our proceedings, that mistaken construction to the world."

Rádhá. "Undoubtedly we owe an apology to His Lordship; and I, as the senior member of the *Chit-Chat Club*, hereby express, in the name of all the members, our deep regret for having misunderstood His Excellency's meaning."

Jaya. "I think the mistake was at the time shared in by the whole of the Indian press; at any rate, our statement was not corrected by any Anglo-Indian print."

Rádhá. "You are right, I think; but that does not justify our mistake."

Imdád. "The Chancellor's speech is one of the finest I have ever read. It is an unmistakeable proof of His Lordship's deep interest in the education of the people of India."

Jaya. "I suppose you liked it, Maulavi Saheb, because His Excellency overflowed with sympathy for the Muhammadan population."

Imdád. "Of course, I could not but rejoice that His Lordship spoke so kindly of the wants of my co-religionists; but he spoke as kindly of the Hindu population."

Jaya. "To be sure, he did; but what I mean to say is, that some of His Excellency's views are open to objection. For instance, I do not clearly understand what His Lordship meant by saying that it would be a circumstance very agreeable to his feelings if high English education could be placed in the hands of an institution unconnected with Government, as such an institution would impart religious teaching along with secular teaching. What religious teaching does the Viceroy mean? Is it the teaching of the Bible in Missionary Colleges, or of the Koran in Muhammadan Colleges, or of Brahmaism in Brahma Colleges, or of the Puránas in the Colleges which the *Sanátana Dharma Rakshini Sabha* might establish?"

Imdád. "It is not difficult, I think, to understand His Lordship's

meaning. His Excellency regards it as an unfortunate circumstance that the education imparted in Government Colleges should be of an entirely secular character. And yet Government cannot, without a violation of the principle of neutrality which it maintains, impart religious instruction. The Viceroy, therefore, wishes that education were taken up by some private body or bodies of men, unconnected with Government, who would of course be at liberty to mix religious with secular instruction."

Jaya. "But you don't meet my objection. The question is,—What religious instruction does Lord Northbrook mean? Is it the Bible, the Koran, the Puranas, or Deism?"

Imdád. "The Viceroy, being a sincere Christian, would of course prefer Christian instruction to instruction in any other system of religion. But if I understand His Lordship aright, he would prefer *some* religious instruction,—no matter whether it is the Koran, or the Bible, or the Sástras,—to *no* religious instruction. I am afraid English education, as it is carried on at present in this country, is sapping the foundation of all faith. So far as religion is concerned, our educated young men, for the most part, believe in nothing. The emotion of veneration has been eliminated from their mental constitution. It is this sad result that the Viceroy deplures."

Jadu. "I think Maulavi Sáheb has correctly interpreted Lord Northbrook's meaning. The crying want of English education, especially in Government Colleges and Schools, is the religious element. Young men brought up in those Colleges are, generally speaking, neither Hindus, nor Muhammadans, neither Christians nor Brahmas,—they are nothingists, and worse than nothingists. Missionary Colleges are, in this respect, infinitely better than Government Colleges."

Jaya. "Away with your Missionary Colleges! You have been

brought up in the Free Church Institution, and you therefore praise up Missionary Colleges. I fancy you are a Christian at heart."

Jadu. "Whether I am Christian at heart or not, is nothing to the point. What I hold is this—that Missionary Colleges are better than Government Colleges, inasmuch as the former give religious instruction along with secular instruction, whereas the latter give only secular instruction. From this point of view I also hold that Brahma Colleges and Schools—if the Brahmas established such institutions—would be better than Government Colleges. Observe, I do not blame Government for this defect in their Colleges. They cannot well give religious teaching in their Colleges. They must abide by the principle of religious neutrality. It is for this reason, I imagine, that the Viceroy wishes education to be taken out of the hands of Government."

Jaya. "I suppose the Missionaries would dance with joy if Government were to abolish their Colleges; the whole of education would then pass into their hands, and they would make converts by hundreds."

Jadu. "I do not anticipate any such result. Our own countrymen would, in that case, I trust, establish Colleges of their own. But even if they did not, and if the Missionary Colleges were crowded, I do not think there would be many conversions as you suppose. Why, the universal complaint in all Missionary Colleges at present is, that they make so few converts."

Pyári. "In my humble opinion, Lord Northbrook is quite right as to the question of religion. There is not the slightest doubt that our educated young men are losing all faith. This is most deplorable, though I confess I see no remedy for it. There is one point in His Excellency's speech in which I beg to differ from His Lordship. His Lordship approved of the abolition of all

text-books in English for the Entrance Examination, as the former system encouraged "cramming," and expressed the opinion that there could be no such thing as "cramming" in the College Classes. If I am rightly informed there is more "cramming" in Colleges than in the schools."

Jaya. "Not a bit of it. When I was in the Presidency College, and Mr. Cowell and others were Professors, there was no "cramming" at all. They tried to give intellectual training to their pupils."

Rádhá. "I dare say, that was the case in former days : but at present the system seems to have changed. "Cram" seems to be the order of the day : and the best "crammer" is reckoned the best Professor. My son is, as some of you may know, in the———College, and I find that he hardly ever opens his "Course,"—indeed, I don't think he takes it to College. He only takes a note-book and a pencil, and writes down whatever the Professor says. And when I remonstrate with him, he says that it is the system of the College, and that such eminent Professors as Professor Epixanthos and Professor Tornozeugmatos——men who would be an honour to any College in India or elsewhere,—are partial to it."

Pyári. "I am afraid, that is the real state of the case. But it is a ruinous system. It ruins the intellect. It is mere parrot-work. The only mental power which this system of education improves is—Memory. I do not say this is the case with all, but I fear this is the case with a great many. Why, I incidently heard the other day that a young man learnt by heart a long mathematical process, without understanding a single syllable of it, and went up to the Examination Hall thus primed. It so happened that that very theorem was amongst the questions ; and he passed with colours flying and drums beating."

Rádhá. "I have heard of similar cases."

Jaya. "Nonsense! nonsense! I don't believe it. The present system of education is not so bad as you would make it out to be. You, old fogies, think that you have had the best education."

Pyári. "I beg your pardon, Jaya Babu. I am sorry I have been speaking of the defects of a system of education in the presence of those who have been brought up under it."

SKETCHES OF BENGALI LIFE.

BY HARI'S UNCLE.

I. . Young Bengal.

YOUNG Bengal is, questionless, one of the notabilities of the day. I am not aware that a faithful portrait of our young friend has ever been presented to the public. Some of his prominent features have often been pencilled by the artists of the "city of palaces," but I have not seen his likeness at full length. To supply this desideratum is the object of the following sketch.

I begin the portraiture of Young Bengal with his *costume*. All countries and nations have their peculiar dress. The loose and flowing dress of the oriental nations is different from the tight dress of the European. The differences of the costumes of the people of the world arise from climatic causes, from local influences, from diversity of taste, and varying degrees of refinement. Owing to the severity of his wintry climate, the barbarous North American Indian is compelled to have recourse to the fur of the ferocious beasts that fill the vast prairies of his native country. The sun-burnt Hindu, on the other hand, in consequence of the glowing fervours of the tropical sun, scarcely puts on any clothing, and may be said to live virtually naked all his life-time. We do not think that, apart from decency and decorum, there is intrinsic beauty in the national costume of any people. We call one costume beautiful, and another ugly, only

with respect to our prejudices. Indeed, we believe in general that no object in the universe is more beautiful *per se* than another. Our ideas of beauty and deformity are the result of association. One colour is more pleasing to us than another, only on account of our inveterate associations, prejudices, and early prepossessions. There is no reason in the nature of the thing whatever, why the lily hand of a Circassian beauty should be preferred to the ebony hand of a Hottentot lady. That our notions of the pleasingness and unpleasingness of colours and kindred substances are acquired, is evident from the fact that to a negro *black* is the most delightful of all colours. We have no reason to laugh at the depravity of the African's taste. He with equal reason might laugh at what he reckons the vitiosity of the European's taste in preferring white to black. The difference of tastes in this and all similar cases arises from diversity of associations. But to return to the point. Taking the word costume in its customary signification as implying the fixed dress of a people, we may say without hesitation, that Young Bengal has *no* costume. He cannot be said to stick to the national costume of his country and his fathers. For what is the *genuine* costume of a Bengali? With a view to obtain a specimen, we do not require to retrace our steps a thousand years back, when the Muhammadans had not introduced social refinement, such as it was, into the Hindu community. That the costume of the Bengali has been considerably improved since the Muhammadan conquest, does not admit of a doubt. But the costumes of all nations of the world are constantly varying. The dress of an Englishman in the days of Alfred the great was by no means the same as that of John Bull in the nineteenth century. What then is the genuine costume of the pure Bengali of the present day? A *dhuti* of thin and almost transparent cloth, covering from the waist downwards, a long-cloth *jama* enveloping his chest, and a loose sheet worn over the body, no covering for his head, and slippers for shoes. Such is the costume of the middle class, and it is a vast improvement on the dress as it existed a hundred years ago,

which consisted of the following simple things ;—a coarse *dhuti* scarcely reaching the knee-joints, and a solitary sheet placed horizontally across the shoulders. This last mentioned dress is still worn by thousands in the villages even by the most respectable. Neither is the dress of Young Bengal an imitation *in toto* of the pantaloon and coat of the European, the elegant and flowing dress of the Persian and of the North-Western Hindustani. The dress of Young Bengal is an accumulation of patches from the national costumes of many countries. It is a curious commixture of the European and the Asiatic. And what is most striking, a dozen educated Bengalis are scarcely dressed in the same fashion. There is only one thing common amongst them ; it is, that the dress of all is a mongrel compound of the Asiatic and the European. Unlike the law of definite proportion in chemistry, in the clothing of Young Bengal the Asiatic and the European ingredients mix in all proportions. A definite proportion would ensure uniformity. But the law with respect to dress and indeed in regard to every thing with the educated class, is “let every man be persuaded in his own mind.” Accordingly, although the main ingredients in their costume are the Asiatic and the European, yet there is a plentiful mixture of heterogeneous elements. The Government of India could, if they chose, have cut a conspicuous figure in the great Vienna Exhibition. The exhibition of a score of educated Bengalis in their varied and Proteus-shaped dress would have excited peals of laughter from one end of Europe to the other. The leaders of fashion in London are cherishing, we understand, the hope of improving the national costume of Britain. But those votaries of finery needed not have waited so long for the accomplishment of their desired end. Young Bengal, with his fantastic and ever-varying dress, might have furnished them in his own person parts of the national costumes of all countries of the world. Infinitely diversified is the dress of Young Bengal. The *dhuti* of Liverpool, Simla, Chandra-kona and Chakrabarea ; the *sheet* of all sorts—those of Santipur, Dacca and Manchester ; the up-country *ijar* with its prodigious

breadth : the *pantaloon* of all stuffs—wool, gin and drill, and of all colours “white, black and grey with all their trumpery ;” the native *jama* in all its simplicity ; the European *shirt* with its plaited front ; the coloured *waist-coat* ; the graceful *chapkan* of the Asiatic ; the coat-tail of the European ; the head-dress of all descriptions, from the Parisian beaver hat to the simple skull-cap of the Muhammadan ; and shoes of all sorts, from English boots to the ugly slippers of the vulgar multitude,—all these, in endlessly diversified mixtures and proportions, constitute what may be called the costume of Young Bengal. Were the simple and venerable Munis and Rishis of antiquity, who had only the bark of trees for their clothing, to rise, like so many phoenixes, from their funeral pyres, how horrified would they be at the spectacle !

From the ward-robe we pass to the table of Young Bengal. It is well known that Hinduism proscribes the use of many sorts of food. The use of poultry is forbidden. To the Hindu beef is an abomination, which he avoids with as great earnestness as he does the plague or the pestilence. All intoxicating liquors a Hindu must not take. But this requires some qualification at our hands. Some Hindu sectaries, as the *Tamacharis*, freely indulge in ardent spirits,—that indulgence being reckoned a religious duty. The maxim of these sons of Belial is, that “fish, flesh, wine, and women,” are the procurers of endless felicity. We should have also remarked, that beef seems to have been greedily devoured by the Rishis and Munis of old. It is impossible to fix the precise period when the meat of the sacred cow was proscribed. When the Hindus of the present day are asked, why they do not indulge in a delicacy which was not ungrateful to the palate of the divine *Maharshis* of antiquity, they reply, that they used it because they had the power of restoring the slain cow to life again ; and as modern Hindus possess not this miraculous power, it is but just that they should abstain from the use of it. It is impossible to exaggerate the horror which a Hindu entertains for that awful abomination—beef. He would prefer to be burnt at the stake to using it as an article of diet. At the mere sound of the loathsome

name, he puts his fingers into his ears. Young Bengal is superior to these prejudices. The barbarous diet of his countrymen does not gratify his taste. Rice and curry have ceased to attract him. Pure water of the limpid stream he does not away with. *Dall bhat* and *macher-jhol* are abominations to him. Young Bengal eats beef-steak and mutton-chops with as great gusto as the Irishman his potatoe. He prefers beer, claret, champagne, sherry and brandy, to the crystal water of the lucid brook. Old Sam Johnson's scale of liquors he heartily agrees to—"claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes." In the community of the educated Bengalis such heroes are by no means "few and far between."

To avoid misunderstanding, we should remark that Young Bengal keeps *two tables*, one in the family house, and another amongst friends. At the first table, surrounded as he is by father mother, brothers and sisters—all Hindus of the right stamp, he condescends to use the simple diet of his ancestors. But at the second table—the liberal table,—he freely indulges in all the delicacies of the Great Eastern Hotel. At the former, he satisfies his old stomach, and at the latter his regenerated appetite. In imitation of the European, Young Bengal has learnt to speechify after dinner. Toasts and the paraphernalia attending them have their due place. To his credit we say it, his speechification is often as good as that of the beef-eating Saxon. Like his dress, the diet of educated Bengalis is mongrel compound. These young Sybarites have three stomachs, a Hindu, a Muhammadan, and a European. They fill the Hindu stomach with all sorts of the vegetable creation, and a good sprinkling of the finny tribe; the Muhammadan stomach with *pullao*—rice soaked in *ghi* and seasoned with an unusual quantum of rich spices; with *kofta* and *kalia*; and the European stomach with the nameless delicacies supplied by the restaurants of the British Indian metropolis. But all have not this full complement of stomachs. A few have only the first; the majority have the first and the second; and the *elite* of the community—the heroes—have all three. Of vegetables, from

the humble creeper *pui* of the wall to the tall *sajne* ; of the finny race, from the slimy *punkal* to the oily *hilsa* and the Brobdignagian *bhetki* ; of the feathery tribes, from the homely sparrow to the rich-fed turkey ; of the quadruped kind, from the common kid to the stately cow,—concoctions of all these by the culinary skill of the Hindu, the Muhammadan and the European, constitute the diet of educated Bengalis. Of all human creatures, the Bengali is certainly the most imitative. Deficient, as he is said to be in originality, nature has amply compensated this defect by lengthening the bump of imitativeness. Like Europeans, Young Bengal indulges in the luxury of a *cheroot*. Some, it is true, are satisfied with the primitive cocoa-nut shell and the ebony shaft ; others have betaken themselves to the Persian *albola* with its long serpentine train ; but the most fashionable have adopted the elegant *cigar*. How diversified are the forms of tobacco,

“Sooty retainer of the vine,

Old Bacchus’ servant, Negro fine!”

Young Bengal, however, has gone further than cigar, even to the length of the pipe and Cavendish. But I must not be led away from my task by the vagaries of those whom we are describing. That the most complete changes, and the greatest innovations, public or private, have been effected in the dietetics of educated Bengalis is unquestionable. The Hindu—the educated Hindu of the middle of the nineteenth century, is nothing like the Hindu fifty years ago. If the reformation of a country implied nothing more than reformation in the kitchen or the ward-robe, if the amelioration of a people were effected by a change of costume, of meats and drinks, then the appellation of Reformer might with propriety be applied to Young Bengal. But if to become real reformers and regenerators of a country implies something more than all this, Young Bengal must forfeit his claims to that distinction.

I have been hitherto viewing Young Bengal socially, I now come to look at him intellectually. And here it must be admitted by the most prejudiced Anglo-Saxon, that Young Bengal is

exceedingly sharp, smart and clever,—indeed, too clever by half. He has a most subtle intellect, making distinction without a difference, and showing, with the utmost precision, how six differs from half a dozen. Duns Scotus and other Schoolmen of his stamp would have highly valued such an intellect, as it would have materially helped them in the solution of those hair-splitting problems in which they were engaged. But though the intellect of Young Bengal is fine, it is not strong. It is a razor, not an axe. It is good in delicate operations, but useless for every-day use in this rough world of ours. It is wanting in weight, in solidity, in massiveness,—those very qualities in which the Anglo-Saxon intellect excels. It is good for high days and holidays, but not of much use for every day wear. It has a delicate flavour, but it soon gets addled. It does not keep. To-day it emits a delightful aroma, to-morrow it stinks. One great peculiarity of the Bengali intellect is its singularly rapid development. In a short time, it starts into a full-grown plant, spreading out its branches in all directions, putting forth flowers of the gayest hues, covered with luxuriant foliage, and loaded with mellow fruit. But it also withers soon. The blight of a single season is sufficient to deprive it not only of its glory but of its life. Like the mushroom, it shoots up in a day and withers in a day. No English boy of sixteen can ever hope to compete with a Bengali boy of the same age. The mental faculties of the former have not been half-developed, while those of the latter have become as ripe as they will ever be. In general, a Bengali boy is the cleverest in the world, a Bengali man the stupidest in the world. There are exceptions of course, but exceptions only prove a rule. To what are this rapid growth and equally rapid decay of the Bengali intellect owing? Possibly the tropical climate has something to do with it, but it is chiefly owing, I suspect, to social influences. But whatever the cause, the fact remains. The Bengali intellect is imitative, it is not creative. It copies to perfection, but it has not yet discovered any thing. It illustrates, it does not originate. It adorns, it does not form. In one word, Young Bengal has talent, no genius.

In morals Young Bengal is, on the whole, better than his ancestors. English education has given him this superiority. Take one instance. When any one gives the lie to a Bengali of the old school, he laughs, and thinks no more of it. He does not look upon it as disgraceful to tell an untruth. He regards it as a venial offence—indeed, scarcely an offence at all. Young Bengal feels differently. When the lie is given to him, he is on fire, and is ready to come to blows. This manly virtue he has learnt from the Englishman. Indeed, he has learnt it to excess, for he is over-sensitive. He takes offence where no offence was meant. He has become a little too thin-skinned. This, no doubt, arises from too high an estimate of himself, or, in plain English, conceit, which I look upon as the besetting sin of Young Bengal. Accustomed to associate in his house with uneducated men, he feels that he has become some body. He forgets proportion. He becomes top-heavy, and regards himself not only as good as, but better than, his fellows. Anglo-Indians are, in general, too impatient with the conceit of Young Bengal. They make no allowance for the peculiar circumstances under which he is placed, for his environments. They do a worse thing. They actually prefer the cringing servility of Old Bengal to the flippant conceit of Young Bengal. No doubt conceit is disgusting. But there is some hope that conceit will one day sober down into a spirit of manly independence. whereas your servility will remain servility to the end of the chapter.

As to religion, I am afraid Young Bengal has little of it. Up to the time of his passing the Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University, he remains a Hindu of more or less degree of orthodoxy. When he crosses that Rubicon, Hinduism gradually slackens its grasp of him. He now tampers with Deism. He loses all faith in the religion of his ancestors. He does not enquire into Christianity, taking it for granted that it is a system of superstition. Muhammadanism he hates with a perfect hatred. Deism relaxes its hold upon him, till he runs adrift upon the rocks of unbelief; and by the time he has become a graduate of the

University, he ceases to believe in any thing. I do not mean to say that this is true of every educated young Bengali ; but it is true of the typical Young Bengal. A few become Brahmas ; fewer still, Christians ; but the vast bulk are left stranded on the shoals of scepticism. A gloomy picture this ! but not more gloomy than it is true.

But gloomy and true as is the above picture, I have hope of Young Bengal. I believe his Future to be a bright one. Young Bengal is now sowing his wild oats. He has now, for the first time, tasted the sweets of liberty after centuries of kingly and priestly domination. No marvel, he is rushing to extremes. The same process has been gone through by other nations, and it is now the turn of the Bengalis. Other and better influences will, in the providence of God, be brought to bear upon Young Bengal ; and dropping off his eccentricities and his wildnesses, he will yet sober down and become a MAN.

HARI'S UNCLE.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER IV. *Review of English Education in Calcutta before 1834.*

I SAID in the last Chapter that I was put into an English school in the year 1834, and that a review of English education up to that year in the city of Calcutta would not fail to interest some of my readers. Before entering upon that review, I have only to premise, that my present concern is with the progress of English education amongst the Natives of Bengal. Long before the first school for the education of Bengalis in English was opened in Calcutta, several educational institutions had been established for the benefit of the European and Eurasian children of that city; but it is not my intention at present to speak of those institutions.

During the long interval that elapsed between the year 1634, when the English first obtained permission to trade in Bengal, and the beginning of the nineteenth century, no Bengali seems to have made the English language the subject of his earnest study. A superficial acquaintance, however, with that language, or rather with some of its words, must have been obtained by those Bengalis who came in daily contact with the foreigners for the transaction of business. Concerning the first English scholar amongst the Natives of Calcutta, the following anecdote is related by my countryman Rām Kamal Sen in the Preface of his elaborate English and Bengali Dictionary. Somewhere towards the end of

the seventeenth century, an English man-of-war sailed up the Hooghly and anchored near Garden Reach. The Captain of the vessel sent to the wealthy *Sets*, the only Bengalis who were then engaged in extensive mercantile business, and requested them to send a *dobhasia*. This term, *dobhasia*, which means a person who speaks in two languages, was very much used in those days on the Coromandel and Malabar coasts ; but the *Sets* had never heard the word. They sat in solemn conclave to ascertain, if possible, the meaning of the word, and of the Captain's request. After a world of debate and deliberation, it was determined that a *dobhasia* meant nothing more or less than a *dhobi* or washerman. It was accordingly resolved that a *dhobi* should be sent to the ship. Furnished with *nuzzurs* of plantains, sugar-candy and other Indian delicacies, the dauntless *dhobi*,—for, in those days, it was no joke for a Bengali to go alongside a ship—went on board the man-of-war, and returned loaded with presents. The *dhobi*, by frequent intercourse with the crew of the man-of-war, got a smattering of the English language ; and to him must be ascribed the honour of having been the first English scholar,—if a scholar he could be called—amongst the people of Bengal. This worthy man, whose name unfortunately has not been transmitted to posterity, soon gathered around him a number of disciples whom he initiated into the mysteries of the English language. But the knowledge of English thus acquired must have been exceedingly defective. Utterly unacquainted with either the grammar or the idiom of the language, our first English scholars merely substituted English words for Bengali. They committed to memory a few sentences used in common conversation, and learnt the English names of the several articles of merchandize. The knowledge of individuals was estimated by the number of English words they had learnt ; and the stock of words with which they managed to hold intercourse with their conquerors was often incredibly small. What they could not express in words was indicated by signs ; and thus many a *Sarkar*, by supplementing the inadequacy of his expression with the gesticulations of his body, contrived to make himself

intelligible to his *Sahab* with no greater philological resources than the scanty stock of the four words—"Yes", "No" and "Very well". Some of my readers must have heard some of those phrases which were made use of by our first English scholars. When they wished to express the idea that a ship was on her side, they said—"the ship is eighty-one," the Bengali word for "eighty-one" corresponding in sound to the Bengali word for "being on one's side". The goddess *Káli* was invariably translated "Ink Mother," that is "Mother *Káli*," the Bengali equivalent for ink being *kali*. The name of an influential Native gentleman of Calcutta, Go-kul Kát-má, was with great ingenuity translated into "Nut-plum-wood-mother," each of these English words being the equivalent of each syllable, as written above, of the name of the celebrated Babu. And I shall never forget those immortal and exquisitely beautiful verses, with the repetition of which I used now and then to amuse my youthful days, the verses, namely :—

"Jagre mother tanko near,

My master liveso there" :

the meaning of which, when divested of its poetic garb, is, that my master lives near a tank of the name of *Gurer Má*;" "Jagre mother," that is to say, the "mother of molasses" or "treacle" being the translation of the proper name.

The establishment of the Supreme Court in Calcutta, in the year 1774, created in respectable Bengalis a desire to learn the English language. But this desire could not in those days be easily gratified. Schools, which are now as numerous as there are streets in Calcutta, did not then exist ; and to the Europeans, who had come to these tropical climes only in search of gold, the idea did not occur that it was their duty to educate those whom they had conquered. In spite of these difficulties, a few of the enterprising inhabitants of Calcutta picked up a smattering of the English language, and turned it to profitable account by instructing others of their countrymen. The acquirements of these renowned teachers of the English language, the names of some of whom, like Madan Master and others, are still remembered,

were of course very limited. The only English books they read were Thomas Dyche's *Spelling Book* and the *Schoolmaster*. But this knowledge, however limited in its character, they diligently communicated to their countrymen. The most eminent of them composed Vocabularies, which contained several hundreds of English words in common and daily use, with the corresponding terms in the Bengali language. When I was a little boy I had a sight of one of these Vocabularies, which used to be studied by a cousin of mine in my native village at Tálpur. The English words were written in the Bengali character, and the volume, agreeably to the custom of the Hindus, began with the word "God". As a curiosity I put below the first words of my consin's Vocabulary, retaining the spelling of the English words as they were represented in the Bengali character :—

Gád	Isvara.
Lád	Isvara.
A'í	A'mi.
Iu	Tumi.
Akto	Karmma.
Bail	Jámin.

In course of time, several East Indian gentlemen of Calcutta lent their services to the cause of Native education. They went to the houses of the wealthy Babus and gave regular instructions to their sons. They received pupils into their own houses, which were turned into schools. Under the auspices of these men, the curriculum of studies was enlarged. To the *Spelling Book* and the *Schoolmaster* were added the *Tootinamah* or the *Tales of a Parrot*, the *Elements of English Grammar* and the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. The man who could read and understand the last-mentioned book was reckoned, in those days, a prodigy of learning.

The year 1817 is a memorable year in the history of Native education. In that year the Hindu College was established. The honour of originating that great institution for imparting the knowledge of English literature and science to the youth of

Bengal, belongs to David Hare, a Calcutta watch-maker. That humble man, possessing no riches and no learning, looked with pity at the degradation, social, intellectual and moral, of the people among whom his lot was cast. He cultivated the acquaintance of some of the leaders of Native society, with whom he discussed the best means of elevating the people from their low state. One of those leaders, the celebrated Rám Mohana Ráya, advocated the establishment of a religious association with a view to uproot the idolatry of the people and to propagate the supposed monotheism of the Vedas. The shrewd Anglo-Saxon mechanic received with disfavour the proposal of the Brahmanical philosopher. To his plain understanding it appeared impracticable to communicate the abstruse doctrines of the Vedanta to the common people ; and even if practicable, he questioned the utility of the measure. Both Rám Mohana Ráya and David Hare went to work in their respective spheres with characteristic energy : the Hindu philosopher founded the Brahma Sabha, and the English mechanic sketched the plan of an educational institution. Not a few of the intelligent Native gentlemen of Calcutta entered into the views of David Hare. The plan which he had roughly sketched fell into the hands of Sir Edward Hyde East, then Chief Justice of the Calcutta Supreme Court, who entertained the proposal, and convened a meeting of European and Native gentlemen at his own residence on the 1st of May 1816. At this meeting, the proposal to establish an institution for giving English education to Hindu youth was carried, and a large ~~sum~~^{sum} of money was subscribed. On the 21st of the same month, another meeting was held at which, amongst other things, it was resolved " that an Institution for promoting education be established, and that it be called the Hindu College of Calcutta ; that the Governor-General and the members of the Council be requested to become its patrons ; and that nineteen Native and ten European gentlemen [including David Hare] be appointed a Committee, with Sir Edward Hyde East, Chief Justice, as President, and J. H. Harrington Esq., Chief Judge of the Courts of Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut

Adawlut, as Vice-President." By December of the same year, the sum of upwards of forty-thousand Rupees was realized, and a Managing Committee was nominated, consisting of four Directors and one Governor, all Native gentlemen. The Hindu College was opened on the 20th of January 1817, on which day twenty boys were present. Under the management of the Native Directors it was carried on with considerable success. In 1823, however, the Committee were under the necessity of applying to Government for pecuniary assistance. The Government gave the annual donation of thirty thousand Rupees on the condition, that the General Committee of Public Instruction, which had been recently formed, should exercise a regular inspection and supervising control as Visitors of the College. Horace Hayman Wilson, the great Sanskrit scholar, who was at that time Secretary to the Committee of Public Instruction, was accordingly appointed Visitor, and afterwards elected Vice-President and *ex-officio* member of the Committee of the Hindu College. Under the able superintendence of Dr. Wilson, the Hindu College rose from a petty Dame's School to a collegiate establishment. The curriculum of studies was enlarged and improved. Scholarships for meritorious students were established; and the College became the resort of the sons of wealthy Bengali gentlemen.

In a sketch, though imperfect, of the rise and progress of English education in Calcutta, it would be unpardonable to omit all mention of those schools which were established by the Bengalis themselves. Of such schools, the Oriental Seminary occupies the foremost place. It was established in the year 1823 by the enterprising Gour Mohana Addhya. Many circumstances concurred to raise this school in the estimation of the public. Gour Mohana's partnership with one Mr. Turnbull, no doubt, increased the efficiency of the institution; but the chief circumstance which made it popular was an atheistic movement initiated in the Hindu College under the auspices of one of its most able masters, Mr. Derozio; and the consequent violation of Hindu customs and social usages by the advanced pupils of that College

The known orthodoxy of Gour Mohana, who was a rigid Hindu, was of no little service to him. The wealthy Malliks, and all Hindus averse to the innovations introduced by the pupils of the Hindu College, patronized his school, which soon became a large establishment, giving instruction to upwards of five hundred boys. Though a man of slender education, Gour Mohana Addhya occupies no mean place in the history of English education in Calcutta. The school which he founded, and which still carries on the good work in undiminished vigour, has furnished hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men with the elements of education, some of whom are holding honourable situations under Government. Gour Mohana's example was followed by many of his countrymen; but the schools which they established exercised too inconsiderable an influence to deserve notice in so hasty a sketch as the present.

The year 1830 is as memorable in the history of English education in Bengal as the year 1817. The latter year witnessed the establishment of the Hindu College; the former, of the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution. That institution was founded by the Reverend Alexander Duff, whose name must be put at the head of the list of all the educators of the youth of Bengal. Dr. Duff arrived in Bengal in 1829, at a time when the evil effects of a purely secular education were beginning to manifest themselves. He witnessed the revolution which the minds of the intelligent youth of Calcutta were undergoing; the wildness of their views: the reckless innovations they were introducing; the infidel character of their religious sentiments; and the spirit of unbounded liberty, or rather of lawless licentiousness, which characterized their speculations. He contemplated this scene with mingled feelings of joy and fear. He could not observe without delight the influence which English education was shedding around, in opening up the dormant energies of the Bengali mind, in dissipating its prejudices, in relaxing the restrictions of caste, in diminishing the power of the priesthood, and in undermining the system of national idolatry.

But, on the other hand, he could not witness without alarm the spread of atheism and of religious indifferentism. He saw with regret that, though the system of education prevalent in all the English schools of the metropolis was mighty in pulling down the strongholds of error, it constructed nothing on their ruins. It is no doubt a pleasing spectacle to see the ancient fortresses of error battered down by the forces of knowledge ; but, while the consequent scene of confusion and havoc cannot be looked upon without horror, it is heaven upon earth to see the fair temple of truth erected on the ruins and *debris* of falsehood.

It was with views like these that Dr. Duff opened the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution, on the 13th of July 1830. On the first day there were, I believe, only five boys present. But the eminent abilities of the Missionary instructor, and the circumstance that education was given gratuitously without charging any fee on the pupils, soon filled the school with hundreds of boys. The extensive and varied learning of Dr. Duff, the accumulated riches of his information, his powerful eloquence, his peculiar tact in developing the mental powers of his pupils, his boundless energy, the variety of his illustrations in expounding truth and enforcing duty, and, above all, the enthusiasm for knowledge with which he magnetized his pupils,—all combined to render him a rare instructor of youth.

The establishment of the General Assembly's Institution formed a new era in the history of education in Bengal. It was founded on a new system. I do not allude to the giving of religious instruction, though that certainly was the predominating feature of the system ; but the very system of secular education adopted by Dr. Duff was quite a new one, at least in India. It was the *intellectual* system opposed to, what I may call, the *mechanical* system of education. In that system, Dr. Duff's object was not to cram the mind with a farrago of facts to lie like useless lumber in the brain ; his object was to develop the powers and susceptibilities of the mind, to awaken the faculties of observation and reflection, to teach precision of thought, to train and

regulate the active powers of the soul,—in a word, to educate the whole man. The system was such a novelty at the time in Calcutta, that numbers of visitors every week crowded to the Institution to witness its working. The result was, that Dr. Duff's system was not only generally adopted in all the existing schools, but new ones were founded on its model. Those of my readers who are unacquainted with the history of English education in Bengal, may think that I am exaggerating the importance of the General Assembly's Institution. For the satisfaction of such of my readers, let me quote the testimony of Sir Charles Trevelyan, then Mr. Trevelyan, who was in Calcutta at the time, and who, in an address he delivered to the friends of education in India, made use of the following language :—"How numerous are the instances in which visitors to the General Assembly's celebrated Academy have caught the spirit of the plan, and been induced, on their return to their respective districts, to form the nucleus of similar institutions !"

Such, in brief, was the state of education in Calcutta in 1834 when I came to that city from my native village. There were then four principal schools,—the Hindu College ; the General Assembly's Institution, always called Duff's School; the School Society's School, called Hare's School; and the Oriental Seminary, usually called Gour Mohana Addhya's School. The question with my father was—into which of these schools should I be put ? My father did not take long time in deciding,—indeed, he had decided the question before he sent for me from the village. The schooling fee of every boy in the Hindu College was then, I understood, five Rupees a month, and in the Oriental Seminary three Rupees ; and as my father was poor, he never entertained the idea of sending me into either of these schools. As to the School Society's School, Mr. Hare was so particular in admitting boys, that my father did not think it worth his while to make any attempt to get me admitted into it. There remained then the General Assembly's Institution, where education was given gratuitously,

and an education, too, my father was told by some of his friends, the best that could then be obtained anywhere in India.

But, then, there was one serious drawback. Dr. Duff (he was then simply Mr. Duff) was a most zealous Missionary. He made no secret of it, but publicly avowed, that his chief object in setting up the Institution was to initiate Hindu youth into the principles of the Christian religion. He had already appeared as a public Lecturer on Christianity, and his Lectures had taken Calcutta by storm. Those Lectures had not only created a great sensation in the Hindu community, but had brought to the Christian faith some of the brightest and most intelligent youth of the city. Only a year and half before, Dr. Duff had baptized Krishna Mohana Banerjea (now the Reverend K. M. Banerjea); and the conversion of Krishna Banda,—as he was then universally called—had produced a tremendous impression on the Hindu community. “Is it right—is it expedient,” argued some of my father’s friends, “to imperil the religion of your son by putting him for education into the hands of so zealous a Missionary, of a man whose avowed object is to *eat* the religion of young Hindus, of a man who has already succeeded in *eating* the religion of several young men?” My father brought, I remember,—for the subject was again and again discussed in my hearing after I had arrived at Calcutta—two arguments to meet the above objection. *In the first place*, he said, he had observed that, though Dr. Duff was a very zealous Missionary he never baptized young boys who were unacquainted with the Christian religion, but baptized those only who had studied English for at least seven or eight years; that he did not intend to make of me a learned man, but to give me so much knowledge of English as would enable me to obtain a decent situation; and that long before I was able to understand Lectures on the Christian religion, he would withdraw me from the Institution, and put me into an Office. And, *in the second place*,—and this was, in my father’s opinion, the stronger of the two arguments, as, like all Hindus, he was a staunch fatalist,—my father replied, that what was written on one’s forehead

must be fulfilled, all precautions notwithstanding. He expatiated on the stern and unalterable decrees of fate, and concluded a somewhat metaphysical speech with the following peroration :—
 “If it is written on Kála Gopál’s forehead that he will *not* become Christian, then he will *not* become Christian, let Duff Sáheb do what he can; but if it is written on Kála Gopál’s forehead that he *will* become Christian, then he *will* become Christian, do what I can.” This was a perfect settler; and my father accordingly resolved to put me into the General Assembly’s Institution.

LINES TO A BUTTERFLY.

(*From the German of Herder.*)

THING of beauty, floating by,
 Butterfly!

Hovering over blossoms rare,
 Buds and dew thy only fare,
 A bud thyself—a leaf set free,—
 Who hath with a rose’s finger
 Thus empurpled thee?

Did a sylph weave from the light
 Robe so bright?
 From odours which at morning stray
 Moulded thee but for a day?—
 Little soul,—why tremble, start?
 —There is fear of death and danger
 In thy gentle heart.

Fly thou hence, sweet thing, and be
 Glad and free.
 —A type of what I’ll be when this—
 (Unenthral’d)—earth’s chrysalis,
 Like thee gets the zephyr’s dower,
 And in fragrance, dew, and honey,
 Kisses every flower!

O. C. DUTT.

MADemoisELLE DE LAJOLAIS.

(Continued from Page 408.) ✓

WHEN Mademoiselle Lajolais revived and opened her eyes, the first object which she searched for was her mother; but not finding her at her side, she raised herself on the stone bench where she had been placed during the fit, and darting towards the door of the prison, held its iron bars in her hands, and shook the air with her cries.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried she, "Return me my mother. O it is frightful to separate a child from its mother. My poor mother! Where are you now?"

"Mademoiselle!" said a soft voice near her, "mademoiselle, do not cry so loud, else they will compel you to go further off."

"It matters not," exclaimed Maria, in the despair which had bereft her of reason, and pulling at the same time the iron bars as if anxious to displace them from their sockets, "I wish to have my mother, I will have her, and I will make as much noise as possible so that they may shut me in also."

"Yes," said the soft voice, "but without your mother."

As if by enchantment these four words had the effect of calming the despair of Mademoiselle Lajolais. Turning her head towards the party who addressed her, she saw a young girl of about her own age, a vestment coarse and brown covered her robust form, a bonnet of black velvet, bordered with lace, set off a round plump face wet with tears.

"Are you in grief also?" asked Mlle Lajolais.

"No," said the girl, "I am weeping because you are weeping."

"Ah! have I not reason to do so?" exclaimed Maria, quitting the bars and approaching her companion, "you have seen most likely how they have wrenched me from the arms of my mother;—but that which you do not know—that which is most horrible of all—that which makes one die of grief—is my father, my poor father, who most likely has been condemned to death."

At this thought all the sorrows of Mlle Lajolais seemed to

revive, and she commenced to weep afresh and to utter cries as if her heart was about to burst. Her companion said nothing ; she seemed moved by the intelligence ; good child as she was, she felt that she could not utter a single syllable to calm such sorrows ; but she regarded Maria with an air of interest, and her round kind face clearly expressed heartfelt sympathy, which Maria interrupted or added to by questioning.

“ And you, have you a mother ? ”

The girl answered in the affirmative.

“ And father also ? ”

A like answer.

“ And you have not been separated ? you can see them when you wish ? you can kiss your mother, your father ? O how happy must you be ! ”

A moment after wiping her tears she added : —

“ What is your name ? ”

“ Julienne, at your service,” replied the girl.

“ What is your father’s occupation ? ”

“ He is the turn-key or door-keeper of the prison.”

“ Door-keeper ! ” shrieked Maria, “ then he has seen Mamma, he has spoken to her, he will be able to give me news about her, he will be able to tell her about the tears I am shedding.”

“ But no, it is not necessary to tell her this, it might give her more pain” —

And Julienne shook softly her head.

“ No person can see your mother,” said she, “ she is in a secret cell.”

At this moment the ringing of a bell was heard which made Mlle Lajolais start.

“ It is the hour for breakfast of the prisoners,” said Julienne, as an explanation of the bell

“ And of my mother also,” said Maria with a bursting heart.

“ Oh ! be tranquil, mademoiselle, they will not forget her”.

“ Poor Mother ! ” added Maria crying bitterly. “ She is so delicate ! Where are her domestics, her table so well served,

and her little Maria by her side to ask her to eat?—

Oh! how *can* she suffer so much!"

"But you, mademoiselle, would you not like to take something?"

"Me! I am not hungry," cried she in accents so truthful and dolorous that Julienne could only say—

"I believe, mademoiselle, but at the same time I trust you will not object to take a spoonful of soup."

"Refresh myself with soup while my mother is lying in a cell, no—no—while I have no hope of seeing my father again—no, no, it cannot be."

"But if you do not, you will die, mademoiselle."

"And you believe I will live by taking soup?"

The guard, whose duty it was to relieve the guard of the day previous, now appeared and interrupted the conversation of the young maidens. Some officers came out of the guard-room to receive the new-comers; they exchanged watchwords, and after due installation their conversation was as follows:—

"What news?" asked one.

"O astounding!" replied he who was addressed. "The Emperor has granted pardon to Polignac."

"Tell us all about it," said the other.

"It seems like a romance, my dear," continued the second, "I was on duty yesterday at Saint-Cloud, leaning against the venetians of the small green saloon I was amusing myself by looking at the handsome Princess Louise who was watering her flowers in her mother's garden when the Emperor appeared without announcing himself and said, "What are you doing here, Hortense?" At which Hortense, surprised and blushing, shewed him the watering-pot full of water, and said, "you see well, sire." "And what are they about in the apartments of Josephine?" demanded the Emperor. "O they are all weeping there," answered the Princess wiping a tear. "All weeping," repeated the Emperor, and, without waiting to enquire why, darted into the residence of the Empress. My curiosity being excited up to the highest pitch as

you can well conceive, I glided into the garden and mixing with other people, I arrived a second after Bonaparte, at the door of the sleeping apartment of the Empress. A female was kneeling at the feet of the Emperor, it was Madame de Polignac; the Emperor regarded her with attention, and all the other ladies, among whom was Josephine, joined their hands in demanding pardon. Affecting an air of coldness which his voice belied, Napoleon said to Madame de Polignac, "I am astonished, madam, to find your husband meddling in so odious an affair; he seems to have forgotten completely that we were comrades in the same Military School." I could not catch distinctly what the lady replied; she was weeping plentifully and her sobs stifled her voice; but I believe she wanted to persuade the Emperor that her husband could have had no idea of participating in so odious a crime; and though her words were almost inarticulate her appearance and tone of sorrow added great force to what she attempted to say. Visibly moved, the Emperor took hold of her hand to lift her up and said, "Enough, enough. As for the rest, it is but my life that your husband would have, and I have power to pardon—go, madam, and tell him on my part that his ancient comrade whose life he would take gives him his life."

"That's superb!" said the other officers, "it is most noble on the part of the Emperor."

"Let's go and drink his health," cried one of them.

"Agreed," responded they in chorus.

And taking each other by the arm they moved off.

Maria had not lost one word of the foregoing conversation. Although they moved off, she had the attitude as if still listening to them.

"Julienne," said she suddenly turning towards the daughter of the jailor who was regarding her in silence.

"A little while ago you offered me some soup."

"And you do accept?" said the young girl jumping with joy.

"Yes and a piece of bread, also."

"And some meat and all my dinner, my dear girl," said

Julienne knocking at the prison door which opened for her.

A moment after she returned holding in one hand a vessel of steaming soup and in the other a glass of wine.

Quite occupied with the project which she was revolving in her head, Maria hardly thanked Julienne; she took the broth and drank a little; she took the glass and drank also; and as Julienne offered her still a dish of meat and a piece of bread, Maria took only the bread which she wrapped up in her hand-kerchief.

"I do not know how to reward this service," said she searching her ears for the pendants which she was accustomed to wear, and which she had neither time nor thought to put on when quitting Strasbourg.

"Is this service, my good Miss?" said Julienne blushing proudly. "To feed those who are hungry and in distress, is that to be looked upon as rendering service?"

"You are right, or at least you should be so," replied Mlle Lajolais, who had just perceived a plain gold ring on her own finger and attempted to transfer it to that of Julienne.

"In short, it is not your soup, nor your bread, that I wish to reward, but it is your tears, your care, and your tender words. O what a satisfaction it is when one suffers, to meet a good soul in whom to confide! Do you see, Julienne, this is my first grief. A short time ago I thought one could weep only when hurt, but—now—now—I know that a grief at heart is the most bitter thing in the world. Also, henceforth I shall no longer see others weep without doing as you have done, Julienne, without trying my utmost to console; and they will bless me as I bless you, my good little girl. But do take this ring, take it for the love of me I beg of you."

At this moment a rough voice which caused Maria to turn pale and tremble on her legs, for it was the voice of the turn-key or door-keeper, called Julienne.

"I am coming, father," answered Julienne, refusing still the ring and attempting to retire.

"So you refuse me, Julienne," said Maria so sorrowfully that Julienne retraced her steps.

“It is not to give you any pain, Miss, but I dare not—in truth I dare not”——

“But I have taken your bread—I——your soup——your wine”——

“That is quite different—they are eatables and drinkables—those things.”

“And this, this, remains as a remembrance of the poor girl who shall never forget you.”

“O, if it is thus, give, that is quite different, Miss”.

Then the voice of the turn-key being heard a second time, Julienne retired quickly, launching with a charming childish gesture a kiss of adieu to Mlle Lajolais.

The gate of the prison closed itself on Julienne. At this sound the heart of Maria suddenly collapsed ; until then the presence of the child, her tears, her caressing voice, had sustained her ; but when she saw her no longer, and found herself alone in the deserted street, alone in the world, she was nearly once more losing her senses.

But soon an idea, which had been born in her by the conversation of the officers, a project which had yet to be put into execution, re-animated her courage. She tried to make a few steps on the road, but stopped ; her heart beat with violence, and her feet trembled, so that she found it impossible to advance. Then she had fears—great fears. It was the first time that the poor infant found herself without support, without the arms of her mother to lean on, without any person in the world, in short, but herself, herself alone, at last.

H. C. DUTT.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

ON autumn eves lone sitting on the ground
 By the brook's marge, beneath the willows green,
 Or by my cottage fire when winds are keen,
 Listening with careless ear the light rain sound
 Against the panes, or tracing chasms profound,
 Rocks, towns, and trees the glowing bars between,
 When I contrast, O friend, thy life serene,
 With the rude discord of the world around,
 Thee, with a land-locked haven I compare,
 That sleeps unruffled when wild tempests blow,
 Or a lone palm amid the deserts bare,
 Whose ripened nuts in golden clusters glow,
 Or yet a lighted window when the air
 Is filled at night with drifting wreaths of snow.
 D.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SENSE.

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

MILTON.

TASTING.

THE last, though not the least in importance, is the sense of Taste. It has been made the *sine qua non* of life. The why and wherefore, I leave, with your permission, gentle reader for those to decide who demonstrate the Equality of man, the Free love of woman, the Doubting ultimatum of rational enquiry, the Caterpillar descent of the human race, and such other knotty philosophical problems beyond the grasp of experience and common sense, the sole guides of mortals of vulgar stamp, who choose to believe what they see, hear, and understand, incapable of soaring to the sublimer region of the unknown and unknowable.

They are the salt of the earth wherewith are salted modern speculations, lest they rot and stink before reaching the next generation, on whose special behoof they have been puzzled out by philanthropic Great Thinkers, who disdain to obtrude their modest theories by an ostentatious parade of practice, quite superfluous in cases when by happy enunciations the doctrines inculcated have been made so self-evident as to need no further illustrations. Like that redoubtable idealist of old, they see no breach of decorum in proclaiming the whole Himalayan range a myth, while chasing the poor butler to the public street for overdilution of the forenoon dose. But to our subject. As eat we must, not once, nor twice, nor after protracted intervals, but every day, and almost every hour of the day, what an amount of misery would have been entailed on mankind if the ever-recurring process were attended with pain. Life would have been a burden, a curse, a dreary alternation of suffering from hunger and suffering from relief—a melancholy succession of the frying-pan and fire, the fire and frying-pan again! Instead of the smiling faces that lend such brilliant lustre to the sceneries of nature, we should have been surrounded by woe-begone countenances on all sides, deprived even of the scanty consolation of sympathy amidst a universal mourning,—all men and women writhing in their respective agony without respite to think of their neighbours. Youthful faces would have been furrowed deep by care, noble features would have been obliterated by sorrow, and bright eye would have been dimmed and inflamed by grief, rendering this brief existence a sojourn through an actual vale of tears!

But we taste without pain; yea, with positive pleasure. And, who that has ever dined on plain porridge, with that best of all best Worcester sauces, after a whole day's wear and tear, will say that the pleasure is a whit the less than that derived through any other sense? Of course I appeal not to the gorged child of Ease, glutted to the very core by imports and exports of all the emporiums in the Gazetteer; or to the self-made valetudinarian whose peregrinations between the blue bed and the brown have brought

him, overland *via* Brindisi, to the goal of chronic Dyspepsia. These know not the luxury of taste. For such outcasts of nature there is no pleasure in the extensive store-house of Heaven. Their senses are so many gutters for the accumulation of pestilential images that surcharge the entire atmosphere of the mind with poisonous vapours, forming themselves into dense clouds, through which peep, like Frankenstein's ghost, hideous phantoms vomiting an unceasing shower of fire and brimstone, and deluge the whole span with misery intensified by an awful eternity of thunder-claps looming beyond this limited horizon. Nor indeed do I appeal to that lump of Butter, your Lady of fashion, who eternally oppressed with the phobia of damaging the damask of her milk-white clap-trap by exposure, keeps herself a close prisoner in her own Black-hole till the ruddy young sun, grown quite gray, looks indignantly on the ingrate that hailed not his glorious coronation, and listened not to the charming carol of singing birds in fresh morning air, which of itself might have permanently cured her of the fatal opera spleen over which she gloomily sits brooding after post-meridian breakfast, and fast lapses into the bottle.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent, ; the handle this, and that the spout :
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks ;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks."

The most superficial of observers will not fail to discover in such visitations a just retribution on reprobate man for disuse and abuse of the munificence of Heaven, lavished to promote our happiness here below, and to train us for the higher happiness in the world to come.

As the organs of smell and taste are equally essential to life, it is difficult to decide the loss of which is the more to be deplored.

The question at once resolves itself into one of choice between two evils. Death is in either category : speedy death or tardy death. There is, no doubt, something bordering almost on the ridiculous in aggravating an inevitable misfortune by multiplication of opportunities of pondering upon it, and of conjuring up all sorts of horror that harass and oppress the soul without holding out the most distant prospect of averting the danger, or even of partially mitigating the virulence of the dread decree. A felon does but render the execution tenfold more appalling by his ill-advised prayer for reprieve. The launch then and there would have been more welcome while shame and remorse acted powerfully on the mind ;—while the solemnity of the trial, the dignity of the bench, the eloquence of the bar, the plight of the plaintiff, the verdict of the jury, the sentence of the judge, all conspired to urge the criminality of the deed home to the prisoner ;—while every look was a look of unqualified condemnation, every whisper was a whisper of unmerciful criticism, every gesture was a gesture of undisguised abhorrence ;—while a bankrupt in purse, a bankrupt in character, a bankrupt in sympathy, alone in this wide world, Robinson Crusoe was just in the frame of mind to jump into eternity unscrupulous as to the *modus operandi* of the graceless exit. He is quite unnerved the moment he returns to the cell. He gets leisure to study grim death in all its frightful phases. He bewails the insane exchange of living death for death instantaneous. But on the other hand life is sweet, sweeter than honey. Long association endears to us the veriest trifle. We contract a sort of intimacy with old pots and pans. We cannot consign the friendly remains of a superannuated slipper into the scavenger's cart without a sigh. " Dear, dear slipper," one feels disposed to exclaim, " with what rare magnanimity hast thou for months accommodated thyself to my weaknesses ! With what uncommon devotion hast thou nursed my corns and lulled my gouty toe ! What a base return dost thou meet at my hands ! To be disowned and cast off in thy old age, doomed to live amongst strangers who know thee not, even as the Shepherd king knew not

Joseph !” There is a close analogy between the physical and moral world in this as indeed in almost in every other respect. A sudden and violent change in the temperature of the mind is followed by results similar to those produced on the inorganic matter of the Alpine chain. The genial warmth of sympathy, substituted by cold indifference, splits and shatters the heart to pieces. Death, viewed either from a secular or religious stand-point, is but another state of existence. Nothing therefore can account for the universal dread of it, except the shock the soul receives from the abrupt disorganization of the admirable net-work of ties which links man to man, forming numerous interesting groups for the reciprocation of good wishes and kind offices that tempt us to cling to existence, in spite of the various vicissitudes that check but to strengthen our fondness for life.

“—Who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e’er resign’d,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?”

High Heaven seems to have exhausted its vast resources with a view to prevent any premature suspension of operations, on which depend the being and well-being of our race. Nothing seems to have been left undone to awaken drowsy man to a just sense of his elevation in the scale of creation, and thus to wean him from those grovelling pursuits so incompatible with the awful responsibilities of his position. Vegetable matter, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, emitted in small imperceptible particles, is conveyed by the pregnant atmosphere to the external apertures of the nostrils that forthwith transmit it to regions lying deeper in the cavity, lined with vascular membranes, highly susceptible of communicating impressions to the brain, the final seat of pleasure. That Free-thinker is no thinker at all who does not see in each and every step of this complicated but never-failing process a long chain of miracles as miraculous as the healing of the lame or the raising of the dead ! Nor do the pleasures of taste less powerfully assert eternal Providence, and stare scepticism out

of countenance, exposing the absurdity and utter worthlessness of the cooked up abominations ycleped Philosophy. "God is a superfluity," exclaims the sage in Gothic stolidity, while emptying spoonfulls of Benares sugar into his tea-cup. "Matter in motion will produce and populate our worlds, will regulate our seasons, will form our societies, will found Oxford and Cambridge Universities, will compose *The Tempest* and the *Paradise Lost*!" Catchize the madcap and ask him what sweetens his morning beverage. Is sugar the efficient cause of the exquisite sensation? *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. There is no more sweetness in sugar than there is agony in Luke's iron crown. No; it is these very wonders worked by seemingly inefficient agents that render the Invisible visible, and invest the Unseen with demonstrable attributes, that escape only those disgracefully blindfolded by ignorance, and hopelessly hardened by arrogance. One who is happily initiated into the mysteries of Faith, needs no such leg-less theories to account for what is sufficiently accounted for by acknowledging the existence of an all-wise Creator.

"He sees with other eyes than theirs, where they

Behold a sun, he views a Deity;

What makes them only smile, makes him adore.

Titles and honours, if they prove his fate,

He lays aside to find his dignity:

Himself too much he prizes to be proud;

And nothing thinks so great in man, as man."

Nothing, I submit, so clearly proves the certainty of a future state as the uncertainty of all sublunary affairs. Every object we are interested in is unfinished, every measure that concerns us is tentative. There is nothing final—there is nothing like finality here below. We tend to something not present—something fore-shadowed, not realized.

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

It is only when viewed in connection with eternity that this counterpart earth assumes a shape, assumes integrity, assumes significance. Detached from that it is a meaningless, methodless

monument of folly, exhibiting an extravagant waste of invaluable resources in the blind pursuit of means without any adequate object to reward the toil. The nearest approximation made to perfection by things terrestrial is perhaps to be found in the apparatus of the senses. Independent of the beauty and delicacy of the construction, the facility, the punctuality, the precision, the harmony, with which each organ discharges its legitimate functions, remain unparalleled throughout the whole creation. Yet superb as the mechanisms are we feel that they are susceptible of improvement. The pleasures we derive through them are, by no means, permanent. Even the pleasures of sight which seem to be most at our command are apt to pall upon us.

“Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye and palls upon the sense.”

This is no idle whine. The most ardent of lovers must endorse the truth of the observation. Disguise as we may, the fact crops up in spite of our attempts to keep it from the ken of the outdoor world. It will doubtless amount to a barefaced libel to deny the existence of affection in married life. Affection is strengthened by time between the wedded couple indissolubly united by cement of pledges periodically renewed. But he who will seek the balmy agitation of the Courtship in the domestic fireside of the Honey-moon must seek for it in vain. The soda and acid effervescence is gone, gone for ever. What is left behind is a dull monotonous office-routine ; safe, sure, prudent, profitable, but certainly not love which is the summation of an infinite series of indescribable thrills.

“O there was a time

I could have heard such sounds with raging joys ;

But now it comes too late :

Give blind men beauty ; music to the deaf ;

Give prosperous winds to ships that have no sail ;

Their joys will be like mine.”

Even these contingent fluctuations have not been altogether overlooked. Precautionary measures have been adopted to prevent

any serious mischief arising from these untoward tendencies. The surest way of perpetuating pleasure is by means of variety, and the variety vouchsafed to the human palate puts the extravagant hyperbole of Pooshpadanta to the blush. Not only there is not, but there cannot be, a vocabulary of terms for distinguishing all the shades of difference perceptible among the numberless tastes generally known as sweet or bitter, acid or sharp. Poverty of language is ill concealed by jumbling sugar, mangoe and orange, under one clumsy denomination. Sweet they are all in one sense, being all equally pleasant. But the sensations are quite distinct and independent of one another. In the commonwealth of Tastes there is no recognition of ranks. Vulgar people, it is true, award the palm of superiority to sweet over the rest ; will any body, however, on account of this alleged sovereignty exchange the charming salt of real Yorkshire for maunds of loaf sugar, or the divine bitter of ripe Bass for the best honey of Hymettus ? It is amusing to contemplate how deep-rooted often prejudice is even in minds highly cultivated. The High-Priest of Confucius discovers symmetry in the stump of a crippled foot, and the High-Priest of Pyrrho discovers beauty in gold as if there is more proportion in one metal than in another. or there is less brilliancy in the hanger of my Lord Napier of Magdala than in the greasy amulets of the Jajpur belle travelling on foot from Puri to Benares. Though distinct, most of the Tastes seem to have a sort of affinity to one another, which beautifully blends them together like so many different notes in music, and makes the transitions so inexpressibly pleasing. The true secret of relish in a repast consists in a skillful distribution of the courses calculated to excite particular sensations that by contact prove doubly agreeable. Food with pain, instead of supporting the system, poisons it and disqualifies it for the necessary conditions of the sojourn. It has therefore been so ordained that we enjoy while we live. Alas ! how few learn to live to the purpose ! .

To supplement this vast infinity of Tastes it has pleased kind Providence to vary the enjoyments of the sense by conferring on

them a sort of local gratification. The employment of the tooth, the lip, the tongue, the gullet, is attended with delight peculiar to each. We feel delight while we chew, while we suck, while we lick, while we drink, and then despatch the sapid matter to its destination. What follows I need not describe which, being honestly interpreted, means—I cannot.

“Soft as the gossamer, in summer shade

Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray

Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,

So soft, so gently, Pleasure mines its way.—”

Mines every nook and corner, and, like a little leaven, leaveneth the whole mass. The entire soul is in a state of fermentation. It is poetic frenzy all, elevated far, far above the dull commonplaces of prose to the rapturous regions of tropes and figures. It is a living allegory, sorely puzzling to that envious race of vile hypocrites, who, unable to follow the blessed Pilgrim’s foot-steps, would fain arrest his heaven-ward progress by crushing his lofty aspirations ;—would fain transfer his catholic devotion to painted bawds of Memory or Imagination ;—would fain have him woo the maid instead of wooing the mistress !

“Here

Even it may be wrong in us to deem

The senses degradation, otherwise

Than as fine steps, whereby the queenly soul

Comes down from her bright throne to view the mass

She hath dominion over, and the things

Of her inheritance ; and reascends,

With an indignant fiery purity

Not to be touched, her seat.”

HYMN—GOOD FRIDAY.

SING, O my soul, for ever sing
 The triumphs of my Saviour-King ;
 He who did leave his throne above,
 And He whose very name is Love ;
 For me sin-lost the God-man came,
 Died on the Cross the death of shame.
 O Cross, O death, O bleeding side,
 O Justice fully satisfied,
 O Fount of blessing from which flows
 The healing balm for all my woes,
 O Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 May I be Thine and Thine remain !

* *
 *

EXPERIENCES OF A BENGALI MONEY-LENDER. ✓

"UNBELIEVING dog," said the Templar to Isaac the Jew, as he passed him in the throng, "dost thou bend thy course to the tournament?" "I do so propose," replied Isaac, bowing in all humility, "if it please your reverend valour." "Ay," said the knight, "to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with "usury, and to gull women and boys with gauds and toys—I warrant thee "store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip." *Ivanhoe*.

WHOEVER it was who wrote or said, "Neither a lender nor a borrower be", must have been sadly ignorant of the world and its ways. A friend, near by, tells me that the advice was Shakespeare's,* that it was adopted by Benjamin Franklin, that both Shakespeare and Franklin had a thorough knowledge of the world, and that their advice upon any subject relating to our

* Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Hamlet.

commerce with one another, has seldom been found to be unprofitable or misleading. I confess I have never troubled myself much for either Shakespeare or Franklin, but, however extensive their united knowledge of the world may have been, however infallible their remarks upon life generally may be, however good their advice upon other matters, in this one respect I think they were both wrong. I say so unhesitatingly, but, no doubt, with fear and trembling, for no one would lightly differ from such high authorities as Shakespeare and Franklin. But I feel that if their advice were generally followed, the world would come to a stand still—at all events I can confidently say, the world in Bengal would be sure to come to a stand still. I have now been a money-lender for upwards of five and fifty years,—a period much longer than a Civil Servant would require to entitle him to his retiring pension,—and in the course of my profession, which I have followed as closely and as perseveringly as a young medical man anxious to be the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, or Surgeon Superintendent to the Queen, follows his—I have not had a day in which some body or other had not some pressing demand for money, to save either his family from starvation or his credit from being for ever ruined. If following the advice of Shakespeare and Franklin—I thank my stars I did not know of the advice before I sat down to write my experiences, not that I would have minded it one jot if I had—I had refrained from lending these good people what they wanted, and if they had abstained from coming to me, what would have been the result? Why, their families would have starved, their credit gone, and my humble self deprived of a good return for my money. These results, these sad results, would have done no good to any one, but on the contrary have entailed a loss to the community. In further support of my position I could cite the cases of national credit, paper currency and other modes of raising money, but considering that I understand nothing about them and that their names are a bugbear to me, I desist from doing so, especially as, I guess, they would tire the patience of the reader. To come to

the subject immediately at hand, I wonder if my experiences would at all interest the public. If they do not, it will not be for their want of variety, for I have plied my profession at school, in the agricultural field, in the village, in town, amongst school boys, labourers, farmers, clerks, traders, sailors, babus and men of the law, and seen every phase of life that is to be seen in Bengal. The only class of people, I have religiously kept aloof from, are the members of Her Majesty's Covenanted Civil Service. Candour compels me to say that I have had numerous applications from these gentlemen (especially the younger portion of them), but to all and sundry my invariable answer has been, "Sir, I am a poor man and have no means of obliging you." Some have called me an old liar for my answer, others have wished me to rot in very hot places, but not one single rupee piece has any of them ever drawn from me. I had plenty of money at my command at the time I was getting rid of the importunities of my Civil Servant applicants, and I, of course, passed off a falsehood upon them. If the reader blames me for uttering this falsehood he little knows the composition of a Bengali money-lender, for, though I say it who should not, one of the most potent arms of offence and defence, open to one of my profession, is falsehood, and if you are poetically inclined you may go further and say that his whole soul is steeped in lying and perjury. But I am anticipating what I have to say hereafter. With the exception of the Civilians I have dealt with every other profession and class, and know the vices and virtues of them all. I do not intend to inflict upon the reader all that I have seen or heard; I shall select a few salient instances and request his attention to them and to them only. But before I proceed to lay them before him, it is necessary that I should notice a few of the many attacks that defaulting borrowers sometimes hurl at the heads of the people who belong to my class. The reason is obvious. If we are really the scourges that we are represented to be, if instead of doing good we have done, as it is said, incalculable harm, if we are bloodsuckers and leeches, as we are sometimes called, no moral precepts, no results of experience, coming from any of us

would be regarded or even listened to. But it will be seen that the hard words, which are used with regard to us, are mere empty nonsense, that we, as a class, are as useful members of society as the lawyers for instance, and that, "not to put too fine a point upon it", we are not quite as bad as we are represented.

The prejudice which seems to have grown up against money-lenders is of very recent date. When I first began my business, or rather when the business first opened my eyes to its advantages, and for many years afterwards I never heard any thing said against the money-lenders. At that time my countrymen were a hum-drum people, with no foreign notions in their heads and content to walk along the paths followed by our forefathers. Then the "anglicisation" which now stares one in the face, wherever one turns, was not so much as thought of, and we paid little or no heed to what those who did not belong to our country said or thought of us. But since the establishment of the Calcutta University, or I should rather say, since the effect of what is called high education began to be felt in the country, things took a different turn. Our young men went or attempted to go contrary to all the well established and well understood notions of my younger days. Education, which I had been taught to believe and which I still believe, as only the means to enable a person to earn money, is now put forward as something possessing a real and substantial value of its own, independently of its money value. Tenants, whom I was taught to look upon and whom I still look upon, as existing only to minister to the comforts of their landlords, are now said to be as good as their landlords and "a great deal better." Brahmans, whom I always revered and still revere, as demi-gods, are talked of contemptuously and derided both in public and in private. In short, every thing seems to my old eyes to be topsy turvey, and under the circumstances it is no wonder that the money-lenders should be abused. For my part, I should have no objection to being abused if my opponents were only consistent with themselves. But to abuse me one moment as the vilest of the vile, and then to coax me to lend "a few rupees,

only a few rupees" the next, is hard lines. The abuse which is showered on our heads, as I have before hinted, is virulent enough, but it is impossible to understand on what principle it proceeds. If this principle were clearly set forth one could grapple with it and show that it was unsound. But in the place of principle we are treated to a heap of vague and almost unintelligible declamation, with an undercurrent of unhealthy and unscientific sentiment entirely foreign to Bengal. When hard pressed our maligners say that in England, and other highly civilised countries of Europe, the profession of money-lending is followed by a few land sharks whom society does not recognise ; that Jews of the lowest class and vilest description generally recruit the ranks of these sharks ; that no one, with the least pretensions to the name of a gentleman, would lend money out at interest ; that if he did so he would be called a "Jew," and shunned by even his own relations ; that so strong is the feeling on the subject that, even amongst the money-lenders themselves, the "24 per cents" look down upon the "60 per cents" ; and that the race is hated with a hatred and despised with a contempt which, if they had not been supported by their enormous "per cents," would have driven them mad. This picture of my brethren in Europe is if true certainly not very flattering. They are to be pitied, for I cannot bring myself to believe, that, beyond lending out money, they do anything to bring the treatment, they receive, upon themselves, and I am sure that they are not better hands at extorting money from their clients—victims if you like—than we are in this country. There must therefore be something radically wrong in European society, and I, for one, am exceedingly thankful that I was not born in a country where to take "60 per cent" for one's hard earned money at ever so much risk, is considered a gross social and moral sin. Our maligners further urge that even the Muhammadans who, to say the least of it, are not very scrupulous in their dealings with the world, never lend money to their co-religionists at interest. This is nothing new to me. If money-lending is a thing undesirable, if it has done harm to society, which I do not at all admit, it must

be confessed, in all candour, that the system was not introduced here by our Muhammadan rulers. A great deal of, what are called, the demoralising influences now at work in our society, is put down rightly or wrongly to the account of the Muhammadans. Some persons have even gone so far as to say, without a tittle of evidence of any kind, that the present unsatisfactory state of our music is owing to the Muhammadans! But upon the subject of money-lending nothing can be said against them. I cannot, however, for the life of me, understand why, because the Muhammadan lawgivers who, I suspect, must have been greatly troubled by their creditors, thought fit, for motives which need not be discussed here, to prevent the "faithful" from charging interest on loans, I, who owe no allegiance to muhammadanism, who have nothing in common with it or its votaries on any subject social, moral or religious, who have been taught to hate all its doctrines cordially, should be abused for following a trade which is nowhere forbidden in my religion, which brings me a comfortable income and which, I have no doubt, will place my children far above all want. I say that this abuse is most unreasonable, and as I have before observed, proceeds from an unhealthy and unsubstantial sentiment which, however it may do elsewhere, is not suited to the requirements of society in Bengal. It may be asked how the money-lenders have fared since the prejudice, I have mentioned, sprang up against them. The answer is obvious. We are now as powerful, as devoted to our calling, as vigorous in our exactions, as merciless in our dealings with the widow and the orphan our enemies perhaps would say, as ever we were before. If anything, we are better off now, and so far the result of the warfare waged against us, has been more with than against us.

And indeed it could not be otherwise. In Bengali society every one is a money-lender save he who borrows. From the highest to the lowest, men, women, and children, all are fond of making money by lending it out at interest. So great is the desire that it has almost become a passion and in some instances a most abnormal passion. What would the reader say of a friend.

of mine who, though in the hands of money lenders more numerous than he could well count, used to lend out his borrowed money ! I knew another individual who upon one occasion actually borrowed at an enormous rate, and lent the same money out at the very low rate of 8 per cent. I am as fond of my profession as any body, but I would not, on any account, lend money merely for the sake of lending money, and without making a profit out of it. The women, I must say, are very good in this respect. They never lend merely for the sake of lending, and their charge is almost invariably one anna per rupee per month, which as I know by heart means 75 per cent per annum. And how quietly they carry on their work too. They never make any fuss, never take any promissory notes, hardly ever go into Court, and, what is most to be commended in them is that, they never seem to lose a single pice either of their principal or interest. Their operations are almost entirely confined to women. The borrowers come to them in the *Antaspura*, deposit their security, which generally consists of gold and silver ornaments,—I have known clothes and household utensils to be deposited too, but the instances in which this has been done are rare—take their money in silver, without there being any one present to look on, and go away. Month after month the interest is carried to the lender, and by the appointed time the principal is paid down, the security given back, and there is an end of the matter. No accounts or writings are kept on either side, the calculations are all made mentally, and you may be quite sure that the lender never comes out a loser in the settlement of the accounts. The men, though more shrewd, have to deal with less delicate subjects, and consequently they sometimes lose their money ; but if they lose in one instance they make up the loss from hundreds of instances where it is all gain to them. Boys at school who lend money hardly ever lose. They keep the class books belonging to the borrower in pawn, and as the term of the loan is very short, the money is liquidated with interest, which I have known to vary from one anna to two annas per rupee per month, at the time fixed. It will be seen that in every rank

of life in Bengal money-lending is looked upon as a legitimate profession, and to extinguish those who follow it is no easy matter.

I thought at one time that the College graduates with their monthly expressions, their hatred of all things orthodox, and their desire to uproot all our ancient institutions, would be our most formidable foes. I feared that, both by example and precept, they would induce the rising generation to be neither borrowers nor lenders, and that the young men, for a time at least—for what are called “reforms” in this country are only evanescent and fleeting—would keep aloof from us. My apprehensions have, however, all been dispelled, for instead of attacking us and dissuading the young under their influence to come to us, a good many of the graduates have joined our ranks, and I have no doubt the rest will follow. Some of those specially who have settled down in Mofussil towns and villages bid fair to surpass the old folks of the profession by their cunning and ingenuity, and I fervently hope that the deity who presides over the destinies of our calling will preserve and protect them. Compare our profession here with the money-lenders in Europe ! Why, the thing is preposterous. Instead of being a social disgrace, the profession here leads on to social advancement. Instead of being shunned, you are courted not only by your fellow-countrymen but by people belonging to the governing class. Instead of being obliged to hide your head in some out-of-the way corner you are called upon to perform municipal functions and to assist in leading Bengali society. The Viceroy’s Levees and Drawing-Rooms are open to you. You are asked out to all sorts of parties and gatherings. The wife of your bosom, instead of chiding you for your heartlessness, assists you in getting together as much money as possible. The son you dote upon, never by look or gesture seems to find fault with your dealings with the widow and the orphan. If you buy up a litigation, with a profit after a moderate outlay for a year or two, of 500 or 600 per cent, you are universally extolled for your shrewdness and foresight. Can any profession be better than this ? What, if we grind our clients down to the dust ? What, if our exactions break up houses and homes ? What,

if we send people prematurely to the grave by our relentless demands? What, if widows and orphans are cheated for our profit? What, if we are obliged to have recourse to fraud and dissimulation to compass our ends? What, if we keep the labouring classes in a state of chronic insolvency, thereby preventing them from making any exertions to better themselves? What, if through our means the moral tone of our society is kept in a frightfully bad state? Does not society support us in all that we do, caress us like the favored sons we are, and perpetually bid us God speed? But hold. I have exhausted the space at my command by my defence of the profession. I will go on with my experiences at some future time.

SWEET REPLIES.

1

I AM sick, Lord Christ, sharp pains I feel ;—
 “The Great Healer I, and I shall heal.”

2

I am poor, Lord Christ, all day I pine ;—
 “I will enrich, for true wealth is mine.”

3

I am bound, Lord Christ, as you well see ;—
 “I will break thy bands and set thee free.”

4

I'm worldly, and I am hard of heart ;—
 “I'll teach thee to choose the better part.”

5

Snivelling and sad the tones of my voice ;—
 “In me thou shalt aye truly rejoice.”

6

This skin is noisome, and leprous, and sore ;—
 “One touch of mine shall its bloom restore.”

7

I'm slothful and therefore fail to come ;—
 “I seek the strayed ones and bring them home.”

8

I stifle oft the grace you bestow ;—

“ God’s gift never repentance doth know.”

9

Nor pore o’er Thy Book from day to day ;—

“ But still each moment you’ve power to pray.”*

10

Good Lord ! Every doubting plea you’ve waived ;—

“ Believe in me and thou shalt be saved.”

* *

DRAMA AMONG THE ANCIENT HINDUS.

By

SURENDRA KRISHNA DUTT, B. A., B. L.

POETRY is generally divided into three great divisions, Lyric, Dramatic and Epic. Epic poetry signifies, from its root Epos, a narrative, *i. e.*, a story related in narration only. In the Lyric, the story must be so worded that it may be sung to the lyre ; in the Dramatic, the subject is treated in animated conversations, and the whole story is gathered from the speeches and actions of the persons through whom the author speaks. Epics and lyrics may be turned into dramas when they abound in animated conversations, which may be said to be the differentia of the drama. Fictions are dramas when they abound in expressive and animated conversations,—for there is no other material difference between fictions and dramas.

* Yes, Prayer is the Christian’s sheet anchor. The great poet-philosopher Coleridge used to say, that “ the act of praying is the very highest energy of which the human heart is capable, praying, that is, with a total concentration of the faculties ; and the great mass of worldly men and of learned men are absolutely incapable of prayer.”

Drama may therefore be defined to be a narrative which abounds in animated conversations, and which is acted on the stage by means of scenic representations. The author never speaks himself. We shall here only speak of the drama as it stood among our forefathers.

All nations try to make out that their arts and literature have originated with themselves ; and whenever in this investigation, their origin is found to be lost in obscurity and dwells not in the national memory, the gods are called in as the prime inventors. This failing is so universal that the aborigines of almost every country are found to claim their descent from the gods in whom they believe. It is therefore quite natural that the Hindus should think that their drama had its origin with themselves, and tradition says, that they received it from Brahma who taught this art to one of his sons Bharata for the gratification of the gods when they used to assemble for the celebration of some festival. But setting aside this tradition of the divine origin of the drama among our forefathers, it may be asserted without hesitation that the Hindu drama had its origin with the Hindus ; for as H. H. Wilson justly remarks, "it is impossible that they should have borrowed this kind of composition from either the ancient or modern ages. The nations of Europe possessed no Dramatic literature before the 14th or the 15th centuries, at which period the Hindu Drama had passed in its decline. Muhammadan literature has always been a stranger to theatrical writings, so the followers of the prophet when they conquered India could not have communicated that which they never themselves possessed. There is in fact no record of the dramatic composition ever becoming naturalized among the ancient Persians or the Arabians or the Egyptians, so if the Hindus have copied this kind of composition from any people, it could have only been from the Greeks or the Chinese. But a perusal of the ancient Hindu plays will clearly shew how little likely it is that they are indebted to either, as, with the exception of a few features in common which could not fail to occur, they present a characteristic

variety of conduct and construction which strongly evidences both original design and national development.”*

The subject of the drama according to the Hindus ought to be exalted. Some personages above the ordinary people,—generally kings, demigods or deities are the heroes. Among almost every ancient nation, and perhaps also among most of the modern nations who possess a Dramatic literature of their own, we find that the subject of the early dramas is invariably taken from the religious traditions of the country; and the reasons for this are, we believe, not far to seek. Almost in all countries most of the early writers were of the clerical profession, for the clergy alone cultivated literature and arts in olden times, and imparted their knowledge and instructed their followers by means of scenic representations, and thus depicted the lives and doings of the gods in whom they believed. Even in Europe the early writers, generally speaking, were monks or other religious persons, who in their writings extolled the deeds of their patron saints and deities. It is thus we find abundance of miracle-plays and moral plays in the early periods of the history of Dramatic literature.

Drama among the Hindus must embrace one of the principal *rasas*, generally love or heroism; and the other *rasas* must be subservient to these principal ones. The plot should be simple, the incidents consistent, and the business or acting should spring directly from the story and should be free from episodic or prolix interruptions. The time of the action should not be protracted, generally the events of one day ought to be represented in one act. In this respect the Hindu Drama resembled the Greek Drama.

The diction of the *natak* should be perspicuous and polished. The dialogue varies from simple to elaborate, from the conversation of daily life to the highest refinements of poetical taste. But the dialogue in a drama differs from an ordinary dialogue in being more animated and sentimental. The illustrations in the drama

are drawn from every known product of art, or every observable phenomenon of nature. The manners and feelings of the people are delineated as if they were living and breathing before us.

In the Hindu drama there is no scene, the stage is never empty except at the end of each act; a new scene is to be imagined when one person enters on the stage and another goes out of it. The ordinary business dialogue is for the greater part in prose, but reflections and descriptions and the flights of imagination are in verse. There are generally different forms of speech for different characters, generally men speak in Sanskrit and women in Prakrit, from a notion probably that the sacred language could not be spoken by females. Servants generally speak in Prakrit, though not unfrequently they also converse in Sanskrit. Women in those times seem to have been more free and enjoyed greater liberty than their sisters of the present age, though even then they had hardly any access into the society of men. No religious ceremonies, however, could be complete without the presence of females as partakers of their blessings.

There is perhaps not one tragedy among the Hindus, all their plays conclude in happiness. The occasions suitable for dramatic representations, according to the Hindus were the lunar holidays, the coronations of kings, the assemblage of people at fairs or religious festivals, marriages, meetings of friends, the ceremony of the first entrance in a new house or town, birth of a son, &c. The ordinary occasions were the seasons peculiarly sacred to particular divinities. In this respect the Hindus resembled the Athenians, who used to perform their dramatic representations on occasions of festivities, and especially at the spring and autumnal festivals of Bacchus.

The plays of the Hindus like those of the Athenians were only once represented on the stage; a second acting of the same drama was very rare indeed. This is the only reason why the Dramatic literature of the Hindus is so meagre. The drama of the Hindus represented the characters rather as they ought to be than as they were actually found to be; the plays represented the beau ideal

of the human character and always showed the possible triumphs of virtue over vice ; the moral is always palpable and self-evident. Drama, like the other sister arts, suffered under the rule of the Muhammadan conquerors, though it still continued to be now and then composed and acted under independent Hindu chiefs.

Hindu dramatists shew little regard for the unities of times and place, and, if by unity of action is meant the singleness of incident, they exhibit an equal disdain for such restrictions ; at the same time they are not destitute of systematic or sensible rules ; they are as unfamiliar with the extravagance of the Chinese drama, as with the simplicity of the Greek tragedy. The only rules which the Hindus recognized were, that there must be one main plot and action, and the remaining plots, if there be any, must be subservient to the main one. The place ought to be the same in one act, so that the illusion may not be rudely broken ; and the time too must be continuous, so that the imagination may glide on smoothly without any interruptions.

It was when the Sanskrit drama began to decline that the authors waxed more technical, and their writings were chiefly sectarian celebrations—the deeds of Krishna or Siva. The narrative part is longer, and abounds in wire-drawn commonplace descriptions of the day, or the season of the year, or the scorching heat of the summer, or the reviving influence of the spring ; while there is no attempt at incidents beyond the original story, no attempt at character-painting, and many of the subjects of action which the legends afford are thrown into dull and tiresome dialogues. These defects are indeed to be found occasionally in several of the earlier pieces but only to a limited extent, whereas they form the substance of later compositions. Such is always the case in every science, art or literature, when it has reached the summit of advancement. Thus the technicalities of the Sanskrit drama were more attended to than the sentiments,—the shadow lengthened as the sun of the Sanskrit drama declined.

THE LOT OF MAN.

MIRZA ! you are right ; but your vision is a vision, a phantasma, or a wild dream, the progeny of your hopes, the denizens of fancy's province. Man is a miserable creature, you are a Samaritan, and your genius is a cunning though friendly impostor. Mirza will not take offence. He speaks true, and suffice it to say, we do not differ on the main point at issue ; the rest we consign to the care of the four winds of heaven. What with his self-growing limbs of fabulous dust, now moving or shaking, or stiffened and motionless the next moment, happy if under the influence of our crony *dengue*, and not from the oppression of any such pest, who points his attack against the bowels in chief, and who takes delight to roam in his proper season on the old path of civilization westward ho ! what with his body, itself immoveable, a disproof of the rhymer's brag "liberal not lavish is kind nature's hand," a riddle too abstruse for the art of the statesmanly Œdipus to class it under the two divisions of property, and a huge prototype—would for the sake of its easy conveyance, it were otherwise !—against which setting good Jack Falstaff of yore, or knight Hudibras of a later date, for a measure, is but comparing small things with great ; or, with his body—O kind Nature !—no flesh, and all bones, put together with an arrangement, shewing indeed the inimitable skill of the divine artist ! with his body—if body it may be called—the shade of a body rather, resembling closely the fine form of the poet's witch, and requiring but a slight attempt of spiteful Atropos to be gathered up where lives the innocent father of frantic Hamlet ; what with his brain—to penetrate a little internally—the soft yet strong stumbling-block to all physicians, doctors, and metaphysicians, who know no way of explaining the phenomenon—with his brain, in incessant unrest, during night more troubled than the heaving ocean under a raging cyclone, now high, and now hollowed, now foaming and now whirling, and during those moments when inaction next to death prevails, calm they say—but oh ! fond multitude !—most unsettled,

and it may be being worked by the mind and arranging some plot against God or His creatures, or at best if it is subdued by Nature, and its functions are clogged, fantasies bring it work, unexpected and unforeseen ; the destiny of man is miserable in sooth.

Then for a transition from the world of matter to that of soul ; the task though arduous may not be impossible—and “ what is impossible in this creation of God ” saith the most spirited among the supremely timid members of Young Bengal, “ Satan’s crew could bring a ridge of pendant rock over the vexed abyss to the outside bare of this round world.” It was mortifying and shameful to a philosopher of the old school to acknowledge that he could not establish any theory. *Nature abhors a vacuum* was the popular authoritative belief, but by sheer accident the water rose as high as 32 feet, and above that - the tube having been longer—there was a space, neither occupied by air, nor by water. Horror of horrors ! an old theory to be lost ? In comes the philosopher and states the rule, *Nature abhors a vacuum but for the first two and thirty feet only*. Thus the Gordian knot is cut, the impossibility overcome. Science will not confess that any thing within her ken is beyond her reach. The Mathematician will not cease to say that at least his line or his plane divides space from the edge or the flat page of the *Bengal Magazine*. Then what is there to hinder us from arguing that the points of separation of soul from matter, the spirit and the flesh and blood of a man, form but a geometrical line or plane.

The difficulties in the understanding of both subjects being not much unlike, why not talk shop about soul as heartily as about matter ? What other facts are the perceptions of the lamp in the sky and near the housetop, diffusing on all sides round weak streams of colored light, which orthodoxy asserts illuminates the abodes on high of ancestors now no more,—of the symphonious music of the bell, and shell, and *dang dang*, and *tom tom*, sounded at evening in the temples of gods, which excites to devotion the Hindu’s heart, but which to him whose approach is pollution is simple nuisance, although he frets not amenable to law,

—of the cool summer breeze of the south, while we sit enjoying the mild and silvery rays of the moon at full,

“ Whose orb

“ Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views

“ At evening from the top of Fesole

“ Or in Valdarno to descry new lands

“ Rivers and mountains in her spotty globe ; ”

than that we see the one, hear the other, and feel the third? Perception is a strange word to the rustic, and to the philosopher as ambiguous as the process is incomprehensible by which its subjects are said to be recognized. But let that pass. Perceptions, say they, are external affections of the soul, whether pleasurable or not, and if so, how far—that’s the question.

A son is born, the shell is sounded, and runs the barber, runs the bearer, and runs the porter in all the points of the captain’s card. With a slip in his hand, complexion quite red under the genial influence of the mid-day sun on the shadeless plain, and jaws wide apart gasping for breath after he has forced his way, half on foot, half swimming, o’er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare, which unless driven to the labor no ordinary mortal would deign to tread, after three quarters or so, rushes a man, Hindustani by dress, into the porch of the Telegraph Department of the Railway Station. There he delivers his red slip, and from a part of his *dopatta*, which for the hasty march he wound round his middle, discovers a rupee, and pays that too. Then Bhojepuri gets a receipt—and without that indeed he would not return ; withdraws himself a little way towards the shops, loads his stomach with a pie worth of sweetmeats, drinks a good draught from the shop-keeper’s water-jar, and bidding *ram ram* retraces his steps over the maidless and trackless fields again.

* On the other side, the father having by this time received the message, and read it carefully over, twice, and thrice, and summarily returned thanks to the Great Author, for the safe delivery and the son begotten, declares, much to the relief and no less

to the astonishment of his over-worked and care-worn servants, the day a day of rest. "Thank Heaven" whispers a servant to his peer's ear, "at last we shall spend an evening in ease." The lackeys then sit consulting, not exactly in the manner of the angels in Pandemonium assembled, whose common object was the total overthrow of the sovereignty of God; neither in the way of country *dacoits* who settle their plans of attack and *loot* before commencing action, so that they may not fail if need be to teach the Police a lesson which they would never forget, in case they make bold to get out of their coverts during the darkness of the night; but in a manner peculiar to themselves, the potentates in private conclave deliberate on their state affairs and the methods of increasing their interest in their respective commissions. But a strike does not flourish in any particular place or in any particular season, nor is it much affected by sun and rain; why may not our domestics pick up a peg here to hang up their *estahar* proclaiming all work closed? That will not be an easy matter; and for the sake of our feet and our hair, we stop.

To return. The father reclining on his easy chair with his heart big with anticipations truly poetic of blissful days to come, bidding defiance to fanciful Euclid, begins, methodically begins, to work out new Q. E. D. 's of paramount importance, on the bare data that a son is born to him and that in the present state of scarcity of employments and appointments, and the deluge of English-speaking brethren, he is in receipt of the round sum of 300 rupees per mensem. Of the various processes of affiliating his boy to his family, and how they are to be performed, of distributing splendid but the least costly gifts among his personal servants, and also those at home, of being present himself in one of the earliest ceremonies, and of a thousand different things, he dreams; when lo! the Magistrate's *Chuprassi* comes. The man is in his senses again, and reads the news, an explanation wanted for returning from *cutchery* contrary to the *huzoor's* order before 5 o'clock on the day preceding—the day which no few authorities have judged to have some color of the Sabbath, and is considered

half as holy. Instant rises the cheerful man, as one does at the catastrophe of a well-arranged dream ; then seeks for his stockings—overturning in his haste the mess his cook just left—finds them on his bed, where he puts them on, thrusts his legs into his pantaloons, tightens the *chapkan* as he moves on to grasp his *chudder* and *shawl-pagree*, and loudly vociferates “bearer” —the whitewashed walls sympathise with the man in his anguish, and echo “bearer,” saving him the trouble of a second call—but he is too much in haste to be able to await the leisurely approach of the grudge-bearing animal—mark reader!—the differentia so lately discovered, and unaided wears his shining boots. Then hies he to the gateway, no *palki* there, off he goes—the time is about departing twilight—his bearer following him—towards the East into deeper darkness, that way the residence of his superior stood.

Thus fares it with our friend. Thus affect him the fair conditions of humanity. Opponents believe, and young men beware. Our picture has been but a mild one. Illustrations sadder a hundred fold, and ten times even as much, will appear on the least inquiry. But it behoves us not to inflict our brethren with dismal phases of their own states, and make them feel for the same lot poetically, which prosaically they relish so much : we shall be cruel. Then our standards are raised and unfurled, the trumpet is sounded, and the sound goes up to the moon, to the sun, to the stars, and to the proud limbo on high, and proclaims to the universe that man is a miserable creature, that man was made in vain.

BHARADWAJA.

THE MODEL BABOO PAPERS.

V. *A Receipt to make a Patriotic Newspaper.*

As Patriotic newspapers are at great request at this moment amongst us, I was lately thinking whether any plan could be devised for manufacturing them quickly and in large numbers. Some simple-minded people may suppose that the undertaking is beset with insuperable difficulty, since there can be no newspaper without a clever, at least an intelligent, Editor to conduct it. But this is a mistake. Whatever may be the case with regard to other newspapers in this country, the Patriotic newspapers, which are so highly rated amongst us, require no intelligence in their Editors. Some Kálá Rám Bose, unblest with brains, and guiltless of all knowledge of science, literature, politics, or the arts, might, with the assistance of a certain amount of brass, conduct a weekly newspaper of the Patriotic class, to the perfect satisfaction of his constituents. Such being the case, the easy manufacturing of a Patriotic newspaper is not so hopeless a task as some would represent it to be. I thought it would be a great boon to the public if there were receipts for cooking articles in Patriotic newspapers as there are receipts for cooking dishes. After a great deal of anxious thought, I fixed upon the following receipts, and I shall be truly happy to hear that some Patriotic Editors of this city have tried them and found them useful.

1. *For the Principles of a Patriotic Newspaper.*

(1). Take a large cake of Windsor Soap, lather it well, and apply the saponaceous foam to all the Bengali gentry, including Maharajahs, Rajahs, Raya Bahadurs *et hoc genus omne*; taking especial care that a quantum suff is applied to every member of the British Indian Association.

N. B. Glycerine soap is to be preferred to Windsor, on account of its superior purifying qualities.

(2). As some Patriotic Editors of the orthodox type might refuse to touch soap which contains hog's lard, butter might be

advantageously substituted for soap, especially as *ghi* is such a favorite with the Native community.

N. B. The butter of cow's milk is to be preferred to that of buffaloe's milk.

(3). If butter be not at hand, take half a pound of mustard oil, pour a small quantity each time on the palm of your right hand, and apply it to the gentlemen mentioned above. Go on rubbing till your hand gets warm by friction.

N. B. Take good care that the oil is pure mustard oil, any mixture of linseed with mustard will not produce so good an effect.

(4). Take a bottle of varnish (French varnish is to be preferred to any other sort), and with a good brush apply it copiously to every worn-out custom and social usage of the country.

N. B. Observe, that the uglier a custom is the larger the quantity of varnish is to be put upon it.

(5). Get two earthen pots, fill one of them with ink and the other with quick-lime, and with two brushes paint the cheek of every European in the country.

N. B. Care should be taken that both the ink and the quick-lime are not applied to the same cheek. As a general rule the right cheek should be painted with ink, and the left with quick-lime.

(6). Take six *chhitaks* of Self-interest, four *chhitaks* of Vanity, eight *chhitaks* of Ignorance, and one pound of Conceit. Mix well. The compound will be the well-known Essence of Kausariparah Patriotism. Pour a few drops of the Essence on every page of the newspaper till it assumes a glossy appearance.

N. B. If you want the Essence to be sweet-scented and fragrant, you must add a *chhitak* of the essence of Gall and Wormwood.

I think these directions will suffice for the principles of a model Patriotic Newspaper. I now come to

2. *The Leaders of a Patriotic Newspaper.*

(1). Take the most sonorous words in the English language, one pound of Froth, and two pounds of Nonsense. Mix, and pour the mixture upon the Editorial column.

(2). Take a pair of sharp scissors and a good quantity of paste. Clip from other newspapers as much as you can, making here and there some verbal changes to escape detection; paste them on your paper.

(3). If you want to give a learned and statistical air to your paper, transfer to it a whole page of figured statements from the last Bengal Administration Report or the last Financial Statement.

(4). In order to display to the public your keen sense of the ludicrous, and thorough appreciation of the virtues of your countrymen, you should now and then write articles on "Scotch Morality," and denounce the indecencies of the Reverend Dr. Barony.

3. *The Critical department of a Patriotic Newspaper.*

Our Patriotic Editors are, in general, first-rate critics. They are as good judges of English composition as a Bengal ryot is of wines. As their bump of Criticism is in a high state of development, it is unnecessary for me to give many directions on this point. I shall only give two.

(1). Praise up the publications of your friends, though they be poor and wretched stuff. Call them "splendid," "rich," "superb," "magnificent."

(2). Cry down the publications of those who, you suppose, are your enemies, though they be excellent. Speak of them as "below mark," "beneath contempt." Though your intelligent readers will pity your Gothic taste and your petty pique, those of your readers who are fools will be sure to believe you.

MODEL BABOO.

ERRATA.

Page 463, line 13, for *anwer* read answer.

Page 466, line 13, for *muhammadanism* read Muhammadanism.

Do., line 14, for *morial* read moral.

Do., line 24, for *agaist* read against.

THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1873.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN BENGAL.

BY ARCYDÆ.

Few people will, we believe, in the present day be inclined to dispute the fact, that justice is now much better administered in this country than under the best of the Muhammadan rulers. If race prejudices are now and then allowed to stand in the way of impartial distribution of justice, such cases are at best isolated and sink into insignificance when compared with the mass of judicial work performed year after year. And if the rich have still an advantage over the poor, such advantage we hope is decreasing every day ; and legislation, it must be admitted, is trying hard to help those who cannot help themselves. The equality on principle of all men is unhesitatingly recognized by our courts, and though we have not yet seen this principle carried into action, the recognition of the principle itself is a great thing ;—it is so much gained in the cause of humanity.

Antecedent to the coming of the English to this country, a portion of the judicial work seems to have been performed by the *kázis* who were versed in Muhammadan literature and expounded the Muhammadan law. A large portion of the criminal work however came before the governor or other executive officer of the province, while petty cases among the poor people in the country parts were mostly decided by the zemindars living on the spot ; and this practice still continues all over the country. It cannot be denied that substantial justice was done in most cases

by this system of administration, as the parties who sat in judgment could hardly fail to ascertain the real facts in any particular case, and were indeed in many cases personally acquainted with the true facts. Such courts, however, as may be expected, were open to corruption, and there was little chance of justice being done therefore, when the proud man oppressed the poor and the lowly.

Nor should we forget to mention the village Panchayets of Bengal, which were among the most beautiful and beneficial institutions of the land. The Panchayet consisted of the most respectable men in the village, and as the members were hardly ever ignorant of the real facts of the case, the most arduous duty of a judge was simplified, and there was little temptation for falsehood or concealment of the truth. The Panchayet sat surrounded by the good and *mátabbar* men of the village, and after discussing in a conversational style the facts of the case pronounced their judgment in the presence of all. This way of settling disputes is by no means bad, and it is a pity the practice is fast falling off. At the same time however it must be remembered, that Panchayets will answer only in petty cases, and cannot be expected to do justice in cases in which one of the parties is strong or influential. Even in petty cases we need assurance that the Panchayets did not betray a weakness for men of superior caste, or men endued with exceptional claims to deference and respect.

Such then was in short the system of administration of justice among our forefathers, and few will deny that it was vastly inferior to the system at present obtaining. Corruption was the bane of the system under the Muhammadans, corruption is unheard of among the judicial officers of the present day. In a word, the Muhammadan system facilitated the work of ascertaining the real facts of any particular case, but left the gates of corruption wide open; the English system secured integrity but threw obstacles in the way of ascertaining the truth. The English on coming to this country declared, and rightly declared, that corruption was the greater evil of the two, and doomed and

discarded the old system, and introduced the English system in India. To shew how far it is possible to combine the two systems and choose a happy medium, and to point out the defects of the system now obtaining, are the purposes of this article.

We have said that our rulers introduced the English system in India. Unfortunately they introduced it almost word per word and letter per letter ;—they forgot to modify it in accordance with the peculiar wants and exigencies of the country. The main defects, therefore, in the administration of justice in this country, are such as a foreign nation may be expected to commit through its inability to realize the peculiar requirements of a different people. Judicial maxims and institutions, which have grown up among the people of England during centuries together, have been transferred almost bodily to India. It seems to have never been considered that, in every country, there are a thousand and one different conditions which, like the minute wheels of an engine, regulate and modify the action of any particular maxim or institution, and these conditions are widely different in India from what they are in England.

One of the most prominent instances, in which an English institution has miserably failed in its working in this country, will be found in the system of jury trial. Even in England, it is by no means unusual to hear in the present day the advisability of continuing jury trials called into question, and the arguments brought forward are often not easy to refute. English juries of olden times,—times when the liberties of the people were threatened by the whims of oppressive kings and oppressive courts,—did invaluable service by saving the lives and properties of the people. In times, too, when the corruption of English judges was as notorious as their integrity is in the present times, the jury system was a safe-guard against injustice by precluding the possibility of corruption. But these and such like reasons in favor of jury trials have now ceased to exist. Oppression of kings and royal courts is in the present day impossible in England, as popular freedom has grown up with mushrooms

growth within the last hundred years, and has assumed gigantic dimensions. Corruption of English judges too is a thing of the past ; and the argument, that the common sense of a dozen ordinary men may be more depended upon than the refined judgment of an experienced judge, certainly hears well in theory but is hardly found to be sound in practice.

If then jury trials in England be a thing that may be dispensed with, in India the system has proved positively injurious. Those who are familiarly acquainted with the proceedings in our Sessions Courts must be fully aware of the fact that our juries, consisting mostly of uneducated shopkeepers and petty traders, are often blinded by gross prejudices, and are influenced by a variety of sympathies and antipathies utterly inconsistent with the administration of impartial justice. The reluctance betrayed by jurymen to convict Brahmans, and women, and prisoners well born or connected, is but too well known, and cases not unfrequently happen of the grossest injustice, in which foul offenders are set free because they succeed in winning the sympathy of jurymen. In a word, juries in our country are too often betrayed into a lamentable weakness in favor of the influential as against the lowly,—in favor of the rich as against the poor.

But there is a still greater act of injustice perpetrated by another class of jurymen in this country,—an injustice perpetrated in favor of the White as against the Black. There can be no gainsaying or winking at the fact,—and we hardly think our European readers will deny it either,—that a European sinning against an Indian has hardly a fair chance of conviction, has hardly any chance of conviction in the High Court in Calcutta. It is well known that the men who generally compose the jury in such cases do not by any means represent the educated and enlightened portion of Englishmen in India ; and justice and mercy are unhesitatingly sacrificed to national prejudice of the rankest description. We should always be slow to find fault with the conduct and motives of our rulers, but we confess that, in the perpetuation of a system of injustice, after it has been widely known and distinctly

recognized as such, one can hardly fail to see a most unfortunate manifestation of that Anglo-Saxon egotism which unhesitatingly ignores the rights of others whenever they come in contact with its own. The English in this country are jealously guarded from every possible form of injustice that may proceed from national prejudice, and the meanest English loafer is guarded by a halo of sacredness which the Indian magistrate of the highest rank and respectability must not dare to violate. We are afraid *justice* is sacrificed to this exorbitant jealousy with which English *prestige* is guarded. And this jealousy appears in a still more awkward light, when it is contrasted with the almost dangerous power with which magistrates have been invested when the unhappy criminals happen to be Indians. Far in the wilderness of subdivisions raw youths, armed with summary powers, may curtail the liberties of the subject people without there being a chance of an appeal left,—without so much as a record being kept of the transaction. But so much has been said on this subject that we need not dwell on it.

We do not object to the jealousy with which English prestige is guarded,—indeed such objections would all be made in vain. We do not even claim perfect fair play,—a subject people will always claim for fair play in vain. Let all cases in which Europeans are the defendants be tried by Europeans, but let it be European magistrates or judges and not European juries. We shall willingly confide in the educated and enlightened European for the redress of our grievances even when a European is the offender. But we may not, we cannot, confide in European juries.

The jury system has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Nowhere in Bengal does it serve the purposes of securing the liberties of the people ; for, of all criminal courts, the proceedings of Sessions Courts and the High Court are the least arbitrary, and most widely published. The judges in these courts cannot in any conceivable case be supposed to entertain a grudge against the prisoner, and there is therefore no chance of the

liberties of the people being threatened in these courts. And yet in these courts alone we have the jury system prevailing. The system therefore does no good, and the sooner it is done away with the better. But of this enough.

The difference between English society and society in Bengal is so immense, that laws which have emanated from the one can hardly fail to prove abortive when applied to the other. In one word, society in England may be said to be based on contract, society in Bengal on notions of patriarchal relationship. The English mind persistently refuses to recognize any obligation or duty except such as arises from contract, express or tacit,—the Indian mind as obstinately and tenaciously clings to patriarchal notions of obligations and duties. And our legislators often try to meet the requirements of a patriarchal society by commercial notions of justice. This is best illustrated by the laws concerning marriage and the status of women.

To take an instance. Nothing is a more prolific source of disputes and factions in Bengal villages than the seduction of widows. Nothing grieves and mortifies the patriarchal father of a family more than to see his widowed daughter seduced, and he actually runs the risk of being out-casted in society unless he deserts his daughter and stops all communication with her. The injury therefore which the seducer does to the father of the widow is immense, but English law as administered in India cannot and will not recognize this patriarchal grievance, simply because an English widow is supposed to be the mistress of her own actions. This defect in law entails mournful consequences. The injured father obtains no redress in court, and takes the law in his own hands, and disputes and *daldali* swamp our villages.

We shall take another instance. English society recognizes the separate existence and individuality of the married woman, but the patriarchal society of Bengal accords no such status to the wife, and merges her individuality in that of her husband, considering the whole family as one unit of society. Public opinion in England, therefore, bestirs itself for married

women,—public opinion in Bengal declines to concern itself with what takes place within the family unit. Besides, public opinion is a powerful engine in England and controls and regulates the conduct of the husband towards his wife; in Bengal, public opinion is often disregarded, and is thoroughly incompetent to discharge the same function, and the treatment which ladies receive at the hands of their husbands among the rich and influential is often of the most oppressive character. Law steps in to punish the man who is impelled by hunger to commit a theft, or induced by anger to deal a blow; but of the most cruel sort of mental agony to which one human being can be subjected by another, law in its august dignity takes no cognizance. Our metropolis is swamped with instances of rich men revelling in wine and debauchery, and surrounded by mistresses in the very house of which the all but discarded wife occupies an obscure corner; and the metropolitan example is but too closely imitated by many a Mofussil zemindar. Cases of this life-long tissue of grief and agony of the poor wife being violently concluded by suicide are by no means unfrequent, and are indeed increasing day by day.

Why will not law interfere for the helpless? The law steps in to punish the adulterer. But is the agony which the husband suffers when his wife is seduced greater than that which the wife suffers in the cases above alluded to? Why then the distinction? We are aware the distinction originated in olden times when the wife was considered to be a sort of property of the husband, and the latter claimed compensation for the “loss of service” of the wife. But Indian law has discarded such barbarous notions, and has made adultery a penal offence. Why not make the offence of the husband penal too? We are aware also of possible objections that may be raised by cold and heartless advocates that Government interference in such cases would be a violation of the sacredness of marriage union and family peace. Sacredness, indeed! When the husband converts the sacredness of connubial union into a hot bed of connubial oppression, we hold it reprehensible of the

Government not to interfere. This much we may add, that no such state of things would have been allowed to exist for a day in England, and if public opinion had not proved a sufficiently strong safeguard against such ill treatment of wives, law would have interfered long before now. As it is, law is not needed in England,—*ergo*, our rulers argue, law is not needed in India.

Not the least important defect in the present system of administration of justice consists, as we stated at the beginning of our article, in the difficulty of ascertaining real facts; and this difficulty is the more singular in a country in which news travels wonderfully fast, and a neighbour is hardly ever ignorant of what his neighbour does. Weakness and dependence on neighbours are among the most marked characteristics of the people of Bengal, and the frequent interchange of services and help is with them a matter of necessity and an every-day and every-hour occurrence. The Bengali considers it a part of his duty to help his neighbours in need, and it is a part of his expectations that his neighbours will help him in need. Naturally enough, the connexion between him and his neighbours is close and intimate, and every one is thoroughly conversant with his neighbour's affairs. Foreigners, who are more exclusive and self-reliant, can hardly have an adequate idea as to how very close this connexion is. Almost every villager knows perfectly well every thing that happens to his co-villager, and there is hardly a single case coming before our criminal courts about which every particular villager does not know the real facts. But the distance at which our courts are placed from particular villages, coupled with the introduction of a foreign and complicated system of law of evidence, has effectually precluded every possibility of the courts' deriving any benefit from this general knowledge among the villagers. While therefore the facts of any particular case are clearly and widely known and loudly trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of the village, the hard working and conscientious magistrate, carefully debarred from such evidence, perspires from head to foot to make out the truth from a mass of false

swearing and exaggerations put forward by so called eye-witnesses. Surely, in the eye of the simple villager the whole proceeding appears as an ingenious mockery of justice, and he would almost wonder why the Magistrate would not stoop to learn the real facts in the same way in which he himself had learnt them.

But the failure of justice in particular cases is not the worst consequence ;—this system of administering justice carries with it a demoralizing effect among the people, which cannot be too strongly censured. People have learnt that the court is determined to act only on the testimony of so-called eye-witnesses produced in the court from a distance sometimes of 20 or 30 miles. To get up such witnesses, to coach them thoroughly as to what they are to say in a court of justice, to give them lessons in lying and false swearing—these are the proper means to win a case ; and people are not slow to adopt such means when their efficacy is proved every day and every hour. Fraud and chicanery are increasing, and the present system of administration is thus contaminating the morals of the villagers of Bengal.

But though we have been free in exposing the evil effects proceeding from the difficulty felt by our courts in ascertaining facts, we hardly see any way in which this difficulty may be got over. We are certainly not prepared to recommend the old systems which prevailed in this country, for we cannot forget the *nuzzurs*, the bribery and corruption which such systems fostered. An attempt may however be made with advantage to revive the ancient Panchayets of Bengal. The people of every village might be called upon to nominate a dozen or more persons, say once every year, to serve as members of the village Panchayet, and decide all petty cases *when the parties are willing to refer their cases to such Panchayets* ; and the courts might confirm the verdict of such Panchayets unless they see strong reasons to the contrary. Even in important cases the Panchayet might be consulted by the court, or asked to send up a report, and the vigour of English laws of evidence might be relaxed to admit some particular classes of hearsay evidence for the ends of justice. We

cannot but think that substantial justice might be much better done by allowing the villagers an important share in its administration. At the same time such an arrangement may be calculated to infuse public spirit and a love of justice among our villagers, and give them practical lessons in the art of administering their own villages, and electing their own representatives.

But this is not all. Our Magistrates themselves should have more opportunities of ascertaining the facts of cases, and this can only be done by increasing their number, and placing a Magistrate almost in every Thana, so that he may see with his own eyes almost every thing that passes in the Mofussil. Called upon to administer only about 50 or 60 villages of a Thana, all within the radius of 5 or 6 miles from his court, such a Magistrate may well be expected to have a thorough acquaintance with every one of such villages. At present the police officer in charge of the Thana has such experience, but shameless corruption pervades and pollutes the ranks of the police, and the present Magistrates cannot place any reliance on the more complete and far-reaching knowledge of the police officers. What is wanted, therefore, is the complete merging of the police in the judicial,—the eliminating of big police appointments, and increasing the number of judicial authorities. But this brings us to the important subject of the police, and we must here pause and make a few remarks on this subject.

Time was when the police of Bengal was the dread of the land, when a dacoity was doubly dreaded because a police investigation was to follow ; and up to the present day the traditions of Bengal are replete with police-oppression remembrances. Act V. of 1861 was passed to remedy this state of things, and it is worth while enquiring how far matters have improved since then. Physical torture used to be applied in olden times for the purpose of extorting confession from prisoners or coaching up witnesses. Physical torture is applied in the present day too, but the torture inflicted in the present day is mild and humane compared with the cruelties of the old police which often ended in

death. Now, we maintain that this is the only thing worth mentioning in which the police has improved,—in all other respects it is quite as bad as ever. The corruption of the police is often complained of, but few are aware of the extent to which it prevails in this country. Few have realized to themselves the astounding fact that not one per cent of constables and head constables are above corruption, and that even among Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors an honest man is an exception. Twelve years have elapsed since the passing of the Police Act, every attempt has been made to raise the stamina of the police,—the pay of an Inspector of police has been increased to Rs. 250, *i. e.* the pay of a Munsiff, and certainly a respectable pay for a post of that nature ; a fair trial, therefore, it may be supposed, has been given to this Act, and after such trial the Act has failed most ignominiously.

Nor are the reasons of such failure far to seek. The honesty of a particular man may depend on a variety of circumstances, but the honesty of a class of men, it may be taken for granted as a maxim, will always vary in inverse ratio to the temptations offered. A service therefore which holds out ample temptations for dishonesty, and very faint threats of detection and punishment, may be presumed *a priori* to be tainted with corruption, and police service is precisely and pre-eminently such a one. The only measure therefore likely to prove effective would be, somehow to increase the chances of detection, until every act of dishonesty committed in town or in village by the police has at least a fair chance of being detected and visited with punishment.

But how is this to be effected ? We have already hinted at the answer before. Under recent orders and circulars of the Lieutenant Governor, the District Superintendents of police have been made almost completely subordinate to the Magistrates ;—why then retain that highly paid post. A large saving may be effected by abolishing the post of District Superintendents, and distributing their work among the Inspectors and the Magistrate's subordinates and clerks. A large saving too may be effected by keeping a Sub-Inspector in every Sub-division (instead of an

inspector), making him completely subordinate to the subdivisional officer. Such saving might be very beneficially spent in placing small paid sub-magistrates in charge of Thanas, who would be subordinate to the subdivisional officers in the same way in which subdivisional officers are subordinate to district officers. Of police, a Head Constable would be quite enough for a Thana,—such Head Constable being made completely subordinate to the Thana judicial officer. Such multiplying of judicial officers, and merging of the police in the judicial may be calculated to be of the greatest possible good to the country. By such an arrangement courts will be brought almost to the door of every sufferer who may seek for justice, and Magistrates too will be able to see almost with their own eyes whatever passes in the Mofussil. Such a system too cannot but impart solace and assurance to the much-oppressed ryot of Bengal, for he cannot but be inspired with confidence by seeing within a few miles of his own home a power capable of curbing the much dreaded Nacb and Gomashita.

We have dwelt so long on the subject of the administration of criminal justice that we must content ourselves with a few passing observations on our civil courts, and we shall confine our remarks to the two important and crying grievances, viz, inordinate expenditure and delay consequent to civil proceedings. The number of our civil courts has been increased since the English came to this country, but a still larger increase is we believe necessary in consequence of the entire change which has taken place in the system of the collection of revenue. The demands of the Muhammadan rulers on the landowners and zemindars were peremptory and exceedingly arbitrary, and varied with the wants and exigencies of the state, and the peaceful or troublesome nature of the times; but these rulers, consistent in their oppressive principle, also allowed such zemindars the exercise of powers equally arbitrary and oppressive on their dependent tenants and ryots. It followed that the ryots could hardly as a matter of right object to the demands of their zemindars, any more than the zemindars could object to the demands of the Subadar's un-

derlings. In the absence of all right therefore, the only effectual checks on the demands of the masters, and the only thing which the rent-payers could urge with any chance of getting a hearing were, firstly, the chance of the ruin of the rent-payers which would stop up the source of revenue, and, secondly, the immemorial custom of the land which among all patriarchal nations answers the purposes of right, and stretches a helping hand to the poor, being often recognized as inviolate even by arbitrary despots. Under such circumstances civil courts were not necessary in revenue matters,—indeed the realization of revenue was considered so important that even criminal courts would hardly interfere to save the wretched ryot from beating and confinement who had failed to pay his rent. The English in India have ushered in a mighty change. They have imported into India the all-important notion of *right* as it is understood in Western Europe, and they decline to recognize the inviolability even of custom, unless the custom is embalmed and perpetuated by being converted into a right. The English rule has declared and rightly declared, that the ryot, the tenant and the zemindar, will all have their rights and duties created by laws, and even the imperial Government will be subjected to laws of its own creation and invested with rights and duties. A net work of civil courts therefore is necessary in order to the enforcing of such rights; and while, under the old regime, a custom might be enforced by one's taking up the law in his own hand; under the new regime, courts must be applied to in order to enforcing of a right,—and indeed in every step in the process of collecting and realizing rent. Thus the salutary change in the system of collecting rents requires a vast increase in the number of civil courts.

Have the courts been increased proportionately to the requirements? Painful experience proves the contrary. Poor people quarrelling among themselves about bits of land are loathe to incur the expense and the trouble of dancing attendance on civil courts which are too few in number to do all their work with speed, and often seek redress in criminal courts by disguising their civil

dispute in a criminal form, and seek such redress in vain. Zemindars complain with justice, but complain in vain, that the British Government, while rigorously strict in exacting rent in stated times, affords them no means of exacting rent with equal regularity from their dependent tenants and ryots. The ryots complain with justice, but complain in vain, that the kind care manifested by the British Government in the Revenue Laws to protect their interest is all in vain, for the remedy afforded therein, *viz.*, by complaining in civil courts against unjust exactions and unlawful ousting, is too expensive for them to adopt; and law therefore is in many cases a dead letter to them. All the painful consequences which attend the withholding of justice are observed to ensue, in a mitigated form though it be, from the fact of our civil courts chasing off litigants by the dreary prospect of expense and delay which they hold out. The Naibs and Gomashtas turn their faces against such courts, and exact rent from obstinate ryots in the primitive way, *viz.*, by beating and wrongful confinement; and the ryots themselves often take the law in their own hands, and decide with clubs and sticks their disputes, which our civil courts decline to decide within a reasonable time and expense.

We have confined our remarks almost entirely to rent cases, because Bengal is so thoroughly an agricultural country that a very large proportion of civil cases are rent suits. But all our remarks apply equally well to other civil cases, and people of all denominations will hail the day when the stamp duties will be reduced, and civil courts increased in number, and the gates of civil justice will be opened to the rich and the poor alike.

We shall here conclude. We have strongly recommended the multiplying of courts both civil and criminal, and our reasons lie in a nut-shell. The oriental mind has always associated power with oppression,—power with the abuse of power. The annals of centuries have only strengthened the association and turned it into a fixed idea. To disabuse the mind of such a servile association is certainly a gigantic task; but the attempt ought to be made. The attempt has been made,—and with success too

among the *educated* people of this country ; but when will the attempt succeed with the *masses* ? The popular mind is still as staunch a believer of oppression being one of the attributes of power, as stern a disbeliever in right independently of might, as it ever was ; and the head-and-tail system of justice as administered in our courts not unoften appears to them as a concession in favor of tact and money as against poverty and stupidity. Is it worth while to shew to the popular mind instances of power unattended with oppression, of right existing independently of might ? Is it worth while to impress on the popular mind,—even as it has already been thoroughly impressed on the educated mind in Bengal,—ideas of right and justice as they are understood in Western Europe ? Then the only way is to multiply our courts, and to afford the poor man means of obtaining justice almost at his own door. The notion of right is a noble one, but we hope it will not be said of it hereafter in this country, that it was a noble idea that died with John Bull.

PI'R PA'HA'R,—MONGHYR.

I STOOD upon the hills at dawn of day,
 Thick wreaths of mist enwrap their shaggy side,
 And spread along the plain and moorland wide,
 Which, hid from sight, far, far below me lay ;
 But as the sun upon heaven's broad highway
 Marched with his wonted pomp, and state, and pride,
 Like magic was the curtain rent aside,
 And hill, and field, and stream laugh'd in the golden ray.
 In mute and reverent rapture gazed I on,
 I never look'd upon a scene so bright,
 And thus 'twill be, when here our journey done,
 The Lord will come "with a great wakening light,"
 And sudden from our eyes the veil's withdrawn,
 A more resplendent scene will burst upon our sight !

O. C. DUTT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER V. *Feringi Kamal Bose's House.*

It was some day in the year 1834—I don't remember the month or the day of the month—that I accompanied my father to the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution, which was then held in a house, on the Upper Chitpore Road at Jorasanko, familiarly known as *Feringi Kamal Bose's House*. Who this *Feringi Kamal Bose* was I never heard, but I heard that he obtained the *soubriquet* of *Feringi* on account of his connection with a Portuguese mercantile firm, Messrs. D'Souza and Co, the word *Feringi*,—evidently a corruption of Franki, Frank, that is French, the *la grande nation* having once been the predominant European power in India,—though it means any European in general in the North Western Provinces and other parts of India, is applied in Bengal to an East-Indian or a Portuguese. By the way, it seems to have been not unusual in those days for Bengali gentlemen to rejoice in outlandish additions to their names. There was about that time a Bengali gentleman of the name of Tanu *Magh*, or Tanu the Burmese or rather Arracanese, so called, I suppose, on account of his connection with the Arracan trade; and there was another gentleman of the name of Captain Guru Dás. Not that Guru Dás, whoever he was, ever held a commission in the British Indian army; but he obtained the designation of Captain on account of his intercourse with Captains of ships in the harbour of Calcutta, whom he used to supply with provisions and cargo. *Feringi Kamal Bose's House*, which is situated—and it still stands though somewhat changed in form—one or two houses south of the Brahma Samaj building at Jorasanko, is a historical house, as it is associated with the educational progress and religious reform of the people of Bengal. It was in that house that the Hindu College was first opened under the auspices of David Hare and his co-adjutors. I was in that house that Rájá Rám Mohana Ráya inaugurated

his reforms in the national system of religion by the establishment of the Brahma Sabhá. And it was in that house too that the Revd. Dr. Duff laid the foundation of Missionary education in Bengal,—may I not say in India?—a system which educates the entire man, including his intellectual, moral and religious nature.

As I have mentioned the name of Rájá Rám Mohana Ráya in connection with the General Assembly's Institution, I may take this opportunity to state that in the establishment of his school Dr. Duff was not a little indebted to that distinguished countryman of mine, with whom the Scottish Missionary was on terms of intimacy, though they held very different views on the subject of religion. When Dr. Duff expressed to Rám Mohana Ráya his intention of setting up a school, the latter, who had at the time a school of his own, promised to give to the former all the assistance in his power. And he was true to his word. It was Rám Mohana Ráya that procured for Dr. Duff *Peringi* Kamal Bose's house on a moderate rent. It was Rám Mohana Ráya that supplied Dr. Duff with the five boys with whom he commenced his school. And when the school was established, Rám Mohana Ráya not only constantly visited it, but exercised his vast influence in inducing his countrymen to send their sons to it for education. And, as a striking proof of my illustrious countryman's liberality of views and catholicity of spirit, I may state that, when Dr. Duff spoke to Rám Mohana Ráya on the desirableness of commencing his school every day with a short prayer, the Hindu Reformer not only quite agreed with the Christian Missionary, but proposed that every morning at ten o'clock the Lord's Prayer should be repeated in the presence of all the boys assembled in the Hall of the Institution, as he knew no other prayer more comprehensive in its range, better suited to the wants of man, and more beautiful in its devotion. Dr. Duff followed Rám Mohana Ráya's advice.

Though I believe Dr. Duff took in every boy that applied for admission into his school, my father was under the impression common to a great many of my countrymen, that if he took to

the Missionary teacher a letter of recommendation from some influential gentleman, I should be looked after more than without such a letter. Under this impression he had procured a letter of recommendation from Babu Rádhiká Prasáda Ráya, the eldest son of Rajáh Rám Mohana Ráya. Whether this letter was delivered to Dr. Duff or not I do not remember ; indeed, I do not remember that I had a sight that day (I mean the day of my admission into the Institution) of the great Padre whose name had already become a household word in every Hindu home in Calcutta. But I have distinct recollection of having seen that day a European gentleman who was a most important member of the Institution. As I was being taken up to the second floor of the house, I met at the head of the staircase a gentleman dressed in white, and a stick in his hand. He was young and fresh-looking, had a very fair skin, seemed to be brimful of energy, and had a determined look. Some of the boys, who were going up the staircase with me, whispered to one another—"Kilif Sáheb ! Kilif Sáheb !" This was Mr. Clift, the Head Master of the Institution, who was the author of a popular book on Political Economy at one time much used in some of the English schools in Calcutta, and of a still more popular book on elementary Geography which is still used in, I believe, almost all the English schools of Lower Bengal.

When I was admitted into the Institution I had no knowledge of English,—indeed, I could not distinguish A from B. But, thanks to the admirable system introduced by Dr. Duff, in a few days I not only mastered the English alphabet, but was able to read short and easy monosyllabic sentences, without going through the drudgery of committing to memory those unmeaning sounds—b a, ba ; b e, be ; b l a, bla ; c l a, cla ; and the rest of that Babylonish jargon. This latter system, namely, the "b l a bla-system," which was prevalent in all the schools at the time, Dr. Duff hated with a perfect hatred—his object being to interest little boys from the very first day of their entrance into school by communicating to them some knowledge. But of this

I shall speak more at large when I come to treat of the system of teaching pursued in the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution.

It was about a month after I had been admitted into the Institution that I had a near view of the Revd. Dr. Duff. He went into the Class while we were engaged in reading the first page of the *First Instructor*,—the first of a series of Class-books compiled by the Reverend Doctor himself; and though thirty-nine years have elapsed since the occurrence of the incident, my recollection of it is as vivid as if it happened only yesterday. I cannot say he walked into the Class—he *rushed* into it, his movements being exceedingly rapid. He was dressed all in black and wore a beard. He scarcely stood still for a single second, but kept his feet and his hands moving incessantly like a horse of high mettle. He seemed to have more life than most men I had seen. But what chiefly attracted my notice was the perpetual shrugging of his shoulders,—a habit which he afterwards left off but which he had at the time in full perfection. In our lesson there occurred the word “ox,” he took hold of that word, and catechized us on it for half an hour. He asked us (the Master interpreting his English to us in Bengali, whether we had seen an ox, how many legs it had, whether it had any hands, whether we had any tails, &c., &c., &c., to the infinite entertainment of us all. From the ox he passed on to the “cow,” and asked us of what use the animal was. The reader may rest assured that Dr. Duff did not speak before Hindu boys of the use made of the flesh of the cow, but dwelt chiefly on milk, and cream and curds. He ended, however, with a moral lesson. He knew that the word for a cow in Bengali was *goru*, and he asked whether we knew another Bengali word which was very like it in sound. I was stupid enough not to know what Dr. Duff meant; but a sharp class-fellow of mine quickly said that he knew its paronym, and that it was *guru*, the Brahman spiritual guide. Dr. Duff was quite delighted at the boy's discovery, asked us of what use the *guru* was, and whether, on the whole, the *goru* was not more

useful than the *guru*. He then left our Class and went into another, leaving in our minds seeds of future thought and reflection. Such is my earliest recollection of the Revd. Dr. Duff.

A short time after the occurrence of the above incident—I could not say whether it was one month or two months or three months—we all heard that Dr. Duff had become dangerously ill and that his medical advisers had ordered him away to the bracing climate of his native mountains. The present writer was told many years after by Sir Charles Trevelyan, when that gentleman was the Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer, that, on the occasion alluded to, Dr. Duff was actually carried on board ship and that he was more dead than alive.

After the departure of Dr. Duff, the superintendence of the General Assembly's Institution devolved on his colleague the Revd. William Sinclair Mackay, who had joined the Institution in 1831, just one year after its establishment. Of this highly-gifted Missionary I scarcely saw any thing at the time of which I am now speaking; but I shall have to speak a good deal of him and of his varied accomplishments in a subsequent part of these "Recollections," when I had the inestimable privilege of sitting at his feet. Dr. Mackay was ably assisted in the work of the Institution by Mr. Clift, with whom we in the lower classes oftener came in contact than with the amiable and accomplished Missionary at the head of the establishment. And here let me mention an anecdote of Mr. Clift which fell within the ken of my observation. There were two class-fellows of mine who were brothers, and who rejoiced in the names of Bhima and Pándava. Bhima was of a gentle and quiet disposition; but his brother Pándava overflowed with energy, had a deal of pluck and courage, and was at the bottom of every row in the class. Living in Chunam Gully, in the midst of English sailors who at that time used to take up quarters in that street, they spoke English infinitely better than the rest of the boys in the Class. For myself, I could hardly express one idea in English; and no wonder, for I had read only a few pages of the *First Instructor*, and had

never *seen* an Englishman during the first eight years of my life. I used, therefore, to look upon Bhima and Pándava as perfect prodigies. One day our Master was absent. Mr. Clift, with the invariable stick in his hand, came into the Class-room, and asked us where our teacher was in English, as he was unacquainted with the Bengali language. Most of us gave no answer, as we did not understand the import of the question. Pándava stood up and said—"Sir, our Master has not come to-day." Mr. Clift was apparently struck with the boy's answer and his knowledge of English, said something to him which I did not understand, and immediately promoted him to the class above ours. As Pándava was by no means the dux of the class, we set ourselves up as critics, made many remarks on the promotion, and put Mr. Clift down as a very rash and very whimsical sort of person. I have no other personal recollection of Mr. Clift, as he had left the Institution, and had probably died, before I became a member of the higher classes of the school.

Shortly after Dr. Duff's departure from India we heard a rumour to the effect that the Revd. Mr. Ewart had left Scotland and was coming to join the Institution. As the Overland Route *via* Suez had not then been organized, and as all Englishmen came to India *via* Cape of Good Hope, it was several months after we heard the rumour that we had the satisfaction of seeing Dr. Ewart personally. About that time took place the public Distribution of Prizes to the students of the Institution, and as all our Prize-books had on their covering the word "Reward" in gold letters, we thought in our simplicity that the name of the Missionary gentleman who was coming to join the Institution was Mr. Reward, and that his name had been printed on all our prize-books as a compliment to him. One day the report spread through all the classes that Mr. Ewart, whom we had mistaken for Mr. Reward, had not only arrived at Calcutta but was in the Institution. Great was our desire to have a look at him. Our curiosity was soon gratified, as he was taken round all the classes. I have a distinct recollection of Dr. Ewart as I saw him for the

first time about thirty-eight years ago. He was a tall young man, about six feet high; well-built, stalwart, bolt upright; though his complexion was fair, his cheeks were ruddy; he had a high fore-head, and a benignant aspect; seemed two or three years below thirty; his countenance beamed with kindness and benevolence: on the whole he seemed to be a man exceedingly loveable, and I felt I could without the slightest fear go up to him and talk to him,—a thing which I, at that time of life, hardly could do to any European. The stalwart young man, who was afterwards to bear, for many years, unaided, the labours of the largest educational Institution in Asia on his own Atlantean shoulders, *walked* every day to school from his house somewhere near Wellington Square; and I remember I was struck with the fact of his walking instead of driving in a carriage, as I thought *Sāheb loks* were too noble to make use of their legs for purposes of locomotion. I merely introduce here the Reverend David Ewart to the reader, as I shall have a great deal to say of that devoted and excellent Missionary in these “Recollections.

Before bidding adieu for ever to *Feringi* Kamal Bose’s house, — for the Institution was removed next year to another part of the town,—I may mention an anecdote of my school-life. I was about that time reading the *Third Instructor*, Clift’s Geography, Woollaston’s Elements of English Grammar, and a Bengali Grammar called *Gaudiya Vyākaraṇa* compiled by Rām Mohana Rāya. Our Master was an East-Indian gentleman of the name of J——S——, a man for whom I felt great affection, and whom I cannot now see—for he is still living, and is still connected with the Free Church Institution, may his shadow never growless!—without feeling for him the deepest respect and esteem. Our Master, besides explaining to us every difficulty in the lesson and endeavouring to assist in the development of our faculties of observation and reflection—a point much insisted on by Dr. Duff in his system of teaching,—wished also to cultivate in us the important faculty of Memory. With this view he used to encourage us in committing to memory many passages of the *Third Instructor*.

With our Master's permission we, boys, used to challenge one another to recite two or three pages without a single mistake; and the boy who failed had to give to the boy who was successful a few pice according to the number of pages recited. This was a private arrangement in our class, made without the sanction or even the knowledge of the Missionary Superintendent of the Institution. As I had a very good memory when a boy,—alas! that that power should prove so treacherous with advancing years, though I am far from sure that, agreeably to Pope's lines, the "solid power of understanding" has gained proportionally,—I could recite many pages without committing a single mistake, and used therefore to pocket a good many pice from those who accepted my challenge and failed in the mnemonic contest. But, gentle reader, don't imagine that I used to take the pice home. Every pice that any successful competitor gained in these mnemonic games,—and we showed as much enthusiasm in these humble games of ours as the Hellenes did in the far-famed Olympic games,—was spent, during the tiffin hour, in buying sweet-meats for the boys of our Class, which we all devoured with infinite zest; and as it was generally owing to my feats of memory that these feasts were held, I naturally became immensely popular with my class-fellows. It is questionable whether the sweet-meats did us any good,—so far as I was concerned, they usually gave me diarrhoea,—but the exercises greatly improved my power of memory, for which I could not be sufficiently thankful to my Master.

EASTER.

SOFTLY dawned the morning,
Cold winds were astir,
When the Maries hasted
To the Sepulchre.

Hearts in sorrow beating
For their buried Lord,
For the Master's accents,
For the Incarnate Word.

There a mighty Angel,
Clothed in spotless white,
With his lightning glances,
Met their aching sight.

And he told them, " Maries,
Fear not, Him ye seek
Is not here, but risen,
To His own bespeak."

As with joyous foot-steps
On their way they sail,
The Lord Himself appears
With the words " All hail"

Then they kneel and worship
Thee, the Risen One,
Light upon their garments
From the rising sun.

Each returning Easter
May we joy and pray,
Like to those two Maries
In that glorious day.

H. C. DUTT.

MADemoiselle DE LAJOLAIS.

(*Continued from page 451.*)

It was six o'clock in the evening. A numerous and choice guard were on duty at the castle of St. Cloud. The carriages which entered the avenue were attended or followed by mounted troopers, a large number of promenaders going and coming—all proved that it was for the time being the residence of the Emperor. Against the gate of the park between the two sentry-boxes of the guards, several soldiers, recently returned from Egypt, were chatting and smoking.

"Again then these conspiracies," said one striking against a flint for re-lighting his pipe which had blown out.

"They bring good luck to our Emperor, these conspiracies," said his neighbour, letting go a puff of smoke towards the first speaker.

"Jolly good luck, no doubt," said the other. "To be always on the guard for one's life. On the field of battle, I speak not of *that*—that is of his duty—but in his own house and in his own palace—that passes all limit and toleration."

"All the same ; when Bruzaud says that they bring good luck to the Emperor, he is not far wrong," said a third joining in the conversation of the other two.

"An infernal conspiracy made him Consul for life, that which he is now adjudicating has made him Emperor—that's good promotion."

"What is this last ?," interrogated a fourth approaching the group.

"You are a capital recruit," said he whose name was Bruzaud. "Where do you come from ? From Congo ?"

"Well, I do not know whether in French you call Egypt, Congo, but I come from that land of sands where grow the pyramids," said the conscript with a jocose air.

"Then you do not know what has happened here in your absence, and I am going in good fellowship to apprise you of it. Know then that Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, and Moreau (pity

I have to mention this last because he is brave, I knew him well at Hohenlinden, but it is said jealousy of his ancient companion-in-arms led him to it). These three individuals planned a landing of the English on the coasts of France, and while the first would steal away to assassinate Bonaparte, the two others would render themselves masters of the capital and the provinces—but the worst of it is that all the parties, royalists and republicans, held themselves in readiness to give the finishing stroke, and the final dispute about the cake would certainly have produced a bloody civil war.”

“It is lucky that the thing has been discovered in time,” remarked the unknowing one.

“And how when the Emperor has already granted grace to the two chiefs Polignac and Riviere?” remarked Bruzard.

“Hold! Riviere, I remember now, that as to Riviere it was only through a trick of Josephine that he has been pardoned,” said his comrade.

“Yes, it was she who solicited her husband. She took upon herself to promise to the aunt and sister of M. de Riviere a free access to the Emperor, although she had been formally forbidden by him thus to interfere, but having learnt at last that these ladies had still been prompted to keep themselves on the look out for the time he would be going to Church, he accorded them grace. I was there, and I heard him repeat several times with quite a composed countenance. “The misérables! To wish to assassinate me—what a mean act! what a mean act!”

A sigh having been wafted towards and heard by Bruzard as he spoke these words he turned round, and to his astonishment, saw close to him and his companions, a young girl all in tears.

“What do you want, my pretty child?” said he to her.

“The road which conducts to the castle of St. Cloud,” said the young one with an air so modest, so timid, and in a tone so soft, that not a single soldier thought of exchanging any joke or repartee with her.

“You are on it, Miss,” said they.

"O mercy," said the child, as if overcome with great fatigue, "and tell me can any one speak to the Emperor."

"Certainly, it is not forbidden, Miss," said the oldest of the, company whose forehead was ornamented with a big head-gear, "any body can speak to him, but to know better his wish and his convenience it will be necessary for you to address the gatekeeper. Enter the compound, you little mother, go across it to the right, you will then see a door with sash frames, knock there, and you will be responded to. Go and dry your tears, believe me. It quite disheartens one to see a young and handsome girl weeping," added he steadfastly looking at her who was thanking him only with her eyes, and directing her steps trembling and unsteady to the spot indicated.

"Sir," said she, in a voice scarcely audible, to a stout man dressed in a blue coat with red facings who was standing at the gate of the castle, "I wish to speak to the Emperor."

"Have you got a letter of audience, Madam?"

"No, Sir."

"Then I am very sorry you cannot see him."

"And how to manage, sir, to procure a letter of that sort?" asked she with a heavy heart and retaining her tears ready to flow.

But without hearing this, the stout man had already turned from her. Nevertheless a moment after perceiving she was still standing he said to her.

"Get away, Miss, it is forbidden to remain in the compound."

"But I must see the Emperor, I must speak to him," said the young child softly. "Do not send me away I beg you, sir."

"If I allowed all those who would like to see the Emperor and to speak to him to remain here, the compound would soon be full of people. So then, retire, my young lady."

"O Sir, for pity's sake!"

"We have orders, Miss, which it is our duty, carry out; retire then I tell you or I shall have to see you driven out"

"Driven out," repeated Maria and she was going to obey as

her courage had almost deserted her at the prospect of being chased out, when she saw a guard on duty pass by and running up to him she cried, "sir, sir, do accord me a favor, O for pity's sake listen to me."

This voice so pure, these accents which expressed all the sufferings of the heart, touched the feelings of the man.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" asked he.

"I want to speak to the Emperor, sir! O do not refuse it to me," added she with anxiety.

"The Emperor has gone out on a sporting excursion this morning and will not return till late this evening. But what do you want with him?"

"What I want with him!" ejaculated the poor infant astonished, because she thought one may read on her features, in the very tears which she shed, what she wanted, "What I want with him!" repeated she with an appearance of utter desertion, "only the pardon of my father, sir, of general Lajolais sentenced to death by the Emperor."

"Poor girl!" said the guard with an accent so plaintive that the appearance of Mlle Lajolais became somewhat more cheerful

"You see well," she then said that you cannot refuse my request for speaking to the Emperor."

"He is not here I have told you."

"Or at least to the Empress, or to Madame Louis," added she, for she remembered the praises which were bestowed on the goodness of heart of that young Princess.

"Follow me," said at last the guard moved to the last extremity

Mlle Lajolais followed the footsteps of her conductor as if afraid that she would not be in time, or that the guard would withdraw his protection from her. Her little feet hardly touched the ground, the appearance of fatigue which was noticeable on her countenance had disappeared as if by enchantment; poor creature! it was hope which reanimated her so; the least

check or discouragement at this moment would have reduced her to nothing.

The guard stopped at the entrance of a small saloon tapestried with green, and pointing out to Maria a young lady who had turned her back towards the door and was busy examining some rare plants in the vases near her, whispered in her ear.—

“That is the Princess Hortense, address yourself to her; her goodness of heart is infinite—go.” Then he retired.

Maria remained standing where she was. Her heart knocked so that she was hardly able to breathe. O how she feared a haughty and cold reception, an evasive reply, a harsh word, how she trembled, the poor child! Alas! she felt that her energies were fast ebbing away, and that if some mild voice did not encourage her a little she was lost, for the life of her father was her’s; at times an oppressing heat, at others a shivering cold seized and oppressed her as she tried to open her mouth and announce her presence to the Princess. This one all the time had her back turned towards the door. One could but see her beautiful blond hair dressed in the Greek fashion and her shape supple and full of grace. A pause; then seeing that the Princess paid no attention to her, Maria hazarded saying,—

“Madam!”

At the sound of this small and trembling voice the Princess turned round; the sight of a young girl all in tears surprised her to the uttermost, “What do you want?” asked she with that air of goodness which gained all hearts for her. But the young girl not replying she added.

“Who are you?”

“Mademoiselle Lajolais,” said Maria with a convulsive sob.

The charming countenance of Madame Louis was suddenly changed into one of lively compassion. “Poor little girl! And what can I do for you?”

“To tell me how I can speak to the Emperor, Madam.”

“Impossible! my poor child,” said the Princess, trying to sweeten by the tone of her voice the bitterness of a refusal.

"O say not, impossible, madam," exclaimed Maria who felt that an audience with the Emperor was the only hope—"say not so, if you knew all that I have undergone to come up to you, you would pity me, you would not say to me, impossible."

"But he is in so great an anger against all the authors of this conspiracy!" added Madame Louis,

"Oh!—nevertheless I cannot believe my father culpable, for then all my courage would leave me."

And Maria allowing herself to be led by the Princess to a sofa dropped upon it with fatigue; Hortense took hold of her hand, pressed it with friendship, and seated herself beside her. Encouraged by this mark of interest, the young girl continued:—"Imagine, Madam, our grief, mine and my mother's, when we heard about this conspiracy, and that my father was implicated in it——no——you can have no idea——then when we heard he had been condemned to death——I do not know how I did not die myself at the dreadful intelligence. I believe that the only thing which sustained me then was the idea of consoling my poor mother.——At last one day——O what a horrible day! we had just risen, mamma had just finished dressing me when a loud noise was heard in the hotel, suddenly our door was forced open, our chamber was filled with armed men, and one of them addressing my mother said 'you must follow us, madam.' And without listening to a single word, without allowing us time to put on our hats or gloves we were made to descend and enter into a carriage; the carriage starts and stops only at a prison-gate——My poor and dear mother at least we were together, that was a consolation," added Maria, crying bitterly all the time. "But they wished to separate us——Oh, death would have been preferable! and notwithstanding my cries, my tears, my prayers, they snatched me from the arms of my mother and shut her up, and put me out at the door senseless. That was the finishing stroke of death for me, madam, and then when I returned to my senses; when I found myself alone, alone in the world without help, without protectors, I so weak,

so full of fear ——you can believe it, madam, my heart became as cold as ice and my eyesight grew dim——I thought for a while that it was a frightful dream——But no, it was true——all true——Then I thought of God and prayed !——soon I ceased to implore Him for my father, I had but one only prayer, that is, I asked him for strength or courage to reach you or the Empress——It appeared to me that if I could see you, either you or the Empress, my father's release was certain——And now you tell me——impossible. Why, then, every thing is finished !”

“ Well, we shall see,” said the Princess who could not retain her tears at this simple and touching recital of sorrows. “ But calm yourself. Since when have you left your mother ?”

“ Since the morning.”

“ And very likely you have had no food ?”

“ Pardon me, madam, I have taken a spoonful of soup which the daughter of the turn-key gave me ; she had also given a piece of bread which I do not know what I have done with.”

“ But you must be hungry then ? And also if you have walked so far you must feel very much fatigued.”

“ Oh, I feel neither hunger nor cold, nor fatigue, madam, I feel but one thing that my mother is in prison and my father is condemned to death.”

H. C. DUTT.

(To be continued.)

ASCENSION.

LET the sounding anthem swell,
Christ hath triumphed
Over sin, and death, and hell :
Hallelujah.

In a clond of golden light,
Past the Saviour
Out of His own loved ones' sight :
Hallelujah.

Now He sits at God's right hand,
Sins forgiving,
Suppliants we before Him stand :
Hallelujah.

Once again shall Olivet
Be in a glow,
When His throne on earth He'll set :
Hallelujah.

All His saints with Him He'll bring
In robes of light,
He Himself their crowned King :
Hallelujah.

H. C. DUTT.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

RATIONALITY. ✓

THE first and foremost of these Vulgar Errors is the bugbear of rationality. Father, mother, brother, sister, boy, girl, all, all spout rationality. Rationality is stowed forth whole-sale from the forum and the pulpit; rationality is smuggled in retail on the haberdasher's and pawnbroker's stall. Like Hamlet's Ghost, it is rationality here, rationality there, rationality every where! But by Mademoiselle Belinda's ravished lock of hair I swear I can make neither head or tail of this monster Ignis-fatuus that eludes pursuit, and leaves its dupes weltering in the slough of conjecture, or the quagmire of absurdities. What is rationality? Echo cries, what? Is it matter—tangible, eatable, relishable, digestible, matter like pork that invigorates the frame, sublimates the soul, and aids the fulfilment of the command so catholically observed by the well-known orthodox WIFE OF BATH? Or is it airy nothing,—a mere phantasmagoria, presented to the mesmerized vision of the sighing Lothario who, bent on hammering out a dolorous ballad on two deep-blue arches tinsel on alabaster, chases fleeting images to which Poetry alone can give a name and local habitation? Or is it neither the one nor the other, as heavy mules are neither horses nor asses?

Heavenly goddess sing!

Declare, O muse! in what ill-fated hour

Sprang the mistake, from what offended power

Old Adam's son a dire contagion spread,

And heap'd the earth with mountains of the dead,

What son of Eve his common sense did slur

And for that son's offence the race did err.

Where is rationality? where dwelleth it, where dwelleth it not? Had it been placed over this curious warehouse of rum odd and ends, like sign-boards of the rival Hatters of blessed memory, balanced on the promontory as hand spectacles without

sied pieces, certainly in these dog-days of cyclones it must have, long ago, been swept off clean to the Bay of Bengal, leaving the Dhobies and Donkeys of this Paradise of Quidnuncs in utrine brotherhood braying syllogisins both *pro* and *con* as regards Joseph Pollock's COSMOGRAPHY or Etectorial Theory of the Universe. Is it inside? Ask the Professor of Comparative Anatomy, familiar with every nook and corner of the *Murdanah* and *Zenanah* of the human frame, and fully competent to demonstrate, *quod erat* style, secretion of bile or propulsion of blood after life is extinct, just as the watchmaker illustrates the motions of the various wheels and cog-wheels in the Timepiece minus the main-spring. I say ask the Professor if, in carving the featherless biped from top to toe, his knifo ever stumbled upon anything like rationality. Was rationality ever analyzed? Was it ever deodorized? Then why should every mother's son jabber rationality as if it were pickled onions cognizable by princely palates and the palate of the veriest pauper who ever took off hat to a passer-by in the streets of Christian London, where begging for bread has been charitably placed within the provisions of the comprehensive Penal Code, that, here as elsewhere, like the sword of Damocles, dangles, in mid air, suspended by a single hair, over the head of every peacefull citizen living in blissful ignorance when to be victimized by the myrmidous of the universally odious Executive. Instead of incarcerating the famished wretch, disabled by dire disease, or by direr old age, but still fond of clinging to existence by appeals to humanity, we ought to hang, draw, and quarter, each and every itinerant Rationality-monger whose contraband traffic has a more demoralizing effect on society at large than that of the Dullals infesting the purlieus of Conscience Courts or Cosmopolitan Halls.

Can anything more ridiculous be conceived than to stuff the weakest denizen of the globe with idle notions of pre-eminence, that sap and undermine the very foundation stone of the structure on which depend the beauty and harmony of the entire system? Can anything be more mischievous than to knock into heads of

silly mortals the bagatelle of spurious Lordship still sustained by the easy prey of flies and mosquitoes eternally dinning into their ears blistering martial music, and planting the standard of victory under the very nostrils of the Bahadurs in spite of the stupid manœuvres to secure more honorable terms of peace? Can any thing be more impious than to dress up the half-brother of the Orang-outang in garbs coveted by cherubs, and to make him play the Celestial on this ant-eaten bamboo stage, just as his cousin-german Pithecus play the Iron Duke in topboots and pantaloons *a la mode* round the Circus? Can any thing be more blasphemous than to topsy-turvey the arrangement of high Heaven by rudely wrenching asunder the admirable chain that links the semi-vegetable zoophyte with the highest order of angels, and to create a chasm which nothing will bridge over to restore creation to its wonted unity, order and symmetry? No human error—and its name is legion—has proved such a fruitful source of evil as this hypochondria of rationality. Entrenched behind this crape screen bulwark foolish man fulminates his anathemas against the entire animal kingdom, dooming some to slaughter, some to slavery, exacting labor without pay or pension, and goading God's creatures beyond their strength by instruments of cruel device. Nestor is nothing if not instrumental. He eats by means of instruments, he sees by means of instruments, he hears by means of instruments, he moves by means of instruments, and Heaven alone knows what other rational function he means to perform by complications of mechanical powers and by that infernal agent, Steam, which the prince of the fallen angels, foiled in every other attempt to vex Divine Providence, seems to have surreptitiously introduced into the world to rob His creatures of wholesome exercise that so largely contributes to health and comfort, and to reduce the progeny of Adam into an aristocracy of Egyptian mummies? Yes; it is *infra dig* to adjust thy own neck-tie. It is a plebeian occupation. Leave that to proxies, and employ thy rationality for discovering the Philosopher's stone, or ascertaining how many angels can dance on the point of a needle, or,

"Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, here He gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there,
 Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge His justice, be the God of God.

This morbid appetite for games of Fast and Loose with moral convictions is ill calculated to reflect credit on would-be rational beings. None but an idiot will, it is true, deny that there is a just gradation in the ladder of life; none but a mad man will, on the other hand, admit that the difference in intelligence, sagacity, reason, rationality, or whatever you choose to call it, between one animal and another is a difference of kind and not of degree. The whole animated nature is varied in external as well as internal features. As no two men look alike, so no two think alike. Bentley and Newton interpret identical passages of the "Paradise Lost" as if they were rival texts respectively culled from the Zendavesta and the Alkoran. Descartes represents the ape as a mere "machine," while Darwin recognises in the same gentleman the great progenitor of mankind. Uniformity in effects indicates unconscious mechanism of the cause, diversity indicates intelligent design. In fact, it is these nice shades of distinction in intellect that constitute the strongest argument for establishing the existence of an all-wise Creator. Your accidental ownership of a *kancha* or two of common sense more than your neighbour's is not a reason for calling him a beast any more than the hooked nose of Mr. Smith is a reason for christening Mrs. Brown, who sports a flat one, in the same liberal fashion. Under such a regime, Solon will look down on Lycurgus as a brute, Lycurgus on Draco, and so on *toties quoties*, the mighty brutal tide rolling on South-East by East to the Andaman Islands the

great reservoir of brutality. On all created beings from the highest to the lowest, the brand of imperfection is too legibly stamped to escape the notice of the veriest hobbledehoy that ever wooed a forward girl to contribute to her mirth by the awkwardness of the address. In fact, the magnitude of the imperfection seems to bear a direct ratio to the rank of the blunderer. No archangel stood so high in heaven as Satan, none erred so gravely as he did. No bankruptcy on record, caused by our bazar-going better halves from China to Peru, involved at stake interest higher than the bankruptcy curtain-lectured within the walls of the Garden of Eden.

“ Even so, by tasting of that fruit forbid,

Where they sought knowledge, they did error find;

Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did,

And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.”

It is not the mistake we condemn, but the flimsy attempt to uphold the same after due exposure. We do not find fault with the Crow for sitting upon a Cuckoo's egg, or even upon a rounded piece of chalk ; it is but when genus *homo* buries itself within a huge mare's nest, and broods over shams of uncontested and uncontestable transparency with the rage of storge, that the process of *reductio ad absurdum* receives its finishing stroke—that incubation culminates into the very beautiful and sublime of nonsense. In spite of the wonted eccentricity of the race it may be safely assumed that few will have the hardihood to set up the plea of ignorance in the matter. That would argue a degree of mental obliquity unprecedented in the annals of history. Who has ever examined a bee-hive with average attention and has not had fearfully to discount his own boasted mathematics ? Will the stupid superposition of Euclid stand comparison with the exact science visible in the construction of the hexagonal cells ? But yet in Euclid it is understanding, and in the poor bee a mere instinct ! Coleridge finds the caterpillar wandering from spot to spot, and plant to plant, till it finds the appropriate vegetable ; and again on this chosen vegetable, marks it seeking out and fixing on the part of

the plant, bark, leaf, or petal suited to its nourishment, or (should the animal have assumed the butterfly form), to the deposition of its eggs, and the sustentation of the future *larva*. Again he finds a spinster of five and twenty, with her eyes wide open, lending herself to the lawless embraces of a two legged goat, and, with a view to repeat her innocent recreations *ad infinitum*, leaving the unwelcome intruder by the way side to be wet-nursed by dogs and dry-nursed by jackals. Yet it is reason in the one, and in the other it is "antithesis." It was experience that taught Mozart to play a first rate tune on the Pianoforte in his third year, and only a blind impulse that taught the cat to seek out the particular herb as a recipe for her indigestion! You discover hogsheds of "rational responsible self-consciousness" when GANNA philosophically puts forth his dwarfish hand to pluck the moon out of her sphere, and not a homœopathic dose of that rare commodity in the noble martyrdom of Maida loathe to survive the demise of his beloved master! forsooth! because the magnanimous quadruped does not choose to blow his own trumpet, or pay a gang of hireling pipers to do the elegant for him. Verily, Conceit thy name is HUMBUG!

"A strong conceit is rich, so most men deem :

If not to be, 'tis comfort yet to seem."

Once a Jacobin, a Jacobin for ever. Some crack-brained charlatan in a fit of frenzy dreamt of rationality, and his dear kinsman finds the delusion too sweet to be exchanged for the truth. It serves to feed his vanity, and to preserve inviolate that ghost of a traditional prestige which has done him such yeoman's service. Greed of power makes an arrant coward of him. He lacks moral courage to make a clear breast of it, and by taking his grunting neighbour by the hand, frankly to confess that they are on the same bottom, and that all nursery tales of distinction between them is mere moonshine. In spite of the bluster the bravado is no better than an Oorya-bearer whose clenched fist carried to dangerous proximity of his adversary's hearing organ, is, like the auctioneer's hammer, ever going, but never gone! He

will never do the deed. Driven from one post DON QUIXOTE takes shelter behind a fresh array of quibbles more distressingly amusing than the grasp at straw by the drowning man. "If instinct is understanding, it is not progress!" Progress in perfection! *O tempora! O mores!* Will the author of the "Vital Dynamics" enlighten the world by statistics of the different stages of improvement in the art of human deglutition; and state, in chronological order, when the operation was confined to the optical regions, when to the olfactory, and when, in all rational probability, it is likely to be transferred from its present destination to some other channel more convenient than the gullet? In the absense of such statistics the small fry of thinkers will be apt to place man in the column of brutes so long as progress continues the criterion of reason? If, in the full bloom of rationality, you choose to hobble all the way from the mud hut to the thoroughly cracked High Court of Calcutta, is that any reason why the *Babui* should take to the red tape, and that without the corresponding benefit of a Public Works Department? Or without the benefit of Sir Bartle Frere's prolific Zanzibar mission, the SULTAN BARGASH of the "Community" should forego the luxury of being carried about with his fertile seraglio, palky-fashion, in cases of emergency? The slave-making ant soweth not, but reapeth and enjoyeth immunities not dreamt of in the philosophy of the mighty Sultan of all this gorgeous East. But it is idle, after all, to talk of no improvement amongst the lower animals. Those who choose to remain sceptical in the matter may cross over to the Howrah terminus of the East India Railway, and see with their own eyes the leopard and the keeper lying on the same *charpoy* like man and wife imparadised in one another's arms. Call you this leopard instinct?

"Then vainly the philosopher avers

That reason guides our deeds and instinct theirs.

How can we justly different causes frame

When the effects entirely are the same?

Instinct and reason how can we divide?

'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride."

But the test of the pudding is in the eating of it. The hungry scramble for globules of reason would naturally lead us to suppose that there is really some mystic virtue in this elixir of earthly delight, which would prop up the rickety antediluvian fabric of supremacy for ages clandestinely palmed upon the credulous world, something that would set the clumsy car sticking in the mire agoing again, something that would invest the Neewood JUGGER NAUTH with a hallow of sanctity! Such assumptions, however, are abundantly falsified by every-day experience. Instead of being helped to a higher platform, the chimera has betrayed man into abominations which would put the brutes of the brute to the blush. Not to mention the chicanery, treachery, perjury, forgery, with which this vile abortion of nature has deluged the globe, rendering human society an actual Chinese puzzle that worries the soul, and disqualifies it for the due appreciation and enjoyment of the bounties of Heaven, the very miseries which he unnecessarily inflicts on himself by intemperance and extravagance, will, of themselves, expose the utter absurdity of the claim so arrogantly and shamelessly put forward by him. Point out to me the beast that wastes valuable resource earned by the sweat of the brow at gaming tables, starving its own offsprings, and ruining its own constitution by devoting that time to watch and care which Providence has allotted to rest and peace! Point out to me the beast that poisons itself, and after going through the full complement of alcoholic tactics, is picked up by the Police as a piece of lumber, or, in generous emulation to outfly the lark, is by the laws of gravitation, lodged in the gutter, then and there to be gathered to his forefathers! Point out to me the beast whose nocturnal recreations compel enlightened rulers against their christian instincts to enact laws which in their operations cast into shade the obscenities of the ancient Syrians. If this be rationality, O! save me from it!

“The meaner creatures never feel control
By glowing instinct guided to the goal ;
Each sense is fed, each faculty employ'd,
And all their result is—a life enjoy'd.”

THEN AND NOW.

[*From the German of Hölderlin.*]

As when the bard neath Tibur's trees,
Enwrapt in dreams sublime,
Of heaven and all its glorious joys,
Forgot the flight of time ;
When the elms dropp'd coolness o'er him,
And joyously did glow
Around the silver blossoms
The golden Anio.

And as in Plato's classic bowers,
When thro' the foliage green,
Saluted by sweet nightingales,
The star of Love was seen ; —
When all the breezes slumber'd,
And, rippled by the swan,
Thro' myrtle bowers and olive trees,
Cephisus lightly ran.

Such beauty here can still be found,
And still our bosom feels
The blessing which kind Nature showers,
The joys which life reveals :
The sky is still as radiant,
As in the days of yore,
The voice of Spring is still as sweet,
As e'er it was before !

O. C. DUTT.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL AS AN ADMINISTRATOR.

As Her Majesty the Queen of England has just been pleased to confer the distinction of knighthood on His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, a distinction, however, of which he can hardly be proud, shared as it is by men who are vastly inferior to him in abilities, it will not, we trust, be deemed unseasonable briefly to describe the merits of Sir George Campbell as a statesman, and the eminent services he has already rendered to those splendid Provinces the administration of which has been entrusted to his hands. Before being called upon to preside over the administration of Bengal, Sir George Campbell had achieved a wide Indian and British reputation. He had written two works on India containing some very striking and original ideas regarding the better government of the country, and a treatise on Irish Land Tenure which attracted the notice of the British ministry and exercised some influence on the determination of the great Irish question. He had served with distinction in various executive and judicial capacities, and, as a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta, had taken a lively and intelligent interest in the discussions on the great Rent Case. He had been appointed President of the Commission, which was instituted to enquire into the causes of the famine which broke out in Orissa during the administration of Sir Cecil Beadon; and he had in that capacity written an elaborate Report in which some of the defects of the administration of Bengal were pointed out with singular clearness. It was in consequence of these services, and especially of the views of reform held by him that, to use His Honor's own words, "Mr. Campbell was called from his home in the North to preside over the administration of Bengal"; and the history of Bengal during the last twenty-seven months abundantly proves the wisdom of the appointment.

One of the chief characteristics of Sir George Campbell's government is its ceaseless activity. He avowed his determination from the beginning to "govern actively"; and he has been true to

his word. No Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, no administrator of any part of India, ever did so much work during the entire period of their administration, as Sir George Campbell has done within the last twenty-seven months. Sir Frederick Halliday did some good work, but he did a good deal of fiddling too ; Sir John Peter Grant, who was a most able administrator, went through a vast deal of work, and, when roused, was equal to any emergency, but it cannot be said that his administration was habitually active though it was always vigorous ; Sir Cecil Beadon, clever and brilliant, was a "sociable spirit," and depended a little too much on his subordinates ; Sir William Grey, a most conscientious and upright ruler, was highly conservative in his views, and hated change. Sir George Campbell is a miracle of activity. He is a steam engine in trousers. In him is realized the theory of perpetual motion. He knows no rest. One of Pascal's coadjutors said to him, while he was engaged in writing the immortal "Provincial Letters,"—"Let us rest." "Rest !" said Pascal, "have we not a whole Eternity to rest in?" That seems to be Sir George's motto. He cannot rest so long as the helm of the affairs of Bengal is in his hands ; there will be plenty of time to rest in when the vessel safely reaches the harbour. To the Bengali whose maxim is—"It is better to walk than to run, it is better to stand than to walk, it is better to sit down than to stand, and it is best of all to lie down and go to sleep"—to the Bengali, all this ceaseless activity may be ungrateful ; nevertheless, it is beneficial to Bengal which has been for a long time a sort of Sleepy Hollow. The sixty-six millions of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, cannot be sufficiently thankful to have obtained in the person of Sir George Campbell a ruler whose powerful mind is always on the stretch to devise measures of reform and improvement. William Pitt said that he had married the British Constitution ; of Sir George Campbell it may be truly said that he has married the Bengal administration, though the contract is only for five years.

As Sir George is himself a hard worker, he expects hard work from those who serve under him. He does not spare himself,

and he is naturally dissatisfied with the perfunctory discharge of duty by his subordinates. This, if we mistake not, is the secret of his unpopularity with a portion of the Bengal officials. Those good old days have gone by when it was all play, or rather pay, and no work. Sir George is not opposed to good pay, indeed, he has added to it in the case of the Collector-Magistrates ; but he expects honest work.

Another characteristic of Sir George Campbell's government is, that it seeks information. The Lieutenant-Governor at the outset declared it to be his purpose "to seek information in regard to the country and the people of all degrees, and thus obtain the means of elaborating any measures, which might seem to be required, with greater confidence than when we are ignorant of very much that we ought to know." To legislate without full knowledge is to legislate in the dark. Hence all governments in Europe devote no little attention to statistics. In India generally, but especially in Bengal, the Government hardly know any thing of the country and of the people. In Bengal, successive administrations declared such knowledge to be unattainable. Sir George Campbell has already shown that the task is not so impracticable as it has been represented to be. He had been scarcely more than one year in office when a Census of the entire population of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, was taken ; and the elaborate Report just published contains a mass of the most valuable information about the sixty-six millions of people over whom Sir George Campbell bears rule. But these are only the first fruits of the full statistical harvest which is yet to be gathered in in successive years. A statistical department has been organized, the labours of which cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence on the government of the country.

A third feature of the present Bengal administration is, that it is eminently liberal and progressive in its tendencies. In Sir George Campbell's device shines conspicuously in golden letters the word—EXCELSIOR. He has overhauled every department of the state, and endeavoured to re-model and reform it. We need

only refer to the judicial and executive branches of the public service, and in particular to the Police, to Jail discipline, to the Subordinate Executive Service, and to Education. The good effects of some of the changes introduced are not yet apparent as they require time for their manifestation ; but any one that considers the character of those changes must feel that they will eventually contribute to the efficiency of the public service and the good of the country. We are of the opinion that the country has lost a great deal by the disallowance of the Bengal Municipalities Bill on which Sir George Campbell bestowed so much attention. That Bill, if passed into law, would have freed the people from those leading-strings to which they have been accustomed from time out of mind, would have raised their dormant energies, created in them public spirit, and trained them to self-government. The fact is, Sir George is a statesman in advance of his age. We are much mistaken if twenty years hence some of his views, which are now reckoned extravagant, will not be adopted and acted upon.

The last characteristic we shall mention of Sir George Campbell's administration, is its cordial sympathy with the mass of the people and its honest desire to enlighten their minds and to ameliorate their condition. We confess the Road Cess Act will operate disastrously on the agricultural population ; but that Act, it is to be remembered, is not Sir George Campbell's. It was introduced into the Bengal Council by orders from the Secretary of State, and its provisions had been framed for the most part before Sir George assumed the reins of government. Our countrymen have now been convinced, that they were labouring under a mental hallucination when they fancied that the present Lieutenant-Governor was opposed to high education. It is not that he wishes to educate the higher and middle classes less, but that he wishes to educate the lower classes more. This we regard as the finest feature of the present administration of Bengal. Nothing can be nobler, grander and diviner than to enlighten the minds of the mass of the people, who constitute the real strength of the

nation, and thus to elevate them from their present degraded state. Towards the realization of so glorious a consummation Sir George Campbell has made a good beginning.

It would be idle to deny that Sir George is somewhat unpopular. But what reformer was ever popular with the advocates of the existing state of things? Lord William Bentinck, who introduced many reforms, was greatly unpopular with Anglo-Indians; and yet what name stands higher in the roll of Indian Governors-General for goodness and for beneficence than the honoured name of Lord William Bentinck? To say that a ruler is unpopular with a portion of those over whom he exercises authority,—what is it but to say, that he does not flatter the prejudices of people, that he does not run along the common current of opinion, that he has convictions of his own which he dares reduce to practice in spite of the clamours of the multitude, that he is not a time-server and trimmer, and that he sets greater store by the welfare of the nation than the interests of classes and factions? We dare say the present Lieutenant-Governor would have been vastly more popular if he had led an easy and indolent life at Belvedere, leaving all the work of the administration to his subordinates, if he had oftener given dinners to his own countrymen, and flattered the prejudices of the Baboos of Calcutta. But Sir George Campbell is too dignified, too upright, too earnest, too conscientious a statesman to purchase popularity at so ignoble a price.

THE LAST DREAM OF LIFE. ✓

BY ARCYDÆ.

I.

—Ah who shall say
 Why hopes and passions in me star
 And struggling in a fearful fray
 Oppress my weary sunken heart,
 If hopes are cherished to be lost,
 And passions felt but to be crost?
 In tumult perish all,

And thunder most when deepest fall,
Like cataracts the ear appal !

II.

High hopes were mine when life begun,
And pleasure softly fitting past,
First friendship's dream before me shone,
I fondly hoped the dream would last ;
But friends were strewn before, behind,
Like chaff before the angry wind,—
Each busy in his sphere,—
Each in his round of hope and fear,
Each in his round of joy and care !

III.

And Love ! thou cherub from the skies,
On thy sweet hopes I fondly trusted,
On thee I fixed my wistful eyes,
On thy delusions long I rested.
Of youth's fond eye the fondest beam,
Of youth's wild heart the wildest theme,—
The longest cherished dream !
Alas ! now dried the heavenly stream,
In darkness quenched the lightning gleam !

IV.

Dream after dream by shadows crost !
Like silence after thunder's roll,
Like lurid flames in darkness lost.
And shadows thicken on my soul !
Life's hopes are almost all o'ercast,
Ere yet my sunny youth be past,
Ere cold this cheerless heart !
Then wherefore still new passions start ?
Then wherefore acheth still my heart ?

V.

There's one hope yet ;—still shines afar
Like some unearthly fitful flame,

Ambition's boldly throbbing star,
The radiant beaming star of Fame !
Blazing deed and breathing thought,
Burning thoughts to madness wrought,——
For this my bosom burns,
If this last hope now adverse turns,
I care not,—Dust to Dust returns.

THE



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THE REV. LAL BEHARI DAY.

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THE BENGAL MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1873.

MADEMOISELLE DE LAJOLAIS. ✓

(Concluded from Page 513.)

THE accent of Mlle Lajolais in uttering these words was so sorrowful that the Princess Hortense stood up, saying—

“Wait for me here, I am going to my mother and we will consult together about the best means of procuring for you an audience with the Emperor.”

“Why speak to the Emperor?” asked a soft voice, which caused the two young people to turn round.

“Mamma, it is Mlle Lajolais”, cried Hortense running towards the Empress, and bringing her towards Maria who had also risen.

“The daughter of the one who wanted to assassinate Bonaparte!” exclaimed Josephine almost in spite of herself.

Maria hid her face with both her hands.

“Is she responsible, mamma?” said Hortense placing her arm around the neck of the Empress and kissing her tenderly.

“O if you but knew how much she is to be pitied, and had any idea of what she has suffered!”

“O that God alone knows”, said Maria with such deep feeling in her voice that the Empress regarded her attentively.

“Who accompanied you here, Miss?” asked Josephine.

“No one, mamma”, replied hastily Hortense, “she has come here alone.”

"So young and alone!" ejaculated the Empress approaching Maria with feelings of interest.

"Yes, alone," repeated Maria with an explosion of anguish.

"And if you do not interest yourself in me, madam, if through you I cannot obtain audience with the Emperor, and if the Emperor does not take pity on me, I shall be soon and for ever alone in the world!"

"Certainly, I will not abandon you", replied at the same time the Empress and her daughter.

"I believe that you are both very good madames, you will have pity for me, but the love of a mother—who will give me that, O my God?"

"Mamma", said Hortense to her mother, "you will be able to procure an audience for her with the Emperor. Is it not so?"

"I am excessively sorry for her, my poor child. But Bonaparte so peremptorily ordered me to spare him such scenes that in truth I fear—and then—he is at the chase as you know—it is necessary that the young girl return some other time."

"And when?"

"To-morrow or the day after. I should wish at least to have the time to apprise Bonaparte beforehand about this new demand for grace."

"But by that time, mamma, her father might be executed."

The Empress reflected for a moment; she hesitated, then seeing the anxiety stamped so vividly on the pale expressive features of Mlle Lajolais she said to her daughter—

"You must keep her here with you—hide her from all eyes, for if Bonaparte knew about her stay here, all might fail— and to-morrow—we shall see what we shall do."

Conformably to her own and her mother's wishes Madame Louis led Mlle Lajolais into her own private apartments; she kept her hid there the remainder of the day and the whole night. The princess herself carried the meals to her, inducing her to eat, but the poor girl had her throat so compressed that she could hardly swallow anything. At night the princess heard her moaning

all the time, and when she rose, she observed that although she had a bed prepared for her in the same room with her, the poor girl had not lain on it. The princess reproached her about it, and Mlle Lajolais pointed out to her a corner on the floor where she had knelt the whole previous night, and said to her—

“I wanted to pray to God only one moment, but the idea that the day which was to appear was perhaps the last on earth for my father kept me there transfixed, motionless—O that God would lend to my accents power to melt the Emperor !”

The princess Louis turned her head to hide tears which filled her beautiful blue eyes.

“Wait for me here,” said she after a pause, “I am going to my mother’s to learn if she has apprised Bonaparte.”

“And I am going once more to pray to God,” added Maria kneeling down.

The gallery which the Emperor was to pass through to the Council Room was a long and broad corridor, lightened through parallel windows, having a view of the Entrance-court and of the gardens. Nine o’clock had just struck, and little by little the two sides of the gallery began to fill with people, with spectators, solicitors, with officers in the service, and with the servants of the mansion. Among all these two women were most conspicuous, the first by her beauty, her toilette, and the gracious air with which she greeted the respectful salutes of all those that passed by her ; and the second by her extreme youth, paleness of complexion and features, and beautiful blond hair which fell in numerous curls on her bare shoulders.

“Come, courage”, said the first one to the other, “have courage.”

“I have it,” replied she, but the tone of her voice belied her words.

“I shall not leave you,” said the first. Then to add more weight to her words she laid hold of the hand of the young girl and pressed it with affection.

This act of favor was responded to by a look of sorrow the

most expressive, and incontinently the beautiful eyes of the child turned towards the door from whence the Emperor was to appear. One could read in those eyes her loving and exalted soul, which seemed to have passed there, leaving the rest of her frame inanimate.

Two hours passed thus, two hours of anxiety and anguish during which both the females scarcely stirred from the place where they stood.

The younger had her eyes fixed on the closed door, expecting it to open, that she may draw her sustained breath and live ; and the other looked steadfastly at her companion. The most profound silence reigned in the gallery, one could almost hear the softest whisper or movement.

Eleven o'clock sounded. The two wings of the door opened and an usher or tip-staff announced—

“The Emperor !”

Several persons pressed forward at the same time.

“Which ?” asked Maria with quickness and anxiety.

“He who has his hat on his head,” replied Hortense.

The little girl did not wish to hear more. Seeing or fixing her eyes only on one figure among the crowd which surrounded her, she sprang out and fell at his feet, crying out “Mercy, Mercy !” joining her hands tightly and raising them towards heaven.

At these cries and this unexpected display of feeling the Emperor stopped, knitting his brows.

“Again ?” said he in a tone of impatience—“I have already said I do not wish such scenes to occur.”

And crossing his arms on his breast he wanted to pass over.

“Sire,” cried out the young girl to whom the critical position of her father gave an energy beyond her age—“I beg of you, listen to me—in the name of your mother, Sire, do listen to me—in the name of your father accord to me grace for mine. It is my father, Sire,—he must have been dragged, seduced, entrapped into the plot, do forgive him ! O, Sire, you hold the life of my father and mine together in your hand—have pity on an

unfortunate child who asks of you the life of her father, Sire, —mercy—pity—pardon”—

“Leave me, mademoiselle,” said the Emperor pushing her almost impatiently.

But without allowing herself to be intimidated (for those moments were to her very dear) Mlle Lajolais trailing on the marble pavement of the gallery cried out with anguish, “O pity, pity, Sire, mercy for my father ! O do cast a look of mercy on me, Sire !”

There was something so heart-rending in that childish voice begging for the life of her father that the Emperor stopped in spite of himself, and fixed his eyes on the one who implored him in so pressing a manner.

Mlle Lajolais was naturally handsome, but at this moment her beauty was that of an angel. Pale as a swan, grief had given to her features an animated expression, her beautiful blond hair was flowing on her bare shoulders, her small hands dry as in fever had at last caught hold of one hand of the Emperor to which they communicated their own burning heat—kneeling, the face bathed in tears, raising her large and blue eyes towards him from whom she expected either life or death—she could no longer speak, nor weep, nor breathe.

“Are you not Mlle Lajolais?” asked the Emperor.

Without replying Maria pressed the hand of the Emperor with more force.

He then said with a severe countenance.

“Know you, mademoiselle, that it is the second time that your father has rendered himself culpable of crimes against the State.”

“I do know,” replied Mlle, “but that only shews that he was innocent,” added she ingeniously.

“But this time he is not so,” said Bonaparte.

“Even if it be so, is it not his pardon I sue for, Sire ? grant it, otherwise I shall kill myself in your presence.”

It was not so much what she uttered, but it was the anguish which could be read in her looks, it was the mournful expression

of that charming countenance covering it with a death-like pallor, it was the piteous grip of those small delicate hands, that the Emperor felt and gave way to. No longer able to control his emotion he stooped and said to her.—

“Ah yes, Miss, I do accord it to you—but rise.”

And casting upon her a smile full of goodness and encouragement, he disengaged his hand and disappeared quickly.

The sudden seizure of joy which followed this announcement was more dangerous for Mlle Lajolais than her previous grief. The poor child fell senseless and heavily on the marble floor.

Thanks to the care of the Empress, of the princess Hortense, and of the Court ladies, Mlle Lajolais soon regained her consciousness.

“My father, my father!” murmured she as soon as she could speak—“my father—O may I be the first to announce to him his pardon!”

And rising she attempted to escape from the arms of those who held her, but too feeble from various past emotions, was unsuccessful.

“There is no occasion for such hurry now, Miss,” observed one of the ladies, “take some food and some rest, you may go an hour later.”

“An hour later!” cried Maria. “You wish that I should delay one hour to announce pardon to a man condemned to death, and that man my father! O madame, added she turning towards the Empress, “allow me to part, for mercy’s sake!—Remember, he is my father, that he has his pardon and does not know of it yet.”

“Be it so, my child,” replied the excellent Josephine, adding,

“But you cannot go alone to the prison.”

“I have managed to come alone to the castle,” replied she eagerly.

“Let your Majesty permit us to accompany Mlle Lajolais,” interrupted several voices among the officers and aides-de-camps, who were filled with admiration at the filial solicitude of Mlle Lajolais.

“Monsr. de Lavalette will render me this service,” said the Empress smiling with graciousness, “as well as you,” pointing out an aid-de-camp on duty, “you will make use of one of my carriages. Go gentlemen, I put under your care Mlle Lajolais.”

Although exhausted from fatigue, fasting and trials, Maria refused taking food or repose. She was for seeing the harnessing of the horses herself as well as the other preparations for the departure, and kept quiet only when she found herself and the officers ensconced inside the vehicle.

Then the coach starts at full gallop of six good horses, traversing with incredible rapidity the distance between St. Cloud and the prison. During all the journey Maria, upright and stiff, holds her eyes fixt on the road they had to pursue, her eyes seem to be devouring the distance, her breast heaves as if it was she and not the horses that galloped with the coach, and she is pale, so pale that twice or three times her companions speak to her by way of encouragement, but she does not listen.

When the coach stops she springs from over the foot-step, before Monsr. Lavalette has time to offer his hand for helping her to get down, and she only utters the words “Quick, Quick!” She traverses the long corridor of the prison preceding the jailor and her guides, repeating always “Quick, Quick!” Reaching the door of the prison she is obliged to wait that the jailor may open the lock and withdraw two enormous bolts, but no sooner the door yields than she rushes into the interior, falls on the neck of her father screaming “Papa—Emperor—life—par—,” which last word she is unable to complete, her voice is lost in sobs.

General Lajolais believed at first that people were coming to fetch him for his execution, and that his daughter having deceived the vigilance of the guards had braved all risks in order to bid him adieu. But Monsr. de Lavalette soon undeceived him, for seeing that Maria overcome with emotion could not utter a single word, he spoke himself.

“The Emperor has accorded you grace, General,” said he to him, “and you owe it to the courage and tender feelings of your daughter.”

After this with an emotion which he could not subdue, he recounted to him all that his daughter had done for him.

O how very happy she felt, this young girl, how this moment compensated and more than compensated all that she had suffered ; suffered ? had she really suffered ? she had no remembrance of sufferings at all. All remembrance of sufferings had vanished in the presence of her father, who pressed her with transport to his bosom, covered her face with kisses and tears, and called her his saviour, his providence.

The first transports having subsided, they thought of Madame Lajolais. But the good and excellent Princess Hortense who still lives, blessed and loved by all, she had not forgotten her. By the intercession of her mother, she had obtained the Madame's pardon, and her sentence of transportation had been annulled.

O what a happy moment must Mlle Lajolais have had when, by her courage and perseverance, she found herself reunited to her father and mother ! One must have suffered himself, one must have been separated from the authors of his being and have trembled for their lives, in order to understand how delicious, holy, and ineffable the moment of reunion is ; God alone can give such moments to His chosen !

H. C. DUTT.

THE VETERAN'S ADVICE.

(From the German of Stollberg.)

TAKE, my son, this trusty brand,
Now too heavy for my hand ;
Take my lance and carbine too,
And my courser tried and true.

Hair which now so white appears,
Bore the casque for fifty years,
Fifty bouts in battles brave,
Blunted have both axe and glaive.

When thy sword once sees the sun,
Sheath not till the fight is won ;
Watchful be and prompt alway,
And a lion in the fray.

Ever ready, and in thy post
Where the battle rages most ;
Spare the helpless in the field,
Down with him who scorns to yield.

When thy wavering troops would flee,
And thy flag's in jeopardy,
Fiery daring thou must show,
Rush resistless on the foe.

On the field thy brothers died,
Seven brave youths—their country's pride,
And thy mother pined with grief,
Soon in death she found relief.

I have nearly run my race ;—
Boy,—remember thy disgrace
Will indeed more bitter be,
Than thy brothers' loss to me.

Fear not therefore thou to die,
Trust in God and Death defy ;
May thy gallant deeds proclaim
Thou art worthy of my name.

O. C. DUTT.

RETRENCHMENT OF STATE EXPENDITURE.

"My falcon flies not at ignoble game."

IN concluding his Minute on Local Taxation, Lord Northbrook thus deploras the paucity of suggestions by the Local Administrations for reduction of expenditure, in reply to a circular addressed them on the subject :—

"Lastly, the Governor-General in Council is obliged to express disappointment that in these papers so few suggestions are made which are likely to lead to reduction of expenditure. His Excellency in Council is confident that this is not owing to any want of willingness on the part of the officers of the Government to promote economy in the administration, wherever possible ; and the subject is commended afresh to the anxious consideration of every Local Government and every influential public officer."

We are not very sanguine, we confess, about the results even of this second appeal. The reduction of a clerk may be recommended here, or of a mohurir or chaprassee there ; or a little curtailment of stationery may be thought of somewhere else. But any really effective suggestions for economising the public expenditure must, from the *very nature of things* as they stand at present, touch the emoluments and the patronage of the very heads of the local administrations themselves ; and the lion, when made the arbiter of his own share, certainly does not think that he has *too much*. If Lord Northbrook is earnest about the matter, therefore, —and we have no doubt that he is so,—His Excellency must take the shears into his own hands, and apply them mercilessly wherever there is a redundant growth to be pared, regardless of the yells of interested factions and cliques. Opposition in this he will have to encounter, no doubt, and powerful opposition too ; but abuses were never put down with rose-water alone, and a financial reformer, above all others, must be prepared to brave the most envenomed darts.

Thirty years ago Sir Charles Napier said:—"In India economy means, laying out as little for the country and for

“noble and useful purposes as you can ; and giving as large salaries as you can possibly squeeze out of the public to individuals, adding large establishments. What is an establishment ? An immense number of half-caste and native clerks to do the work that ought to be done by the head of the office ; then add a large number of messengers, or as they are called *peons* or *chaprassis*—*Anglice*, servants for the private convenience of the chief.” How have matters mended since ? The policy in regard to Public Works and office establishments has undergone some change, no doubt,—hereafter to be more fully remarked upon ; but salaries to individuals continue as large as ever ; and the squeezing process has gone on with an accelerated force, till public discontent, rising to a pitch of almost ominous significance, necessitated a parliamentary enquiry into the financial mismanagement of the country. The Supreme Government, no doubt, tried to meet the evil betimes. Unfortunately Lord Mayo and his counsellors were unable to hit on any thing better than a bit of charlatanry of which a quibbling attorney ought to be ashamed. For what, after all, can be the meaning of the famous Decentralization Scheme but to tell the public of India—‘Oh we know you have been bled enough and are faint ; so we don’t want to bleed you any more. We mean only to hand you over to the tender mercies of your own Provincial Administrations for that.’ Divested of its verbose pomposity, this Resolution is but a disgraceful shirking of responsibility at the best,—an attempt to soothe the goaded horse by applying an additional pair of spurs to its sides.* The country ought to be grateful to Lord Northbrook, therefore, for suspending its operation for the present. In his Lordship’s opinion “no further increase of local taxation is now required.” Under a better system of financial administration, we are sure, it will not be required for many a long year to

* In condemning this Resolution in so far as it arms the Provincial Administrations with powers of taxation, we are not to be understood as condemning also the portion of it which gives them discretionary power as to expenditure from *fixed* assignments.

come. And as His Excellency has invited suggestions for reducing expenditure, we mean in this paper to furnish him with a few.

It was remarked by the Honourable Bullen Smith, in course of the debate called forth by the imposition of the $3\frac{1}{8}$ th per cent. Income Tax, that retrenchment, to be at all effective, must begin at the *top*. There cannot, we believe, be a second opinion on the subject ; and we intend, therefore, to put the proposition here in a somewhat more definite and practical form. The reader may be aware that the emoluments of Sir Charles Napier, including his sumptuary allowance, when holding the double office of Governor of Scinde, and of Commandant of the forces there, did not exceed 7000£ per annum ; and this he considered to be “really very high pay.” When Lord (then Sir Henry) Hardinge wanted to put him “in point of pay on the same footing as “the Lieutenant Governor of the North Western Provinces,” his answer was, “I am quite satisfied ;” and in a letter addressed to his brother at the time, he remarked—“were I “Hardingo, I would not raise the Scinde salary but *pull down* “*all the others.*” But Lord Northbrook *is* Hardinge now. Let him only take his cue from Sir Charles, and savings will be effected as with an enchanter’s wand. The tallest poplars must be lopped the first. This done, it will be easy work with the rest. Until the tallest are reduced to reasonable proportions, however, we do not think that it would be fair or expedient to touch the lesser ones. Neither is such a process likely to be attended with much success. We shall be told perhaps, that wholesale prunings from the top downwards, as is recommended here, will impair the efficiency of the administration. We do not believe a bit of it. Even without being edified by His Excellency of Bombay, we knew very well that “money is the only remedy that has yet “been found [by Englishmen] for life in India.” We never did them injustice by crediting them with any higher motives. It will not be denied, however, that, even with the magnificent salaries, hitherto allowed by India to her rulers, she has not been able to obtain the services of any really first class men. We

doubt, in fact, whether with all her profusion in this respect, she has yet succeeded in attracting a single individual of the calibre of those who constitute the front ranks of Cabinet ministers at home. The truth is that men, with reasonable prospects of a career in their own country, will not be tempted out of it, for considerations of a merely pecuniary kind. We do not mean to imply by this that the Indian services have been wholly destitute of able and distinguished men. But these, measured even by the Indian standard, are rare and exceptional cases—mere sprinklings amongst a mass of which average mediocrity only has formed the rule. And for such mediocrity, we must say, the present scale of Indian civil pay is far too high. To realise fully the truth of this remark, it is necessary only to turn to the openings and prospects which lie before this class of men at home; and Sir Philip Wodehouse, we believe, has (unwittingly) done an acceptable service to the cause of Indian economy by unfolding the secret to the public here. Now—we have it on Sir Philip's authority—"the salary of the mass of "public servants on entering the service of the Crown in England "is perhaps £ 100, or something short of Rs. 100 per month. "They work on for forty years, rising to the highest positions in "their respective departments. They are entrusted with business "affecting the whole world—most confidential and intricate—"and at the end of forty years they arrive at a salary of "£1,000." And "that (adds Sir Philip) is a fair description "of the position of public servants of the best ability and education "in England." Mr. Stephen observed in one of his speeches before the Legislative Council, that Indian emoluments for Englishmen ought to be three times as much as they are at home. According to this scale, then, Indian salaries ought to range only from £300 to £3,000 the year. But how vastly in excess of it are they at present! Were the salaries of our Governors, as hinted by Sir Charles Napier, however, (Bengal, the North-west Provinces, and the Punjab being placed on the same footing with Bombay and Madras) to be fixed at £7,000 per annum, and

the other civil salaries to be cut down in proportion, still the range will be from near £400 to £7,000. In other words, public servants on entering the Indian service will receive 4 times as much as they begin with in England, and after serving for 30 or 35 years, 7 times what they can hope to rise to, after working on for 10 years at home. And are we to be seriously told that men, with due qualifications, will not be found to fill our civil appointments even with such a premium as this? A boarding school Miss, we believe, knows better than *that*! In point of fact, too, we should like to learn what are the prospects, even in this country, of Military and of Medical Officers? Do they not range very nearly within Mr. Stephen's limits—we mean, as 2 and 2 being put together, those limits turn out to be? And yet neither the military nor the medical branch of the service has gone a-begging as yet.

Or, can it with reason be contended that Civilians, as a body, are a more talented and a more highly educated set of men than Military or Medical Officers? In the non-regulation Provinces of the empire, as the reader is well aware, the civil and military are engaged side by side in the discharge of both judicial and administrative duties; let the administration reports of those Provinces say whether the civil have shone to any very decided advantage over their military colleagues. And as to medical officers, no man, in his senses, we think, will maintain that it requires less brain and less industry to master the difficulties of a learned and liberal profession than to go through a special training in mere red-tape rules. The truth is, that each of the three Services has turned out a few more or less eminent men; each contains a goodly number of drones; and in all three the bulk is composed of mere average men. This is, as it always has been and must always be among every body of men, and is wholly independent of any salaries which may be allowed to them. What earthly reason can then be adduced for fixing the civil pay at so much a higher pitch than that of the other two aforesaid branches of the public service? Or what for not placing a joint-magistrate, in point of allowance, on the same footing with a lieutenant or an assistant surgeon?

Sir Philip Wodehouse, in his late address to the Convocation of the Bombay University, (already quoted from) has been at some pains to impress on the mind of his audience, the "drawbacks, troubles, and trials, which foreign service entails on Englishmen in India," for which they ought to be remunerated more highly here than "elsewhere," and more highly also than native gentlemen holding similar posts. We shall not stop to consider the significance of these "drawbacks, trials, and troubles," here as a ground of distinction between European and Native salaries ; but not being peculiar to gentlemen of the Civil Service alone, they cannot certainly be construed into a reason for placing this branch of the service on an exceptionally higher footing as to the pay and allowances of its members. We may just as well take leave to remind His Excellency here, that the scale according to which European officers are still paid and remunerated in this country, was fixed at a time when it took a twelvemonth to receive a reply from home, and when their "drawbacks, troubles, and trials" must have been ten times as great, at least, as now ; and requires some revision, therefore, when one can make a trip to England on a three months' privilege leave.

The *number* also of civil appointments—many of them though filled at present by military officers and some even by uncovenanted men,—calls for the paring knife ; and the many fat sinecures, pressing like so many dead weights on almost every part of the country, will, we are sure, make its application this way an easy work. The expediency of placing the Governments of Madras and Bombay on a level with those of Bengal, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab, and of doing away with the councils and other paraphernalia which, at present, belong to them, is now so generally recognised, and has been urged on the attention of the authorities from so many quarters, as to render it unnecessary that we should do more than make a bare allusion to the subject here. We may observe in passing, however, that the constitution of those Governments was determined at a time when British conquest of the country was radiating

towards the centre from a number of independent points on the coasts,—almost wholly isolated from one another ; and, (economical considerations aside) it must be altogether out of date, even as an anomaly politically, in the present consolidated state of the empire, and when Bombay is in direct communication with Calcutta by rail, and Madras is within an easy distance of the latter by sea.

The axe must next fall on the Financial Minister himself. It is needless to say that this post is only a post-mutiny creation, and was then called into existence only to meet an extraordinary and most emergent financial embarrassment caused by that terrible convulsion. If reason and common sense had been consulted at all in the matter, therefore, it ought, after the crisis had passed away, and matters had returned into their ordinary groove,—to have been sent to the eternal regions with the necessity which gave it birth. Had this been done, the oppression and heart-burning caused by the first Income Tax would soon have been forgotten, or excused or palliated by a felt sense of real public wants. But the budget system (in apish imitation of the practice at home) having been inaugurated with it, the post was kept up for the production only of an (estimated) annual balance sheet, in which the figures were correct on neither side ; which absolutely failed to command the respect or the confidence of the public; and which, to meet imaginary deficits, conjured up by the minister himself, led to the imposition of harassing and oppressive taxes. And thus the jugglery went on till, appalled, as it were, by the extent to which it had carried its prunings, the Supreme Government dropped the scissors from its trembling hands, and invited the Provincial Administrations to take them up, as able to wield them with a firmer nerve. The consequences of this, it would be quite a work of supererogation here to dilate upon. The press both here and in England is resounding with them. In apologising for the errors of estimate in one of Sir Richard Temple's budgets, Lord Mayo cited the hackneyed rule about prophesying, *viz.* 'not to prophesy until you know.' But Sir Richard (he said) was obliged to prophesy without knowing.

We do not question the Financial Minister's right to err under cover of such a patent as this. But it is no reason certainly why the country should be saddled with the cost of a false and blundering prophet. She wants not a privileged and expensive bungler to cast her horoscope once a year. The truth is, that the main bulk of your budget is mere clerical work. Consisting, as it does, of fixed incomes on the one side, and of fixed charges on the other, it is little more than a transcript of the same figures from year to year. The variable items again, which make up the residual part, must of needs, fluctuate from time to time; and nothing is gained, therefore, by attempting to give them a false budget fixity at the commencement of the year. These items, to be sure, can, without any difficulty, be laid before the Viceroy in Council, by a secretary of the department, in a compendious form; and thus the grants to be made for extraordinary works and contingent charges can be determined easily without a pretentious farce. Lord Northbrook, indeed, has virtually abolished the farce this year. What need, then, to keep up the ghost of it at an enormous cost?

It will be perceived from the above remarks, that the Governments of Bombay and Madras, in their present complex and costly form, as well as the Minister of Finance, owe their continuance up to the present day only to a forgetfulness of the circumstances to which their origin is to be traced,—after those circumstances themselves had passed away. The same may be said, in a great measure also, of two out of the three Chief-Commissionerships which have been created within the last 15 or 20 years,—we mean those of the Central Provinces and of Oudh. Chief-Commissionerships are admittedly temporary expedients—as Dictatorships were in Rome,—and intended only to answer some special end. They must be out of date, therefore, when such end has been served. A separate administration for the Central Provinces was necessitated only by their extremely backward state for want of communication with the other parts of the empire. The Saugor and Nerbudda territory, which formed a part

of the N. W. Provinces, could not then be well governed from Allahabad or Agra,—being too distant, almost inaccessible, it may be said, for good supervision from thence. The same may be said of Sumbulpore from Calcutta, which belonged to Bengal at the time. Nagpore itself, again, formed a separate Commissioner-ship by itself, sequestered from the rest of the empire. But the conditions are now altogether changed. Nagpore and Jubbulpore are within twenty-four hours' journey from Bombay by rail ; and Chuttiagurh has been connected with Nagpore by a good carriage road. Neither will Bombay, even with the Central Provinces tacked to it, form a heavier charge than Bengal. Where then is the policy of having two expensive administrations when one will do ? Oudh, in the same way, stood in need of some radical internal changes, when first annexed. New laws had to be introduced, and old institutions had to be wholly annulled or continued only in a modified form. The people, at the same time, had to be reconciled to the pressure of a foreign rule. All this rendered it imperative, of course, that the province should have for a time the undivided attention of a ruler of its own. But these conditions have since been fulfilled. Oudh has now been as much accustomed to British sway as any other province of the empire ; and the economical relations between the different grades of society have also been settled by law. Ethnically the province is closely allied to Hindustan Proper, and geographically it almost forms a part of it. Nothing therefore stands in the way of its amalgamation, administratively, with the latter, with advantage to the State, and consequently to the public at large.

We now come to an extensive genus of animals, whose special varieties have overspread the country under the various names of Commissioners, Inspectors, Superintendents, Supervisors, and the like. If Lord Northbrook will only be pleased to call upon these to shew cause why they should not forthwith cease to be, it would be seen what numbers will have to be consigned to the regions of darkness at once. Here then lies a most promising field for retrenchment before his Lordship ! We can vouch for it that

many of the class under notice have literally nothing to do beyond compiling an annual report from data supplied them by the officials below; and well may the uninitiated ask what the nature and value of this report must be. Bishop Hober, when reviewing Lord Byron's tragedy of *Cain* for the *Quarterly*, naively observed to a friend,—“Of course, I have had occasion to find a reasonable quantity of fault.” So the first thing with your Commissioners and Inspectors in preparing their annual report is “to find a reasonable quantity of fault,” somewhere or with something done. The good Bishop was driven into this *finding* in consequence of being forestalled, in regard to the really salient points of criticism, by a rival of greater taste and skill. But Commissioners and Inspectors, it must be allowed, have a much better reason for following in his steps. Were they to do otherwise, their very occupation will be gone. And then as to the rest of the report, we neither distort nor exaggerate matters when we say, that it has for its basis only some tabulated figures, prepared by a mohurrir on 15 or 20 Rs. a month, (resting, in many cases, on the respectable authority of village *kutwals*, or such like reliable dignitaries,) and is made up of comparisons chiefly of these with the like figures of the previous year. But all this, of course, is laid before the reporter ready cut and dry by his office clerks. All that the great man himself has to do is to add some remarks by way of explaining away the discrepancies between the two years' results. And this he does by indenting on his imagination as best he may; for up to the time of taking up his pen he knew just as much of his subject, or cared to know, as the man in the moon. How precious must be the result!

It deserves to be noted here that the offices of a portion of the class under reference serve also as posting stages for letters and communications between the Secretariats and the offices below. But the labor, the wear and tear of brain, caused by these halts, may be summed up thus:—When the letter or communication is travelling in an upward direction, it has to be forwarded, of course, under a decent cover. This begins with the time-honored

official *join*—"I have the honor to submit for the consideration of &c. &c." Then follows a repetition of the contents of the enclosure itself;—to conclude only with another unvarying *join*—"Under these circumstances I request, or solicit, or recommend," as the case may be. And thus the upward work is done. When the letter or communication has to be sent downwards again, even this expenditure of force is hardly required. The natural law of gravity, perhaps, being then relied upon, it is let fall with precisely five stereotyped words—"Forwarded for information and guidance." We would give much to learn if these halts serve any better purpose than to retard the progress of work—causing, necessarily, no small amount of inconvenience to the outside public. The cost of this luxury has to come from their own pockets too!

Some there are again,—and these, perhaps, the most curious of all—mere heads without trunks or limbs of their own, and grafted forcibly on some other departments to serve instead. These bear the new weight with a hearty aversion, of course, and refuse, as often as they can, to do its biddings. Being fixtures in an unnatural position, and unable to execute any movements at will, these grafted heads—poor fellows!—find it difficult to collect materials even for the manufacture of an orthodox yearly report. Their sole business, in consequence, is to bewail annually, like Syrian damsels for Thammuz's wound, their own luckless fate in being unable to carry out their intentions about this or that, owing to their (valuable) efforts not being properly seconded by the departments to which they had to look for aid. A good return this, no doubt, for the thousands which have year after year to be paid to them.

Seriously, we state it as a conviction forced on our mind by ten years of close official experience, that much of what is called departmental supervision and control is a mere sham and delusion, or only meddlesome interference which never leads to good. Your inspection tours mean only shooting excursions at the public cost, to end with just half an hour's walk through the

wards of a hospital or a jail ; a hurried examination of a class in a school, perhaps in a language which the examiner knows not ;* or a cursory glance at some office routine, as the nature of the case may be. Then “a reasonable quantity of fault” being found, as a matter of course, the inspecting or supervising officer takes his leave, chuckling in his sleeves, as he thinks—ah ! there’s some matter for the next annual report. Next, as to the current work of an inspecting or supervising office, the six days of the week may be said to be occupied thus :—Monday, in passing a circular order for observance by the offices below ; Tuesday, in explaining away its inconsistency with some other order of a previous date ; Wednesday, in amending the order in consequence of some misgivings being felt as to the sufficiency of the explanation given ; Thursday, in suspending or cancelling it, doubts still continuing to start up ; Friday, in calling upon the subordinate offices to explain why the order has not been acted upon, forgetting that it has been suspended or cancelled ; Saturday, in reviving it again on the suspension or cancellation being brought to notice.† The reader will readily understand how, under such a chaos of clashing and contradictory orders,—each new incumbent being ambitious also to inaugurate a system of his own, making a more or less clean sweep of all that his predecessors had done,—references and explanations must multiply without end, and thus valuable time is wasted in correspondence without any real progress being made. Every thing, we are sure, will go on a great deal more smoothly and expeditiously if the real workers were left a little more to themselves, and were less hampered by orders passed in ignorance of details, and clumsy and unsuitable in point

* The writer being required to be present at one of these examinations was not a little amused by a Circle Inspector of Schools (deaf too, into the bargain !) examining classes in Urdu and Hindi, of which he was unable to read a paragraph himself with ordinary fluency or ease.

† This is no imagination. The records of any office almost will shew how very large a proportion of them is made up of the same things *done*, *done* and *re-done*, round and round.

of practical application. But the present is altogether a top-heavy system, there being just three men to superintend and inspect the work which one has to perform. And as in nature, whatever is, tries to continue to be, these Inspectors and Superintendents, to prolong their own existence, are obliged to create bastard and spurious work in the absence of any thing real or genuine to do. Look at Commissioners of Revenue, for instance, in Bengal and the North West Provinces, side by side with a Revenue Board. Now that the work of the department has been reduced to one of mere routine, can any man in his senses believe that there is still enough of *needful* occupation for both. It passes our comprehension to perceive what will be lost by placing Collectors in direct communication with the Board itself; or why the Board, assisted by a couple of well-paid Secretaries, cannot be equal to the task of holding the reins over them. Or, if Commissioners are to be preferred to the Board, what earthly advantage is gained by keeping up this costly establishment only to serve as a buffer between the Local Governments and them. Are not Inspectors General and District Superintendents of Police an anomaly also, after their work has been reduced to almost microscopic dimensions by the virtual subordination of the department to the Magistrate of the District? His Excellency the Viceroy, we think, would do well to look to the whole thing with a scrutinizing eye.

Office establishments, we believe, have now been cut down to as low a point as, consistently with the work to be performed, it could be done. But much of this, as indicated above, is mere spurious work, entailed on them by the spurious tribe of officers animadverted upon in the above. When these are swept off, further reductions may be feasible even in this unpromising quarter.

Another way of economising work may also be noticed here. "The whole style of the civil and military correspondence in India (says Sir Charles Napier) is bad and vulgar, and not "business-like. Instead of pith, half a sheet is filled with titles "and references and dates, where a Horse Guards' letter would

“at once touch the subject; and when you wade through this stuff . . . you come to nothing comprehensible at last, and you have then “to refer to other letters for explanation of the one in your hand.” Compared with the labor of wading through a file of Indian official correspondence, all other labor—not excepting even the perusal of Dr. Nares’ Life of Burleigh,—were, as Macaulay would say, “but an agreeable recreation.” In unmeaning verbiage it is quite a model in its way, and cannot be surpassed. It would seem as if Indian officials were determined to spare no pains to verify the Frenchman’s remark—that language was given to man to hide his thoughts. But can nothing be done to put a stop to this vicious practice? Forensic speeches, among the ancient Athenians, were limited and regulated by the *clepsydra* or water clock, and the advocate was obliged to stop as soon as the water had run out. And it is to this practice that much of the terseness and conciseness of Grecian oratory has been ascribed. India would be grateful for a *clepsydra* to confine, within reasonable limits, on paper, the effusions of official wisdom. No small amount of time and labor would be saved by it, and the public pocket would, in proportion, be spared.

The short-sighted economy with regard to Public Works has been replaced by an extravagance which is altogether blind; and the mischief is the more threatening here in-as-much as the tax-payer, who has to meet the enormous expenditure, thus recklessly incurred, is not always sure whom he has to thank for forcing it on him. Witness, for instance, the gladiatorial struggle between Mr. Grant Duff and Sir Charles Trevelyan, in the examination of the latter before the Financial Committee, about the paternity of the big “reproductive” barracks costing the country some ten millions of pounds. The Under-Secretary struggled hard to credit the Government of India with the responsibility of them. Sir Charles retorted that “the formation of the sanitary stream was in England.” But what with dates to compare, and conflicting quotations from despatches to adjust, the tax-payer is puzzled how fairly to divide his maledictions

between the two. This very anxiety to cast off responsibility, thus manifested on either side, shows, however, how heartily ashamed—now that they have to swallow the results,—the authorities both here and in England must be of the stupendous blunder which has entailed so heavy a sacrifice on the Indian public. And, as it would be too much to hope that this blunder were the last of its kind, when embryo-theorists and interested improvement-mongers are so busy, it behoves the Viceroy, as the appointed and responsible ruler of the country, to be, above all things, on his guard against the broadside which must every now and then be presented by these delectable benefactors of mankind, especially from home. On this most exposed side, in fact, His Excellency is the sole bulwark of the numerous millions whose destinies have been committed to his care. Were he to yield to every pressure put by the Secretary of State, dancing to the music of sympathetic London sanitarians, engineers, and the rest, the fate of the Indian taxpayer would be sealed. But this must not be allowed. The tide must be rolled back by firm and vigorous representations of the financial state and resources of the country, and of the sufferings and oppression caused by the imposition of new and additional taxes. It is thus only by stemming the current at its fountain-head, that wasteful expenditure can in future be avoided, and grievous delusions cease to be perpetrated in the deceitful name of public works. The executive machinery of the department must also, in some measure, be recast. After the fate of the Saugor and Allahabad barracks, its faulty constitution must be patent to all. Mere paper supervision may be reduced with advantage perhaps ; but the quality of the actually working staff requires to be improved. The subordinates of the department, we fear, are too much exposed to temptation under the present regime ; and so long as this state of things is suffered to continue, Government can hardly expect a fair return for its money. Waste, too, will not be stopped.

The reductions of the Military Department are not to be discussed at the far end of an article. It is necessary that a

separate paper should be devoted to the subject. We conclude, therefore, with an observation of Sir Charles Napier, the truth and justice of which must touch a chord in every heart :—" Every shilling taken beyond the just expense of Government in any country is robbery." It is for His Excellency the Viceroy in Council to see that *no such robbery is going on under his rule.*

B

RICE HARVESTS IN BENGAL.

BY ARCYDAR.

To travel among rice plains and jungly vegetation, among groups of lowly huts, clumps of bamboos and mangoe topes covering and darkening the villages, with no other companions than the simple and wretched villagers, now sowing the *Aûsh dhan* under the midday sun, and now dragged to the Zemindar's *kachari* for inability to pay rent,—how many of you, neatly dressed Babus of Calcutta, will accompany us in this rustic undertaking? How many of you will care to accompany us through dark, jungly, perhaps malarious villages that may give you the fever,—how many of you will travel through almost unending fields of corn under the midday sun which may give you the sun-stroke? Few we apprehend. But if there are any who consider the task of investigating into the habits and occupations of considerably over half of the people of Bengal as an interesting one,—who amid the astounding progress of our towns have cast a sorrowful look towards the stagnant condition of their brethren of the villages,—who have in solitary moments thought and felt within themselves that the true progress of this country will only commence when the poor Bengal ryot will be bettered in condition,—such we shall gladly have as our companions in our sojourn in the villages, and to such we commend this article.

The Bengali year commences with the month of Vaisâkh (April, May,) and agricultural work in Bengal may also be said to commence with that month. Fields parched up by the rainless

winter and spring of Bengal are ploughed up by the cultivators early in Vaisákh, and the first rains of this month are hailed as a warning that the time for *Aúsh* sowings has come. After a long dry season the earth receives as with grateful joy the first showers of Vaisákh, and the cultivators with no less joy and gratitude begin their *Aúsh* sowings on the moistened face of the earth.

It is well known that the two great classes of rice in Bengal are the *Aúsh* and the *Aman*. The *Aúsh* is sown early as we have seen and grows on high lands, and is reaped early too, viz. in the month of Bhadro (August, September.) The name is probably derived from the word *ásu* which means early. The *Aman* on the other hand almost feeds entirely on rain, and is sown on low lands which are inundated year after year. It is sown rather late, viz. in Ashadh (June, July) when heavy rains have moistened and almost inundated the earth, and reaped late in the Bengali year, viz. in Agraháyana and Pous (December.) The *Aman* is the finer and dearer sort of rice used by the middle and upper classes of Bengal, and is of various kinds such as *Dádkhání*, *Bálám*, &c. The *Aúsh* is cheaper and coarser, and used only by poor people and the villagers.

In the annual rice sowings the Maháján has an important part to play, and we must therefore make a few observations relating to him. The mahájans discharge a very important function in the social economy of Bengal, so important indeed, that all agricultural work would be at a stand still without their assistance. The improvidence of the Bengal ryot is well known,—indeed it is the natural result of the circumstances under which he is placed and has been placed for centuries together. Prudence and foresight in people presuppose times of security,—times when prudent calculations have at least a fair chance of being realized. For, unless what is saved to-day may be fairly expected to be enjoyed to-morrow, all foresight is fruitless and abstinence folly. Unfortunately however the long roll of Indian history does not disclose to us one instance of a sunny era when the peasants could

with tolerable certainty expect to enjoy the fruits of their savings. What with the exactions of Subadars and Zemindars and taxgatherers, what with the ravages of external and internal war, and what with the periodical devastation of predatory races, security was never known to the poor people of India. Even to the present day the relationship existing between the zemindars and the ryots do not, we are bound to say, foster habits of foresight and prudence among the people. All these circumstances have had their influence on the formation of the character of the Indian peasant and made him what he is—a creature without foresight, caring only for to-day and unable or unwilling to provide for to-morrow. When therefore that to-morrow comes,—when the ryot wants money either to pay a tax or for his own support,—either to pay the Zemindar's rent or to sow his lands, he must borrow money or *dhan* at any rate at which it can be had ; and exorbitant rates have naturally raised a class of people who following different pursuits of life depend mainly on lending money. Nor is it the ryot alone who is so improvident. The Zemindar, the Taluqdar, the Gantidar, every one resorts to the Maháján in times of need, and resorts to him not in vain. People who know little of village life have been started at hearing the rates of interest (which are never less than 25 per cent, and seldom less than $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent) at which mahájans lend their money and *dhan* ; and Government we hear are contemplating taking steps in this subject. We are afraid such steps if taken will produce much harm and no good. The prudence and foresight of the money lenders compensate for the improvidence of the entire village population of Bengal ; and they, as a body save entire classes of people from utter ruin year after year. Not even half the zemindars could pay revenue to Government every year independently of the assistance of the mahájans and hardly 10 percent of the ryots could without such assistance carry on their agricultural work year after year. They borrow *dhan* mostly in Vaisákh for the purposes of sowing as well as to live upon, and pay off this agricultural debt at a high rate of interest either at the *Ásh* harvest in Bhadra, or at the *Āman*

harvest in Magh. Nor would the rates seem exorbitant when we consider it a tax which shameless improvidence pays to the only means that can save it from ruin,—when we further consider the risk undertaken, the difficulties which often attend recovery, and above all the universality of the demand. Indeed in this case, as in every other case of a similar nature, the laws of demand and supply regulate and determine the rates, and government interference will only create mischief. Any usury laws that may be enacted are sure to be evaded, and the poor ryots,—the borrowers,—would have to pay the cost of such illegal evasion over and above the rates.

We hope we shall not be mistaken. It is not our intention to defend money lending as a profession;—we admit all that has been said against it, we admit it has a demoralizing effect on those who borrow, and smothers all noble feelings in those who lend, by teaching them to extort their heartless gain in the coolest and cruellest manner from starving poverty and distress. But admitting all this, we maintain that the profession has become a necessity and settled down into a custom, and Government interference will only do harm. Is it expected that a single enactment will in one day change the improvident habits which the people, as we have already seen, have acquired in centuries? If not, the only other means to do away with money lending at high rates would be for Government to advance money and *dhan* at smaller rates,—taking upon themselves the burdensome duty of realizing their loans from poor ryots. We hardly believe our Government are prepared to go so far, as it would involve them in endless complications and lawsuits. Then, there is simply *no* other alternative than to leave matters alone. But to return to our story from our long digression.

We have seen fields ploughed up and *Añsh* sown early in *Vaisákh* (April, May) *Vaisákh* and *Jyastha* pass on, rains increase, until in *Ashadh* (June, July) the skies assume a darksome aspect and rain comes down in torrents. The rainy season in Bengal is certainly one of the most magnificent phenomena that nature

presents in any part of the world, though it fails to strike us on account of our familiarity with it. Skies are filled with deep purple clouds darkening the atmosphere with an aspect of terror and unearthly gloom, lurid flashes of lightning dazzle the eye with their uncommon brilliancy, loud booms of thunder reverberating through the wide atmosphere proclaim to an awe-struck world the wrath of Heaven, storms and cyclones of excessive might batter down huts and trees and howl and sweep across the devoted country with the fury of infernal beings, and torrents of rain such as may be witnessed in very few countries deluge fields and meadows and make rivers inundate entire districts. Miles and miles together in districts near the Sunderbunds remain under water knee-deep or waist-deep for months, and villages which are built on elevated tracts of lands appear like floating islands surrounded by wide masses of waters. It is in such districts that *Aman* grows in super abundance. The Ganges becomes extraordinarily powerful during the rainy weather, spreading her sea-like expanse over miles and miles together, and sweeping away thousands of acres and entire villages in her imperious wrath.

During this inclement weather the peasant does not remain idle. Nursed by the heavy rains the *Aûsh* shoots up rapidly, but with *Aush* also shoot up grass and weeds to choke its growth, and it is only by repeated weeding that the corn retains its health. Nor is weeding by any means a pleasant affair. Toiling in mud and mire, insensible of wind and rain, the peasant looks after his corn with the affection of a parent and is never tired of doing any thing and every thing conducive to a good harvest. Nor must we here forget to mention that it is in this season that *Aman* is sown. It is in the month of Ashadh when lands are well saturated with rain that *Aman* is sown on low lands, and with increasing rain the *dhan* shoots up with mushroom growth.* But of this hereafter.

* Some few species of *Aman* are however sown along with *Aûsh* in *Vaisakh*. They grow together on the same soil, and when *Aûsh* is reaped in *Bhadra*, *Aman* is sown in the same field and is reaped along with it. species of

Ashadh passes on, and by the latter end of Sravan (July, August) the *Aush* gets ripe, and the harvest fairly sets in in Bhadra (August, September.) Rural prospects in Bhadra are by no means uninteresting. Trees and shrubs and thick groves, washed by recent showers and sparkling under the Indian sun, present a peculiarly fresh and cheerful aspect, and interminable fields of waving golden corn spread their vast sea-like expanse on every side of the rural wayfarer. And now the *Aush* harvest begins. The ryots view with joy the fields of uniform gold that stretch before their eye and begin their pleasant work at once.

Aush is reaped and gathered.—Where?—in the barn houses of the ryots?—Alas! no. The mahajans who lent their money and dhan must now be paid at a high rate of interest. If money was lent, the rate of interest is generally $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and if *dhan* was lent in Vaisakh,—half as much again (*derhi*) or a quarter as much again (*shai*) must be paid back by the end of Bhadra, and this means over hundred per cent. and over fifty per cent. respectively for the whole year. Then again the Zemindar, whose claims legal as well as illegal the ryot can hardly ever pay off in full, comes upon the poor ryot at this harvest time, and when their dues are paid or partly paid the ryot,—he who has labored in morning and in evening, in mud and in mire, in rain, wind and hail, for growing the crops,—has little left to carry home. Alas poor Bengal ryot! when will education enable thee to hold thy own against all others and make thee a prudent, provident and independent creature?

Harvest is a pleasant thing all over the world, and certainly it is not the least pleasant in Bengal. In Italy, France, and other vine producing countries the festivities at vintage gladden the villagers after their annual labor, and certainly the Hindus whose joyousness of spirit is peculiarly adapted to festivities and celebrations yield neither to the Italian nor to the French. The season too is the pleasantest in the year. The heat of summer has departed, and yet winter has not yet come in, rains have disappeared, waters have subsided or are fast subsiding, and the earth rising as

it were from a salubrious bath appears in fresher loveliness and richer green. In such a delightful season the *Aush* harvest closes with Bhadra, and Aayin (September, October) therefore witnesses the commencement of a series of festivities equalled in no other part of the world. A beautiful custom draws together brother and sister on the last day of the Durga Puja,—draws together parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, friend and friend,—aye the most distant relatives to embrace and bless each other with the fulness of heart.

We have viewed the Puja as a harvest festival. It must be admitted however that at present it has very little of the character of a harvest festival, though it undoubtedly originated as such. Nor is it difficult to conjecture the causes which have led to this change. Bengal has always been pre-eminently an agricultural country, and with the exception of Government officers, almost the entire population, including shopkeepers and money lenders, traders and merchants, were intimately connected with villages and village-life, and often had acres of land of their own;—and indeed had their *homes* in villages though most of them lived in towns for the greater part of the year to conduct business. A large portion of the money therefore that accumulated in the country was often spent in villages on various occasions, and on all these occasions the ryots were allowed freely to mingle and share in the joy and festivities. Thus, though the ryots had never probably the competence to indulge in the luxury of Pujas and celebrations themselves, the fact of their freely mingling in the festivities held by the *matubbur* men in the village immediately after the harvest gave such celebrations pre-eminently the character of harvest festivals. Two causes have operated in the way of putting a stop to this state of things. The Muhammadan rulers of our country vigorously proselytized the people, till, as we now find, almost half the agriculturists and cultivators changed their religion, and with their religion gave up their ancient usages. A second and perhaps a still more potent cause will be found in the fact of the contact of this country with European civilization,

Among the many latent but important results of which this contact has been the cause,—not the least important result will be found in the increased importance with which towns are invested, and the wide gulf which has been created between towns and villages. European notions of Utility and Division of labor have caused a general rush of all well-to-do people towards towns, and a desertion of villages to the cultivators. Few will be inclined to question that this is a fact. Nine tenths of the well-to-do people who have now settled down in Calcutta and the suburbs will be able to trace, that their ancestors at no distant date were villagers, or at least had their *homes* in villages though they may have frequented towns often enough. Thus towns are in the present day daily increasing in magnitude and importance, and the wealth of the country is spent in towns. Pujas too have migrated from villages to towns along with those who are competent to celebrate them, and have almost grown into a town institution,—though even now Zemindars and other well-to-do people celebrate them in the *moffussil*. But to our story.

We have seen *Aman* sown in the month of *Ashadh*. There is a main distinction between the *Aman* and the *Aush* as regards the seasons favorable to their growth. *Aman* suffers in drought' and *Aush* in years of excessive rain, and it is only in years of moderate rain fall that both crops flourish. *Aman* requires no weeding, it increases with increasing rain, but when little plants have shot up they must be transplanted. The process of transplantation is rather an arduous one, as the plants which have grown promiscuously have to be taken one by one and arranged in uniform rows so that they may grow healthily and steadily. Much rain is wanted in the season of transplanting, but when once transplanted, the *Aman* requires no more looking after. Transplantation generally takes place in *Bhadra* (August, September.)

Aswin (September, October,) and *Kartik* (October, November,) are comparatively speaking months of idleness among the peasantry, in so far at least as the rice harvests are concerned, and the *Puja* festivities which commence in *Aswin* (not among the

peasantry though,) are continued almost unremittingly throughout Kartik. By the middle of Aughran (November, December,) the *Aman* is ripe and harvest fairly sets in at the latter end of that month.

We shall not here forget to mention the temporary emigration which takes place in Pous, (December, January) year after year in Bengal. We have stated before that *Aman* grows best in inundated tracts, and the districts bordering on the Sunderbunds which are inundated year after year produce a plentiful supply of *Aman* more than the cultivators can hope to reap unaided. And as this *Aman* ripens somewhat later than *Aman* in other parts of the country, laborers from all parts can afford after reaping the *Aman* of their own villages to swarm to the Sunderbunds in large numbers with the certain hope of finding work in the *Aman* reaping time, and in this hope they are never disappointed. Thus peasants from all parts of the country crowd to these districts unmindful of malarious atmosphere, of risk, danger and death, each peasant presenting himself to the master under whom he worked in the preceding year, and returning to his own village after corn is reaped, with his fixed quantum of corn as his wages. This annual trip of thousands and tens of thousands of people to the Sunderbunds forms, it must be confessed, a curious commentary on the proceedings of the planters of Bengal. The employers of labor in the Sunderbunds have no agents, they promise no exorbitant wages, they do not provide against risk or illness, they have no dispensaries even though the field of labor is unhealthy and malarious, they do not even provide for proper accomodation for laborers; and yet laborers crowd to the Sunderbunds with alacrity in spite of stounding drawbacks. Why is it that English planters in Bengal with all their brilliant promises often fail to obtain *willing* laborers? Let each answer the question for himself.

The *Aman* harvest closes with Pous (December, January.) The *Aush* harvest, we have seen, is the cause of much rejoicing. The time of the *Aman* harvest is not so favorable to outdoor

merriment, as the cold of Pous keeps people within doors. And yet the people of Bengal recognize the joyousness of the occasion and observe an *in door* practice which certainly does not yield to the merry christmas of England in hilarity and merry-making. On the last day of Pous is held the Pous Parban or *Amani* Parban, as it is sometimes called, which means the festival of the *Aman* harvest. Families gather together in joy and observe a variety of little rites and ceremonies, but the chief part of the festival consists, even like the christmas of cold December, in a warm and hearty dinner, in the preparation and distribution of warm and delicious cake prepared from a variety of materials.

Thus ends Pous. In Magh (January and February) there is little paddy business. In Falgun (February, March) and Chaitra (March, April) many of the ryots who do not grow any other crops on their lands but rice, plough up their land for rice sowings in Vaisakh. With Chaitra closes the Bengali year.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA. ✓

GRATITUDE.

“THERE is not,” says Addison, “a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude.” This I take to be the most charming piece of IRONY my eyes ever lighted upon in writings, grave or gay, prose or poetical. “Cruelly kind” is an instance of bold figure—very bold indeed; but “pleasingly grateful” is *sans pareil*! In these cases, as in those of PATCHES, the more violent the contrast, the more resistless the effect. It is quite possible to conceive an act, kind in itself, associated with cruelty.

“I will speak daggers to her but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.”

Rank hypocrites often prove our best friends on whose seeming cruelty depend our being and prosperity. But for the feigned indignation of our parents and instructors, where and what

would we have been? I assume that *malice prepense* on the part of parents, outside bodlam, is a moral impossibility. The voice of nature cries too vehemently against the monstrosity to permit the entertainment of the supposition for a single moment. There is a secret wire that flashes the sensations of youths to the innermost souls of those who gave them birth. Whatever grieves the child grieves the mother. To inflict pain on her own offspring is to inflict pain on herself. If then she wounds at all, she wounds but to cure. Would, we could predicate the same of school-masters, as a body, without perjuring ourselves or exciting the risible faculties of our readers! We know, to our bitter cost, that most of these titular deities are as sad misnomers as are *Gooroos* themselves, the one efficiently finishing the work of destruction which the other began. *Pur noble fratrum!* Equally void of sympathy, equally void of discretion, equally void of experience, the heroes of the birch pretend to lash into the pates of tender youths, what they themselves never learnt, by a Procrustean system of suiting intellects of different sizes to the same stereotyped programme with mutilations more inhuman than those resorted to by the contriver of the iron bed, conjointly accomplishing within a short decade the complete ruin of the wards, and blasting for ever the golden dreams of the guardians. The old woman in the story, seeing that the Dewan fells no wood and draws no water, believed his office to be a sinecure, and complacently jumped into the conclusion that her spoiled child, if fit for nothing else, would make a capital Dewan at any rate! Our old women, in brooches and top-boots, seem to run away with a notion similar to that of the philosophic matron in question. Any body and every body can successfully play the pedagogue, from the itinerant fiddler even unto the cook! The only qualification necessary being, as a late humourist felicitously expressed himself, the tact of sitting *garam* in the chair! *Garam* these worthies white, black or blue, are with a vengeance, and that, in more senses than one, as our urchins counting more marks than years on their backs abundantly testify. Small wonder then that tutored by this motley crew of

ragamuffins, passing giddy with thirty pounds a year, our INCORRIGIBLES, alike blunt in flesh and feeling, are simultaneously matriculated in the Calcutta and Bordeaux universities, leviathans quite invulnerable to coaxing or thrashing from friends or foes.—

“He that has but impudence,
To all things has a fair pretence ;
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.”

But to the subject, —cruelty is not incompatible with kindness nor is pleasure with grief. Most people know, for alas ! how few escape the poisoned darts of the fell archer, who, true to his infernal resolve, is over busy in perverting the benevolent ends of kind Providence by rudely tearing away from the bosom of the happy family the venerable sire, whose vast erudition and matured understanding always proved a rock of strength to the juvenile members, otherwise hopelessly lost in the meshes of worldly entanglements, the woeful inheritance of weak humanity. Or it may be the little baby, who, yet ignorant of the dread destiny, bewildered and astounded by the ill-understood virulence of the mortal fit, in vain resorts to its wonted defence, the cry, that has hitherto never failed to bring succour within reach. Oh ! what succour can avail when grim Death holds the victim within his giant grasp, chuckling over the rich repast, and enjoying the tremendous crash of hopes piled over hopes on this fragile foundation by the fond couple whom Immortality itself could not guarantee the realization of the smallest fraction. Or worse still, it may be the mother of the child ! That fairy form, to whose benign smile of approbation ever ticked the touched needle of his soul. Nothing pleasure he held but what was shared by her ; nothing pain, on which she poured the balm of her heart-felt sympathy. She was the buoy which kept his sole craft of comfort afloat. Snapped is the hawser, and wrecked his argosy, buried, buried, fifty fathoms deep below the icy brine, leaving him an insolvent, with assets of ease absolute *nil* ! Vacant, by the fire-side, is her seat ; vacant around the festive board ; dreary

and lonesome is the homestead. She is dead and with her is dead the whole world, yea as dead as Death itself ! I say most people know, how dearly at moments like these, the bereaved soul would purchase an hour's respite from the din and bustle of business, from the empty forms and formularies of convention, from the vanities of human life so recently, ah ! so emphatically, pointed out by the finger of Fate ; and, burying himself within the innermost recess of a hermit's cell, uninterrupted, enjoy the luxury of grief ! Anxiously recall to mind every feature, every gesture, every dimple that betokened the flash of her pearly teeth ! Snatch the angel from the past and revel in the honey of her company ! Condolence is impertinent mockery to him, and ceremony is worm-wood to his lacerated heart which bleeds anew at every set phrase cooked up for the occasion, and abominates tears screwed out by effort. What is the world to him or he to the world ? Why should he plod in the jog-trot groove of the social orbit, and continue to grin when others grin for mere grinning's sake ? The centripetal force that confined him so long to the restrained course has ceased to operate and now he "can fly" or he "can run" though Heaven knows ! his task is far, far from being "smoothly done !"

Nature, they say, abhors a vacuum. Whether she does or does not I cannot tell, as the coquettish Dame never vouchsafed to open the least bit of her mind to me. How other chaps have managed to discover on which day of July she is to shut up shop, and perform Suttie with the *Koolin* comet whom the astute *Dai-bagga*, in the land of the Philistines, evesdropped, on the tops of the Neelghirries to catch imprinting a pretty lusty kiss on her right cheek, must ever remain to me a perfect mystery. This much at any rate is certain :—that one thing cannot hate another with greater sincerity than that with which the human mind abhors pain.

"Pain, thou sole perfect thing to earth assign'd,

The body take, but spare, oh spare the mind.

Wreck'd on thy rocks, or on thy billows tost,

Oh, save the compass, though the bark be lost"

Shade of Epicurus! Once more revisit this sphere of fun and folly, and witness the triumph of thy philosophy, in spite of the host of unscrupulous detractors, who, disgracefully beaten over and over again off the legitimate field of discussion, had recourse to the nasty trick of cowards, and attempted to stifle by scandal what they failed to put down by argument. Witness how modern Catos have taken to ventilated sola hats, and modern Didos have ceased to pinch themselves to death by cramming their muscular amazon feet within the narrow dimensions of kid skin boots imported from Lilliput. Witness how bullocks have been exempted from running like "race horse," and how dogs and "lady dogs" have been taught to die like saints without a groan! Drawing one's own entrails, however, like so many yards of red tape in the Circumlocution office, or mounting the ignited pyre, is nothing in comparison to the acute pain caused by humiliation. But for the direct evidence to the contrary, one would feel disposed to trace the origin of man to Lucifer. Lucifer lineaments are visibly stamped on his mind. He will stand any amount of scratching out side, but forthwith shows fight the moment an attempt is made to push the nail deeper. Neither inoculation nor vaccination protects the man from the infection of sensibility. Office, rank, education all succumb under its galvanic influence. Touch the secret string and Milton forgets his poetry, and the egotistic, opinionative, self-sufficient, pedantic, redundant, Samuel Johnson LL. D. bellows like a mad bull, and bolts out of the mansion to which he was led by his own interest! The fact is, justly or unjustly, each man places himself on a certain pedestal from which he will not be kicked off without a tooth and nail struggle. In other words we cannot afford to be snubbed, and nothing so successfully snubs as the sense of the so-called gratitude! Like BEERBUL'S cat it ever cripples the growth and stints the enjoyments of the fated wretch who, "once on a time," had the misfortune to accept a favor from his neighbour. Like the contagion of the 14th Act disease, gratitude runs through the veins of the recipient, and contaminates the life blood of unborn generations. Can any thing

more harassing be conceived than the stone of Sisyphus transmitted from father to son through time without end? Granted some acknowledgement is due on the part of the man helped out of embarrassments, will nothing square the accounts between the parties concerned in this fowl transaction? Will not mountains of gold cancel the obligation, and blot out the stain from the pages of memory? While every thing else on earth is transient, will gratitude alone be endless and everlasting, though the acknowledgement of it, in all shapes, and under all circumstances, must naturally and necessarily be peculiarly distasteful to spirits not crushed by anachronic custom? Will enfranchised youth pay heed to the denunciations of loquacious dotage, and certify that wisdom which is the very quintessence of folly and absurdity? Is the brand of infamy to be cherished as an heir-loom by posterity?—

“Woe to him whose daring hand profanes

The honored heirlooms of his ancesters.”

Thrice woe, I say, to that slave of prejudice who would belie his nature and hug the pageant of a myth for a deservedly forgotten ancestor. He who succeeds to an estate may be supposed to succeed to its liabilities; but he who inherits no property inherits no obligation. The Debit and Credit side of the gratitude account-current must close with the close of the Caterpillar pauper career. Natural laws of limitation will not recognise it as open to the prejudice of glittering Butterflies, who can ill afford to encumber their overburdened memories with such antiquated associations.

High on a gorgeous seat that far out-shone

Tagrag's brass chain, or Bobtail's borrow'd stone,

Or that where on her Swells the public pours,

All-bounteous, sawder soft and windsor showers

Great FUNGUS sits

All glorious! Around him sit a galaxy of grandees of high and low degree. Developed into the full sized Barrak Baboo by the abundance of Commissariat ghee, he reigns supreme within the sacred hallow of official dignity at a safe distance from home, and

benignly doles out to his unsuspecting satellites, measured smiles more sincerely coveted by all than was ever gold coveted by a miser. . . Genuine patrician looks beam forth from his radiant face when he deigns to drop a patronising word or two on this or that lucky wight whose rare good fortune continues the staple talk of the whole Cantonement for an entire fortnight. His mind is eternal sun shine! without a single speck to bedim the lustre of the firmament from one end to the other, save and except, when, at distant intervals, the Dak peon hands over a crippled "Bearing" message in hieroglyphics. On occasions like these, an ominous dark spot, very small, smaller than a mathematical ponit, is visible above the brilliant horizon ; but the recurring cyclone of gaities soon blows it off, leaving an impression no deeper than that of foot print on drifting sand. Durbars by day, and corousals by night, constitute the "grammar" of his life ; but present preparations are unusually grand. It is the birth night of *Mundarjan*, his favourite mahomedan mistress. Who will describe the decorations of the spacious gilded hall, the magnificence of leveried servants, the blaze of aristocratic guests, or the fascinations of the dancing girl, the train of her golden *Peshoes* sweeping behind her slender form that, with airy steps, oscillates in the centre, now softly waving the delicate coloured palm, now archly drawing the thin veil, of Benares texture, over half her large black eye, which, from underneath the eclipse, flashes permanent lightening, while her syren voice cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war! FUNGUS is half liquid! When lo and behold! his voluptuous eyes encounter two others twinkling over a bag of bones, that, by some sort of miracle still retains the power of locomotion, and sensibility enough to wind round the waist which an infant could span, a few inches of linen unacquainted with any laundry in any part of the globe! Slowly but steadily moves the spectre, and plants itself close to the *musnud*! Petrified stand the armed guard, and wonder holds the proud assembly mute. All eyes are fixed on the apparition, all lips are hermetically sealed. A pin-drop silence prevails, which is ultimately broken by the

beseeking enquiry of a distinguished guest. Choked with—"pleasing gratitude" eh!—a voice at last faintly replies, "Y-e-s, the old man was once my Friend! Incensed, beyond measure, the father—for it was he—who undertook a journey on foot to Kaiafoo, to see, if an interview would move his son what repented messages failed to effect, and save him and his pauper wife from starvation, can contain no longer. "Beg pardon moharajah!" the old man groaned, not your friend but the friend of your Mother! Picture to yourself gentle Reader! the scene that ensues, and then bury GRATITUDE in the tombs of the Capulets now and for ever!

"I can bear scorpion's stings, tread fields of fire,
In frozen gulf of cold eternal lie,
Be toss'd aloft through tracts of endless void—
But cannot live in shame."

THE ANNADAMANGALA OF BHARAT CHANDRA.

In a late issue of this Magazine we gave a brief account of the life of Bhárat Chandra Ráya; and as it is desirable that the biographical account of the poet should be supplemented by a critical notice of his writings, we propose briefly to review his poems, in the order they were written.

We skip over the poet's juvenile production, the *Song of Satyanarayan*, which is of little poetical merit. As a narrative piece, however, it has considerable merit. The poem that next demands notice is the *Annadámangala*,* to the consideration of which we shall confine ourselves in the present paper.

The poem opens, as most poems in Bengali do, with prayers to certain deities of the Hindu Pantheon. Of these that to Ganesa seems to us the best. We here quote a few lines;

হেলে শুঁড় বাড়াইয়া,
সংসার সমুদ্র পিয়া,
খেলাছিলে করহ প্রলয়।

* It is worthy of note that the whole of the three poems, *Annadamangala*, *Vidyáśundar* and *Mánsinha*, are also called the *Annadamangala*.

কুংকারে করিয়া বৃষ্টি,
পুনঃ কর বিশ্ব সৃষ্টি,
ভাল খেলা খেল দয়াময়।

Here we catch a glimpse of the notion which the Hindus have of the Deluge.

The occasion of the Poem is next described. Facts and myths are beautifully interwoven in this part of the poem. Serferaz Khan, on the death of his father Snja-ood-deen, succeeds to the Viceroyalty of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. Ali Verdy Khan, Governor of Behar, soon wrests the sceptre from him. Murshed Kuli Khan, of Orissa, rebels, but is put down and expelled the country. Ali Verdy appoints his nephew Synd Ahmed* to the governorship of the Province. He proves a weak ruler. One Murad Bakhir usurps the power, and puts Synd Ahmed in irons. Ali Verdy Khan marches against the usurper, whom he totally defeats in a battle. A new Governor is placed over the Province.

About this time, the redoubtable Máhráthá general, Bháskar Pandit, with his fierce hordes, enters Bengal and devastates the country. This invasion of the Máhráthás is very poetically connected with the affairs in Orissa just described. Says the poet:—

উত্তরিল কটকে হইয়া তুরাগর।
যুদ্ধে হারি পলাইল মুরাদ বাখর ॥
ভাইপো সৌলদ সঙ্গে থালাস করিয়া।
উড়িয়া করিল ছার কুটিয়া পুড়িয়া ॥
বিস্তর লঙ্কর সঙ্গে অতিশয় জুম।
আসিয়া ভুবনেশ্বরে করিলেক ধুম ॥
ভুবনে ভুবনেশ্বর মহেশের স্থান।
ভূর্গা সহ শিবের সর্ষদা অধিষ্ঠান ॥
হুরাঙ্গা মোগল তাহে দৌরাঙ্গা করিল।
দেখিয়া নন্দির মনে ক্রোধ উপজিল ॥
মারিতে লইয়া হাতে শ্রলয়ের শূল।
করিল যবন সব সমূল নির্মূল ॥
নিবেধ করিল শিব ত্রিশূল মারিতে।
বিস্তর হইবে নষ্ট একেরে বধিতে ॥

* He is called Soulad Jung by the Poet.

অকালে এলয় হৈল কি কর কি কর ।
 না ছাড় সংহার শূল সংহর সংহর ॥
 আহুয়ে বর্গির রাজা গড় সেতারায় ।
 আমার ভক্ত বড় স্বপ্ন কহ তায় ॥
 সেই আসি যবনের করিবে দমন ।
 শুনি নন্দি তারে গিয়া কহিল স্বপ্নন ॥
 স্বপ্ন দেখি বর্গি রাজ হইল ক্রোধিত ।
 পাঠাইল রঘুরাজ ভাস্কর পণ্ডিত ॥

Rájá Krishna Chandra Ráya of Nadiyá gets into trouble in connection with the Máhráthá raids. The poet, it must be observed, is not explicit on this point. The cause of the Rájá's trouble is not clearly stated : it is indistinctly hinted at, not explained. But let that pass. The Rájá is imprisoned at Murshidábád, besides being fined in a very heavy sum. A votary of Durgá, he sends up prayers to the goddess for his speedy release from confinement. She appears to him in a dream ; solaces him with the assurances of speedy release ; and commands him to celebrate a grand feast in honor of her. The goddess, at the same time, inspires the poet to compose a poem celebrating her attributes, which is to be recited or sung on the occasion of the feast. The Rájá is liberated ; returns to his capital ; and makes a great feast in honor of Durgá in her character of Annapurná. The poem we are reviewing is written and sung every morning and evening during the feast.*

* The writer of the article " Popular Literature of Bengal " in the *Calcutta Review*, No. 26, thus speaks of the origin of the feast :—

Not many years after the great inundation of 1739, and the devastation of Bengal by the Mahratta hordes under Bhaskar Pandit, the Raja, on some particular occasion, made a great feast, somewhat similar, in its pretensions, to that of Ahasuerus which is described at the commencement of the book of Esther.

* * * * *

Bharat Chandra appears to have been a Votary of Durgá, to whom, in the work under consideration, he gave, the epithet of Annada, the giver of food, alluding to the distress and famine, from which the country had lately been delivered in his opinion through the favor of that goddess. The term 'Mangal' is another of her titles.

In the Life of Raja Krishna Chandra Raya by Rajib Lochan Mukhopadhyaya, there is no allusion either to the confinement of the Raja or the feast, here spoken of ; but mention is made of a double feast called *Agnihotra* and *Bazpaye* which was celebrated, on a very grand scale, at Krishnanagar, for some days successively.

The story of the Poem is a tale from the national mythology. In the beginning all was water. The Impersonations of the three Gunas, composing the Hindu Trinity, are seated on the vast expanse locked in deep meditation. *Máyá*, the creative energy, in the form of a corpse, first approaches Brahma, who shuns her in disgust; she then goes to Vishnu, who gives her no better reception. The body next floats down to Siva, who takes hold of, and sits upon, it. The union of Siva and *Máya* produces the world. This reminds us of the famous lines in Milton :

“——Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty
wings outspread
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the
Vast abyss.
And mad'st it pregnant——”

This primeval union ceases, on the accomplishment of its object, but it again takes place. *Maya* is born as daughter of Daksha, and is named *Satí*. She is reunited by marriage to Siva. Daksha, however, hates Siva for his vagrant habits. He makes a great feast, to which he invites all the gods and goddesses, except Siva, who resents the insult. *Satí* is anxious to go to witness the ceremony; but her lord sets his face against her going: she at last wrings from him permission to go to the feast.* Daksha speaks ill of Siva, which the faithful *Satí* takes to heart and dies. This excites the wrath of Siva, who vows revenge. Accordingly,

“——He with his horrid crew”

goes to the scene of the feast, and kills Daksha. Daksha, however, through the intercession of Brahma and Vishnu, is revived, but in a disfigured form. Siva seizes the lifeless body of *Satí*, and, as he is loth to part with it, Vishnu, with his

* *Satí* on this occasion, appears, successively, before her consort in ten different forms. It was in her terrific form of *Kali* that she awes him into compliance with her wishes. These ten forms of *Satí* are spoken of as ten *Mahavidyas* in the *Tantras*.

chakra or disc, cuts it into fifty three parts, which, being scattered about, fall over as many places, that thus become sacred.

A voice from heaven informs the gods that Maya is again born as daughter of Himalaya, and is named Uma. Narada settles a match between Siva and Uma. Siva at this time is absorbed in deep meditation, from which Kama (Cupid) rouses him. Kama is reduced to ashes by the wrathful Siva looking at him. The familiar story of Kama and Rati is introduced here as an episode. Siva is married to Uma ; and the happy couple repair to Kailasa. But the flow of matrimonial happiness is interrupted by a rupture between them. Siva leaves home in disgust : but, failing to obtain food, returns home hungry, when Uma gives him a hearty meal. From this circumstance she gets her title of Annapurna.

Siva then founds a place of worship, which he calls Kasi and pronounces to be a place of great religious merit. Siva, with his consort Annapurna, comes and resides here.

Vyasa preaches the superiority of Vishnu over Siva, who expels the recusant from Kasi. The great Apostle of Vaishnavism,

“——not content with such
Audacious neighbourhood——”

resolves

“——To build.

His temple right against the temple of god”
that is, a place of worship of equal merit with Kasi. But he is foiled in his design by an artifice on the part of Annapurna.*

Annapurna desires to extend her worship among mortals, and effects her desire in this wise : Basundar, servant of Kuvera, neglects his appointed duty of gathering flowers for the worship of Annapurna, for which he is condemned to be born among mortals. He is born of very poor parents residing at Bargachi, in Pargana Baguan, and is named Harihar. Harihar worships

* It is supposed, not without reason, that the poet, in the story of Vyasa, ridicules the efforts of Chaitanya to introduce a new form of faith among the people of Bengal.

Annappurna with sincere devotion, and prospers in life under her auspices. But he at last forfeits the favor of the goddess, who, annoyed by the constant broils in the family, leaves it, and goes over to the house of a new favorite residing at Andul, also in Pargana Baguan.—Bhavananda Mazumdar, the ancestor, of the far famed Rija Krishna Chandra Raya of Nadiya. Bhavananda attains to immense prosperity through the favor of the goddess. Such is the story of the poem.

We now enter into a discussion of the poetical merits of the Poem. It is impossible, in a short *magazine* article, to attempt a minute examination of a poem like the *Annadamangala*. We shall, therefore, take a general view of it, quoting at times passages in illustration of our remarks. Now, to begin with the Beginning of all things. The notion of a Supreme Being is impressively inculcated in the following :—

অচকু সর্বত্র চান অকর্ণ শুনিতে পান
 অপন সর্বত্র গতাগতি ।
 কর বিনা বিশ্ব গড়ি মুখবিনা বেদ পড়ি
 সবে দেন কুমতি স্মৃতি ॥

But the idea is not the poet's own. He seems to have drawn it from the well-known Sanskrit verse, which we quote :—

অপানিপাদৌ যবনোগৃহীতা
 পশ্যত্যচকুঃ সপ্তগোত্যকর্ণঃ ।
 সবে তু বিশ্বং ন চ তস্য বেত্তা
 তমাতুরং পুরুষং মহাস্থং ॥

Tested by the Sanskrit canons of criticism, the poem under examination is not found deficient in some of the chief essentials of poetry. One of these essentials is *রস* or *sentiment*, which is said to be the soul of poetry. Sentiment is divided into *শৃঙ্গার* *sringara* (Love); *কৰুণা* *karuna* (Pity); *বীর* *vira* (Heroic); *হাস্য* *hasya* (Laughter); *অদ্ভুত* *adbhuta* (Marvellous); *ভয়ানক* *bhayanaka* (Terrible); *রোদ্র* *raudra* (Anger); *বীভৎস* *vibhatsa*, (Disgust); and *শান্তি*, *santi*, (Veneration.) Instances of one or other of these sentiments are common in the poem. The poet had a keen sense of the *Terrible*, of which the following is a notable illustration. Siva

with his myrmidons, goes to the house of Daksha ; puts a stop to his ceremony; and then kills him :—

ভূতনাথ ভূতসাথ দক্ষযজ্ঞ নাশিছে ।
 যক্ষ রক্ষ লক্ষ লক্ষ অট্ট অট্ট হাসিছে ॥
 প্রেত ভাগ সানুরাগ বাম্প বাম্প বাঁপিছে ।
 ঘোর রোল গণ্ডগোল চৌদলোক কাঁপিছে ॥
 সৈন্য স্তূত বস্ত্রপুত দক্ষ দেয় আহুতি ।
 জন্মি তার সৈন্য ধায় অশ্ব চালি মাছতি ॥
 বৈরিপক্ষ যক্ষ রক্ষ কদ্রবর্গ ডাকিয়া ।
 বাও বাও হুঁ দিখাও দক্ষ দেয় হাঁকিয়া ॥
 সে সভায় আত্ম গায় কদ্র দেন নিরতি ।
 দক্ষরাজ পায় লাজ আর নাহি নিচ্ছৃতি ॥
 কদ্র দূত ধায় ভূত নন্দি ভূজি সজিয়া ।
 ঘোর বেশ মুক্ত কেশ যুদ্ধ রঙ্গ রঞ্জিয়া ॥

* * * * *

মার মার ঘের ঘার হাম হান হাঁকিছে ।
 ছপ ছাপ ছপ দাপ আশ পাশ বাঁকিছে ॥
 অট্ট অট্ট ঘট্ট ঘট্ট ঘোর হাস হাসিছে ।
 ছম ছাম খুম খাম ভীমশব্দ ভাষিছে ॥
 উর্দ্ধবাহু যেন রাহু চন্দ্র সূর্য্য পাড়িছে ।
 লম্পা বাম্পা ভূমি কম্পা নাগ কূর্ম্ম লাড়িছে ॥
 অগ্নি জ্বালি সর্পি চালি দক্ষ দেহ পুড়িছে ॥
 ভস্ম শেষ হৈল দেশ রেণু রেণু উড়িছে ॥
 হাস্য তুণ্ড যজ্ঞ কুণ্ড পুরি পুরি মুতিছে ।
 পাদ ঘায় ঠায় ঠায় অশ্ব হস্তি পুঁতিছে ॥
 রাজা খণ্ড লণ্ড ভণ্ড বিক্ষুলিঙ্গ ছুটিছে ।
 হল যুল কুল কুল ব্রহ্ম ডিম ফুটিছে ॥
 মৌন তুণ্ড হেট মুণ্ড দক্ষ মৃত্যু জানিছে ।
 কেহ ধায় মুক্তি ঘায় মুণ্ড ছিণ্ডি আনিছে ॥
 মৈল দক্ষ ভূত যক্ষ সিংহনাদ ছাড়িছে ।
 ভারতের ভুগকের ছন্দ বন্ধ বাড়িছে ॥

The passage is no less remarkable for *Imitative Harmony*.

Of রৌদ্ররস *raudrarasa* or the *sentiment of anger*, we quote an instance. The irate Siva destroys Kama for waking him from his meditation. :—

দেখি পুষ্প শরে ক্রোধ হৈল হরে
 অটল অচল টলে ।
 ললাট লোচন হৈতে হতাশন
 ধক ধক ধক জলে ॥
 মদন পলায় গিছে অগ্নি ধার
 ত্রিভুবন পরকাশি ।
 চৌদিকে বেড়িয়া মদনে পুড়িয়া
 করিল ভস্মের রাশি ॥

The description of that blissful spot—Kailasa—is exquisitely sweet. Charity, love and peace, that reign there, are beautifully described. We transcribe a passage from the same :—

তরু নানা জাতি লতা নানা ভাতি
 ফলে ফুলে বিকশিত ।
 বিবিধ বিহঙ্গ বিবিধ ভুজঙ্গ
 নানা পশু সুশোভিত ॥
 অতি উচ্চতরে শিখরে শিখর
 সিংহ সিংহনাদ করে ।
 কোকিল ছকারে ভ্রমর বাহারে
 মুনীর মানস হরে ॥
 হৃগ পালে পাল শার্দূল রাখাল
 কেশরী হস্তি রাখাল ।
 ময়ূর ভুজঙ্গে ক্রীড়া করে বঙ্গে
 ইন্দুরে পোষে বিড়াল ॥
 সবে পিয়ে সুখ । নাহি তৃষ্ণা ক্ষুধা
 কেহ না হিংসয়ে কারে ।
 যে যার ভক্ষক সে তার রক্ষক
 সার অসার সংসারে ॥
 সম ধর্মদার্ম সম কর্মাকর্ম
 শত্রু মিত্র সমতুল ।
 জরা মৃত্যু নাই অপরাপ ঠাই
 কেবল সুখের মূল ॥

Pope, in his *Messiah*, has very nearly the same sentiments expressed in as felicitous a manner, which he borrows from the Bible :—

"On rifted rocks, the Dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods :
 Waste sandy valleys once perplexed with thorn,

The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs, the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead :
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play."

The two passages are so nearly alike in thought that plagiarism on the part of the Bengal Poet would be suspected, if that were not, for obvious reasons, impossible.

The well-told story of Annapurna visiting Vyasa in the disguise of a poor dirty decrepid woman is an instance of *বীভৎস রস* (*ribhatsa-rasa*) or the sentiment of disgust. But the passage is too long to quote.

One of the chief qualifications of a true poet is his ability to portray human nature with truthfulness. Bharat Chandra possessed this qualification in an eminent degree. His portraits of female character especially are admirable : girlish naivete is well drawn in the following. The divine match-maker, Narada, goes to Himalaya with proposals for marriage between Uma and Siva. He finds the young Uma at play with her comrades, and acquaints her, in his wonted playful manner, with the nature of his errand. The simple-hearted maid goes to her mother and informs her of the arrival of the stranger :

• আল্যা করি কোলে বসি ছেঁদে ধরি গলে
 ওমা ওমা বলি উমা কখা কন ছলে ॥
 সখী মেলি খেলিনু বাহির বাড়ি গিয়া ।
 খুলা ঘরে দিতেছি পুতুলের বিয়া ॥
 কোথা ঠহতে বুড়া এক ডোকরা বামন ।
 প্রণাম করিল মোরে এ কি অলক্ষণ ॥
 নিবেধ করিনু তারে প্রণাম করিতে ।

কত কথা কহে বুড়া না পারি কহিতে ॥
 ছটা লাউ বাঁধা কাঁধে কাট এক থান ॥
 বাজাইয়া নাচিয়া নাচিয়া করে গান ॥
 ভাবে বুঝি সে বামুন বড় কন্দলিয়া ॥
 দেখিবে যদ্যপি চল বাপারে লইয়া ॥

Want of space precludes our giving more specimens of human nature truthfully depicted.

The poet possessed considerable powers of description. His description of the ten forms of Sati before spoken of is splendid. We must quote the passage though long. Here it is :—

যত কন সতী শিব না দেন আদেশ ।
 ক্রোবে সতী হৈলা কালী ভয়ঙ্কর বেশ ॥
 মুক্তকেশী মহামাঘ বরণা দন্তরা ।
 শবারুঢ়া করকাঞ্চী শববর্ণ পুরা ॥
 গলিত কধির ধার। মুণ্ডমালা গলে ।
 গলিত কধির মুণ্ড বাঁমকর তলে ॥
 আর বাঁম করেতে রূপাণ খরশাণ ।
 দুই ভুজে দক্ষিণে অভয় বরদান ॥
 লোল জিহ্বা রক্ত ধারা নুগের দুপাশে ।
 ত্রিনয়ন অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র ললাটে বিলাসে ॥
 দেখি ভয়ে মহাদেব ফিরাইল মুখ ।
 তারা রূপ ধবি সতী হইল। সম্মুখ ॥
 নীল বর্ণা লোল জিহ্বা করাল বদনা ।
 সর্প বাঁধা উর্দ্ধ এক জটা বিভূষণা ॥
 অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র পাঁচ থানি শোণিত কপাল ।
 ত্রিনয়ন লম্বোদর পরা বাঘ ছাল ॥
 নীলপদ্ম খড়্গা কাতি সমুণ্ড খর্পর ।
 চার হাতে শোভে আরোহণ শিবোপর ॥
 দেখে ভয়ে পলাইতে চান পশুপতি ।
 রাজ রাজেশ্বরী হয়ে দেখা দিল। সতী ॥
 রক্তবর্ণা ত্রিনয়না ভালো সুধাকর ।
 চারি হাতে শোভে পাঁশাঙ্কুশ ধনুঃস্বর ॥
 বিধিবিশু ঈশ্বর মহেশ কত্র পঞ্চ ।
 পঞ্চপ্রোত নিয়মিত বসিবার মঞ্চ ॥
 দেখিয়া শঙ্কর ভয়ে মুখ ফিরাইল ।
 হইয়া ভুবনেশ্বরী সতী দেখা দিল ॥
 রক্তবর্ণা সুভূষণা আসন অম্বুজ ।

পাশাক্ষ বরা ভয়ে শোভে চারি ভূজ ॥
 ত্রিনয়ন অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র ললাট উজ্জ্বল ।
 মণিময় নানা অলঙ্কার ঝলমল ॥
 দেখি ভয়ে মহাদেব গেল। এক ভিতে ।
 ভৈরবী হইয়া সতী লাগিল। হাসিতে ॥
 রক্তবর্ণ চতুর্ভূজ। কমল আসনা ।
 মুণ্ডমালা গলে নানা ভূষণ ভূষণ ॥
 অক্ষমালা পৃথী বরা ভয় চারি কর ।
 ত্রিনয়ন অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র ললাট উপর ॥
 দেখি ভয়ে বিশ্বনাথ হইল। কম্পিত ।
 ছিন্ন মস্ত। টেইল। সতী অতি বিপরীত ॥
 বিকসিত পুণ্ডরীক কর্ণিকার মাজে ।
 তিন গুণে ত্রিকোণ মণ্ডল ভাল সাজে ॥
 বিপরীত রতেরত রতি কামোপরি ।
 কোকনদ বরণ দ্বিভূজ। দিগামুরী ॥
 নাগযজ্ঞোপবীত মুণ্ডাস্থি মালা গলে ।
 খড়্গ কাটি নিজ মুণ্ড ধরি করতলে ॥
 কঠ হৈতে কধর উঠেছে তিন ধার ।
 এক ধার। নিজ মুখে করেন আহার ॥
 দুই দিগে দুই সখী ডাকিনী বর্ণিনী ।
 দুই ধার। পিয়ে তার। শব আরোহিণী ॥
 চন্দ্র সূর্য্য অনল শোভিত ত্রিনয়ন ।
 অর্দ্ধচন্দ্র কপাল ফলকে স্নুশোভন ॥
 দেখি ভয়ে ত্রিলোচন মুদিল। লোচন ।
 ধূমাবতী হয়ে সতী দিল। দরশন ॥
 অতি বুদ্ধ। বিধবা বাতাসে দোলেস্তন ।
 কাকধ্বজ রথ। রূঢ়। ধূমের বরণ ॥
 বিস্তার বদন। কুশ। ক্ষুধায় আকুল ।
 এক হস্ত কম্পমান আর হস্তে কুল ॥
 ধূমাবতী হেরী হর সভয় হইল ।
 হইয়া বগল মুখী সতী দেখ। দিল ॥
 রত্নগৃহে রত্ন সিংহাসন মধ্যে স্থিত ।
 পীতবর্ণ। পীতবস্ত্রাভরণ ভূষিত ॥
 এক হস্তে এক অনুরের জিহবা ধরি ।
 আর হস্তে মুদার ধরিয়া উর্দ্ধে করি ॥
 চন্দ্র সূর্য্য অনল উজ্জ্বল ত্রিনয়ন ।
 ললাট মণ্ডলে চন্দ্রখণ্ড স্নুশোভন ॥

দেখি ভষে ভোলানাথ যান পলাইয়া ।
 পথ আগুলিলা সতী মাতঙ্গী হইয়া ॥
 রত্ন পদ্মাসনা শ্যামা রক্তবস্ত্র পরি ।
 চতুর্ভুজ খড়্গা চর্ম পাশাকুশ ধরি ॥
 ত্রিলোচনা অর্কচন্দ্র কপাল ফলকে ।
 চমকিত বিশ্ব বিশ্বনাথের চমকে ॥
 মহাভষে মহাদেব হৈলা কম্পমান ।
 মহালক্ষ্মী রূপে সতী কৈলা অধিষ্ঠান ॥
 সুসর্গ সুবর্ণ বর্ণ আসন অমূল্য ।
 দুই পদ্ম বরা ভষে শোভে চারি ভুজ ॥
 চতুর্দন্ত চারি শ্বেত বারণ হরিষে ।
 রত্ন ঘটে অভিষেকে অমৃত বরিষে ॥
 ভারত কহিছে মাগো এই দশ রূপে ।
 দশ দিগে রক্ষাকর কৃষ্ণচন্দ্র ভূপে ॥

We agree with a critic* in considering this the best passage in the whole poem. Indeed, such descriptive passages are to be looked for in vain in the writings of any other poet of Bengal.

We cannot better conclude our extracts, and, indeed, this paper, than by quoting what we consider to be a gem of poetry. The poet thus panegy-rises his patron, the Raya of Nadiya :

চন্দ্রে সবে বোল কলা হাস রক্তি তায় ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্র পরিপূর্ণ চৌবাটি কলাষ ।
 পদ্মিনী মুদবে আঁখি চন্দ্রে দেখিলে ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্রে দেখিতে পদ্মিনী আঁখি মিলে ॥
 চন্দ্রের হৃদয়ে কলরু কেবল ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্র হৃদে কালী সর্বদা উজ্জ্বল ॥
 দুই পক্ষ চন্দ্রের অসিত সিত হয় ।
 কৃষ্ণচন্দ্রে দুই পক্ষ সদা জ্যোৎস্নাময় ॥

We will notice the other poems of Bharat Chandra in a future paper.

SARADA PRASAD DE.

See the *Hahshahar Patrika* for Ashvin 1273 p 344



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THE BENGAL ZEMINDAR AND RYOT.*

BY ARCYDAE.

HISTORY tells us that Todar Mal the renowned financier of Akber made *khas* settlements with ryots for the payment of rent into the imperial treasury. In making this settlement he was no doubt actuated by the impression that the creation of any intermediate agency would entail a loss of revenue, and might therefore be best dispensed with. How long this system of collection of rent continued we do not know for certain, but it is not difficult to understand that a country like India where every office has a tendency to grow hereditary, and in an out-lying province like Bengal hundreds of miles from the capital of the Muhammadan emperors, the persons entrusted with the collection of rent would in course of time have come to transmit their office with its powers and prerogatives to their sons and grandsons in hereditary succession. This was very probably the process by which the rent-collectors of the time of Todar Mal ripened into the zemindars of later days,† and they did not fail to increase in power and importance in proportion to the decline of the ruling power. It would seem that

* 1.—Regulations and Acts of the Government of India from 1793 to 1859.

2.—Mill's *History of British India*, edited by H. H. Wilson.

3.—"Bengal Ryots" by Sanjeeb Chunder Chatterjee.

4.—"Territorial Aristocracy of Bengal," *Calcutta Review*.

† There were zemindars however before the time of Akber, and the *Ain Akbari* has a distinct column describing the religion and title of zemindars.

in earlier times there were Canangoes all over the province,—from the pettiest village to the capital of the Subadar, who formed an efficient check on the exactions and conduct of the zemindars and Subadars of Bengal. The village Canangoes kept accounts relating to harvests and rent and ascertained what amount every ryot had to pay to his Taluqdar or zemindar, and the zemindars of those days would probably have found it difficult to act in disregard of the accounts of these then important officials. In the same way, the Head Canangoe at Murshidabad was the Finance Minister of the province, and no accounts could be sent by the Subadar to the Emperor of Hindustan without bearing the seal of this official. In course of time however the more centralized power of the zemindars effected the decadence of every independent institution, and the Canangoes who at one time were a check on the zemindars came to share the common fate, and became paid servants of the zemindars. When we add to this the fact that the zemindars came to be invested* with criminal powers, and could act as Magistrates to the extent of hanging capital offenders, it will be clear that during the last days of the Muhammadan rule, they rather resembled independent feudatory chiefs than rent collectors.

It was at this period that the English came to this country, and therefore we have clear accounts about the condition of the zemindars. Mr. Boughton Rouse writing in 1791 has left an interesting account of the manner in which zemindars paid rent to the Subadar's treasury. "The country," he says, "was distributed amongst the zemindars and Taluqdars who paid a stipulated revenue by twelve instalments to the sovereign power or its delegates. They assembled at the capital in the beginning of every Bengali year (commencing in April) in order to complete their final payments, and make up their annual accounts; to settle the discount to be charged upon their several remittan-

* It is not clear when they came to be invested with these powers.

“ces in various coins for the purpose of reducing them to one standard or adjust their concerns with the bankers ; to petition for remissions on account of storms, drought, inundation, disturbances and such like,* and to make their representations of the state and occurrences of their districts ; after all which they entered upon the collections of the new year, of which however they were not permitted to begin receiving the rents from their farmers till they had completely closed the accounts of the preceding year, so that they might not encroach upon the new rents to make up the deficiency of the past.”

So long as the zemindars were not defaulters in matters of revenue, they were left during the last days of the Muhammadan rule supreme within their respective territories armed with complete civil and criminal powers over the people whom they governed. All criminal cases and disputes among his ryots came to the zemindar or his amlas and subordinates for decision. From his verdict there was practically no appeal, and when he chose to be an oppressor, from his oppression there was practically no redress. It is easy to conceive therefore that in these days the condition of the Bengal Ryot was by no means enviable, and that his only plea and his only protection was absolute poverty. Still there were some circumstances which, let us hope, tempered the conduct of the zemindar with mercy. The able writer of the articles on the Territorial Aristocracy in Bengal has proved satisfactorily that, under the Muhammadan regime, the hereditary character of zemindars was generally recognized, and that even when they were deprived of their estates for default of payment, or for not having sufficient influence in the court, such estates were in many cases granted to some other member of the same family. This kind and considerate conduct on the part of the ruling power excited an interest in the zemindars in the well being of their *hereditary* estates and subjects, and inspired some confidence in the people in their

* The British Government is a stranger to this humane clause and does not allow of any ground for remission of rent.

hereditary masters.* And when we add to this the fact that, among all patriarchal people among whom the ideas of law and right are imperfectly understood, the *custom of the land* is pleaded,—and pleaded not in vain against excessive exactions, and is often considered inviolate even by oppressive masters, we are inclined to the belief that acts of oppression or harrassing exactions were not of such frequent occurrence as they might have been. While therefore it were idle to deny that power unchecked is invariably power abused, it is still to be hoped that matters were not so bad as they have sometimes been represented to be.

It is the curse of oriental governments that the beneficence or generosity of a good ruler hardly if ever affects the interests of the people whose fortune almost entirely depends on the will of their immediate superiors. It is at the same time the blessing of such governments that the oppressiveness of tyrants often leaves the people untouched, and like the waves of an angry sea contents itself with striking against the rocks and pillars of the state. While the cruel Surajudowla was robbing his bankers and rich zemindars, the cultivators of an extensive tract of country from Dinajpur to the confines of Mymensing, and Faridpur, were basking under the humane administration of the munificent Rani Bhavani.† The oppressiveness of Surajudowla did not leave her unscathed,—it is said he purposed to violate the chastity of her widowed daughter Tára then in the bloom of her beauty, but the viceregal wrath went no further,—Rani Bhavani's subjects were blessed with daily

* We shall see hereafter how the British Government, with its rigorous and mercantile regulations about selling defaulting estates to highest bidders at auction, has completely taken away this mutual confidence, till we find the zemindars of the present day viewing their ryots as milch cow,—and the ryots considering their zemindars as oppressors whom to defraud of the legitimate rent were an act of wisdom and praise.

† The extent of her territories gives one an idea of the power and importance of first class zemindars in those days. They were *de facto* princes or feudatory chiefs.

increasing alms-houses and *Atithi Sâls* and lakraj lands. History in oriental countries,—history, to a certain extent in all countries,—has been written on a wrong principle. We are repeatedly called upon to admire the generosity of princes who shower favors and blessings on their favorites and Omrahs of the court, to wonder at their conquests and victories, to feel astonished at the temples and towers which at their command beautify their metropolis. We are repeatedly called upon to execrate the emperors who have lost kingdoms by their folly or disgusted the nobility with their cruelty or avarice ;—and this is the sum total of oriental history. The toiling masses of humanity peopling villages and towns, growing year after year the rice and the wheat by which the vast and towering fabric of a mighty society is fed and supported, manufacturing year after year those articles of use or of luxury by which the commerce and the fame of the country are maintained,—they find no place even in the back ground of a false colored picture called History. If instead of these nameless and senseless annals of crime and folly we had a correct portraiture of the condition of the people, we should find that even under the best emperors and Subadars the people suffered from the chronic oppression of officers and zemindars, and that often under the worst rulers, their mad cruelties did not reach the people.

When the English conquered Bengal, and a few years after took up the management of the country in their own hands (1765), they at once found out that the zemindars possessed greater power than were compatible with the fact of their being subjects ; and one of the first acts of the newly installed government was to deprive the zemindars of their Magisterial powers, and to set up English Magistrates to decide cases. The Government of the Muhammadans had only two main functions to discharge, viz., the protection of the country from external and internal enemy, and the collection of revenue. The Subadar of Bengal was expected by the emperor of Hindustan to protect the country against all enemies, and to send on annual instalments

of rent to Delhi. In the same way, each particular zemindar was expected to defend his territories from traitors and insurgents, and to send on the fixed quota of revenue.* The Emperor of Delhi hardly concerned himself as to how justice was administered in a distant Subadaree, and the Subadar knew as little how justice was administered in a distant zemindaree. A new principle was introduced with the advent of the English ; a third duty, that of administration of justice was taken up by government,—and we believe it was a correct principle. Posterity cannot but contemplate with pleasure this salutary change. It has invested the imperial government with a duty which ought never to be made a hand-maid to the powers of any particular class of people,—it has in the present day almost entirely closed the gates of corruption of judicial officers,—it has rendered justice between ryots and zemindars possible for the first time in Bengal, and it has inspired the former with confidence and freed them from that unwholesome servitude in thought and action under the zemindars which the constitution of the Muhammadan government necessitated and perpetuated.

But though at this distance of time the depriving of the zemindars of their magisterial powers appears a beneficial act, the immediate consequences were baneful in the extreme. Indeed, the misery of the *people* (and not of the influential few) about the end of the 18th century, so graphically described by Macaulay, began not with the reign of the inhuman Surajudowla but with the transfer of these provinces to the English. And the reason lies in a nutshell. A handful of alien conquerors found that the institutions, social and political, in Bengal were not exactly such as they would choose or even could tolerate, and they rashly demolished them before they could put up any thing.

* Mirza Mushim thus defines the zemindars' offices—"First, the preservation and defence of their respective boundaries from traitors and insurgents ; secondly, the tranquillity of the subjects, the abundance of cultivation and increase of revenue ; thirdly, the punishment of thieves and robbers, the prevention of crimes and the destruction of highwaymen."

in their stead. Justice was administered in the country tolerably or indifferently before the advent of the English ; the new comers deprived the zemindars of that office before they knew how to administer it themselves. The first attempt necessarily proved abortive in the extreme. Young Magistrates,—we hope not all of the stamp of Joe Sedley,—unacquainted or very imperfectly acquainted with the language of the country, were surrounded by the Amlas and the all powerful Sheristadar who literally sold justice to the highest bidders. Gangs of Dacoits pillaged the country without there being a chance of detection, for the Sheristadar was deeply bribed, and often sheltered Sardar Dacoits, being himself the receiver of stolen property. The traditions of Bengal are to the present day replete with the fearful remembrances of the last century, and the names of some renowned Sardar Dacoits have passed into bye words.

No less ignominious was the failure of the English in their first attempts at revenue administration. The Muhammadans with their thorough knowledge of the country and its people shaped their demands according to circumstances. We have seen before that they made remissions on account of every circumstance which made the zemindar really unable to pay rent, and yet such remissions could not lead to fraud as the officers of state were thoroughly aware of the real condition of every zemindar. The English not only lacked this knowledge, but they came from Europe impressed with the idea of an almost religious strictness in the discharge of dues between subjects and sovereigns,—and they would therefore hear of no excuse for remission. Some estates too happened to be assessed at an exorbitant rate and therefore could not pay, and severities and cruelties followed. Defaulting zemindars were sent down one by one to Calcutta under escort, and were often confined under a guard of Sepoys. Puzzled and perplexed at being required to pay rent with a punctuality and strictness never known before, the zemindars had to dispose of estate after estate ; some were ruined, and all lost their prestige. But more

bitter consequences followed. The estates were broken up and sold to swarms of *lotdars* and absentees, who had no kind of interest in the welfare of the estates, no hereditary affection for the people, no regard for any custom that might have prevailed under former zemindars, and whose only object therefore was to screw up the demands on the people to pay the demands of the government, and to heap new claims and cruelties on the devoted head of an unfortunate peasantry.

Manufactures declined, and manufacturers sank into poverty. Trade, which was never prosperous in Bengal under a system of harassing inland duties under the Muhammadans, found a new obstacle in the general insecurity of the times, and perhaps a still more powerful one in the competition of the Company's servants who, ignoring all claims of justice, and laying aside the strict orders of their masters as so much waste paper, were amassing large fortunes in the twinkling of an eye and returning millionaires to their wondering friends in England. Under these accumulated calamities, the ties that bind society and make it a unit were almost ready to burst, a convulsive disorganization was almost ready to ensue. It would have ensued in the shape of a general revolution among any other people than the Bengalis, who are so tenacious to order, so persistent in their inactivity, so strong in passive resistance, that nothing ever has produced or ever shall produce a social explosion among them. Such was the inauspicious beginning of English rule in Bengal.

It was in 1772 that the English formally stood forth as the Dewan of Bengal, and in the same year a Committee of Circuit was appointed, consisting of a President (Mr. Hastings) and four other members of Government, to go about through the Province of Bengal to form a new settlement. *Amalnamas* were given by the Committee to protect the ryots from arbitrary exactions. The contents of the *Amalnamas* would shew at once that zemindari oppression was the crying grievance at that age. Section II. of the *Amalnama* runs thus :—"You are to

let the rates of the former Malguzari and the Pottah for the present year's cultivation be the standard of your collections from the ryots; should it be known that you exact more, you will not only have to repay the ryots the sums which you have so exacted, but also make a proportional forfeiture to Government, and if it be represented that you are a second time guilty of any oppression on the ryots, your farms shall be made *khas*, and you shall pay a fine to Government."

We have seen that in earlier days the Canangoes were an efficient check on the zemindar's conduct and exactions, and Mr. Hastings made an attempt to restore them to their former efficiency and to re-establish the ancient revenue system of the country "which, by its useful checks from the accountant assessor of the village through its several gradations upwards to the accountant general of the exchequer, was no less calculated to protect the great body of the people from oppression than to secure the full and legal rights of the Sovereign." Such were the able measures proposed by Mr. Hastings to improve the condition of the Bengal peasantry. Unfortunately he was too soon succeeded by another Governor General, generous and benevolent, but utterly devoid of that shrewdness and business-like talent which marked Warren Hastings. One thing however ought to be noted here. From its earliest days British administration in Bengal was marked by a strong sympathy for the suffering ryots. How far this sympathy has succeeded in improving their condition will be seen hereafter. Probably if Mr. Hastings' measures were followed out, a system of administration might have been slowly reared up in the course of probably a quarter or half a century calculated to effectually check zemindari oppression. But Lord Cornwallis was hasty and impetuous and wanted to build Rome in a day. His prodigious blunder ought to be a living warning against all hasty legislation especially by alien legislators.

Mr. Hastings had been carefully and slowly ascertaining the right of the different classes of people, and silently work-

ing the weal of the peasantry. Such work ill suited the impetuous soul of Cornwallis. He looked around him for an institution which would bring about the consummation devoutly wished for in a day. As an English aristocrat he cast his eyes on the aristocracy of England,* and by a stroke of the pen introduced the Permanent Settlement in Bengal. In vain did Mr. Shore urge upon him the fact that by such a settlement the ryots were left at the mercy of their hereditary oppressors,†—in vain did he argue that the proposed settlement precisely left unredressed the grievance whose redress it contemplated. His Lordship was too deeply impressed with the necessity and importance of the Permanent Settlement to brook resistance or delay. In 1793 the regulation was passed. We shall here make a pause in our running sketch and examine some of the consequences of the Permanent Settlement.

It is needless to bring forth arguments to prove that under the Muhammadan regime the right of property in land was held to belong exclusively to the state. It was customary with the Subadars of Bengal to depose zemindars and transfer their estates to others at their will and pleasure, and such custom does not certainly go towards proving the zemindar's right of property in land. So frequently was this custom acted upon during the last days of Muhammadan rule in Bengal, that any enterprising and dexterous zemindar of those days could by increasing his influence in Court obtain its sanction to rob his neighbours; and it was by such means that some of the princely zemindarees of those days rose to greatness. Mr. Hastings says that the extensive zemindaree of Rani Bhavani, the second in rank in Bengal, had risen to its magnitude by dispossessing rival zemindars of their estates. The English on coming to India therefore came to be invested with that right of property in land, and they generously resolved to sacrifice that right for the good of the country. "There was an

* Mill's *History of British India*.

† Ditto.

“opportunity in India,” says Mr. James Mill,* “to which the history of the world presents no parallel. Next after the sovereign the immediate cultivators had by far the greatest portion of interest in the soil. For the rights (such as they were) of the zemindars a complete compensation might have easily been made. The generous resolution was adopted of sacrificing to the improvement of the country the proprietary rights of the sovereign. The motives to improvement which property gives, and of which the power was so justly appreciated might have been bestowed upon those upon whom they would have operated with a force incomparably greater than that with which they could operate upon any other class of men; they might have been bestowed upon those from whom alone in every country the principal improvements in agriculture must be derived,—the immediate cultivators of the soil. And a measure worthy to be ranked among the noblest that ever were taken for the improvement of any country might have helped to compensate the people of India for the miseries of that misgovernment they had so long endured.” But this was not to be. The right of property was given not to the cultivators but to their hereditary oppressors,—with the expectation that, armed with this new right, they would refrain from oppression!

And how fared the ryots? By a gross negligence (or was it malice aforethought?) Lord Cornwallis refrained from putting in a single section to check zemindari exactions, or to define the rights of the cultivators. The earlier revenue system of Bengal contained distinct provisions to save ryots from oppression, and Mr. Hastings tried to revive the ancient system by his measure about Canangoe Dufters. But Lord Cornwallis would have none of it. He virtually ignored all rights of the cultivators (Istemraree and Mocurruree ryots excepted) and as if to give the zemindars the freest scope for zemindari extortion

* Mill's *History of British India*; Wilson's edition, Bk. vi, chap. 5.

actually disestablished the Canangoe Dufter system of his predecessor. Seldom in the annals of any country has hasty legislation,—productive as it always is of evil consequences,—produced results so calamitous as the ill conceived Permanent Settlement. On the head of Lord Cornwallis will rest the blame that the oppression and extortions of zemindars have not to the present day ceased,—that the ill-feeling between the ryots and their masters has not yet been healed. On his lordship's head lies the guilt that the most fertile source of revenue in a fertile country has been closed up for ever,—that the daily increasing resources of that country have only increased the number of a class of impoverished idlers,—the petty zemindars with a two anna or one anna share in the ancestral estate. On his lordship's head lies the guilt that we do not yet see the faintest glimmerings of rural civilization, that the cultivators of the present day are almost as poor, helpless and miserable a set of people as they were a century ago. On his lordship's head rests the guilt that the morbid stupor and servitude in thought and action of the toiling masses of the cultivators of Bengal has been confirmed and perpetuated,—despite the enlightened notions of freedom that have been imported from Western Europe,—despite the energetic efforts of subsequent English legislation in Bengal to remedy the defect.

It was not long before the measure began to produce its bitter but legitimate fruits, and received universal condemnation from the English public. It would fill volumes to quote at length the opinions of eminent statesmen matured by long residence and experience in this country, but as specimens we shall extract only a very few.

The Court of Directors writing in 1819 complained, “that if the policy of Mr. Hastings had not been departed from, or if a stop had not been put to the further prosecution of Mr. Grant's valuable labors, we should not now have to lament that the object of the Permanent Settlement in so far as regards the

“security and happiness of the most numerous and industrious class of the community have hitherto been so imperfectly attained that instead of maintaining their rights we have not ascertained what they are.”* In the same Despatch they add, “that consequences the most injurious to the rights and interests of individuals have arisen from describing those with whom the permanent settlement was concluded as the *actual proprietors of lands*.† Lord Moira, alluding to zemindari oppressions, ascribes them to the very same cause, and asserts, that the cause of this is to be traced to the incorrectness of principle assumed at the time of the perpetual settlement when those with whom Government entered into engagements were declared the sole proprietors of the soil”‡ “Never,” says Lord Hastings, “was there a measure conceived with a purer spirit of generous humanity and disinterested justice than the plan for the Permanent Settlement in the Lower Provinces. It was worthy the soul of a Cornwallis,—yet this truly benevolent purpose, fashioned with great care and deliberation has to our painful knowledge subjected almost the whole of the Lower Provinces to the most grievous oppression; an oppression too so guaranteed by our pledge that we are unable to relieve the sufferers.” “The errors,” says Sir E. Colebrooke, “of the settlement are two fold; first in the sacrifice of what might be denominated the yeomanry by merging all tillage rights, whether of property or of occupancy, in the all-devouring recognition of the zemindar’s permanent property in the soil; and then leaving the zemindar to make his settlement with the peasantry as he might choose to require.” But we must be tiring our readers with extracts.

Not only has British legislation ignored in the Permanent Settlement the ancient rights of the cultivators, but it has also been sadly negligent in redeeming the only pledge it gave

* Revenue Letter to Bengal, Ceded and Conquered Provinces, 15th January 1819, para 38.

† Ibid para, 64.

‡ His Minute, 21st September 1815, para 141.

them as a feeble compensation of the injustice done. The Permanent Settlement declares, that "it being the duty of the ruling power to protect all classes of people, and more particularly those who from their situation are most helpless," it would be competent to the Governor General in Council to "enact such regulations as he may think necessary for the protection and welfare of the dependant Taluqdars, ryots and other cultivators of the soil." For sixty-six years this important promise remained unfulfilled, and a perfect satisfaction to the promise has not been rendered to the present day. On the contrary, we are grieved and almost ashamed to find Lord Wellesley passing coercive measures to subject the property and persons of the cultivators to the tender mercies of the zemindar! It is impossible even in the present day,—after the lapse of the best half of a century—to turn to the first fruits of English legislation in Bengal without a feeling of sadness and shame at the grossly careless and haphazard manner in which the interests of the millions of Bengal were regarded and served by those to whom alone they could look up for protection. History describes with fulsome praise the administration of Lord Wellesley, and no doubt as long as mankind will continue to gape with silly admiration at martial triumphs and unprincipled annexations, Lord Wellesley will be lauded and worshipped. But the impartial and candid student of History will not fail to observe that his lordship's reign is but one long tissue of the most unjust and oppressive warfare, extortion and annexation. He was wrong in the war with Mysore, wrong in the war with the Mahrattas,—grossly wrong in his interference with Oudh. If an aristocrat, who regarded unprincipled vigour as the one means of good administration, betrayed a total want of sympathy for the plebeians of plebeians,—the ryots of the country,—is it a matter of wonder?*

* Of all Historians that we know of Mr. James Mill alone has described Lord Wellesley's reign with philosophical impartiality. He has alike avoided the declamation of a Torrens, and the fulsome flattery of an H. H. Wilson,

But there was a still lower depth to which English legislation could descend. The Board of Revenue received from Collectors and transmitted to Government harrowing accounts of zemindari oppression, and yet no one knew how there could be any redress. A fatal fear seems to have seized every one lest the so called "right of property" of the zemindars be interfered with, and every proposal therefore of saving the ryots, and setting some limit to zemindari oppression fell through. At last, almost in utter despair, Mr. Colebrooke proposed that "it would be better to abrogate most of the laws in favor of the ryot, and leave him for a certain period to be specified, under no other protection for his tenure than the specific terms of the lease which he may hold." This proposal was carried into effect,—but, somehow, no period was specified, and the insane Acts II. and XVIII. of 1812 were the result. They declared in so many words that the ryot had absolutely no rights of occupancy as against the zemindar! It will be difficult in the history of the world to find out another instance of a ruling power so ignominiously failing in the very object of their legislation. The ryots under the last days of Muhammadan rule in India were probably as badly off, or almost as badly off, as under the first day of the English rule,—but that was because the rulers cared little for the happiness of the people so long as their revenue was safe. Far different was the case with the English. Not a year passed without some attempt being made towards the protection of ryots. Despatch after Despatch came from the Court of Directors, minute after minute was written by Governors General, measure after measure proposed, rejected, and proposed again, enquiries set on foot, regulations multiplied beyond number,—and all for the protection and welfare of ryots. And yet the fatality which seemed to hang over the spirit of English legislation ever since Warren Hastings left India, rendered every proposal ineffectual, every attempt abortive.

Nor are the reasons far to seek. Society and politics

in Bengal were a contrast to society and politics in England; and rulers were called, as it were, from a distant planet to manage a people surpassing strange in their manners and institutions. In England, there is a spirit of resistance even among the lowest classes which renders gross oppression of the weak by the strong impossible. Half a century of bitter experience failed to convince the alien rulers of Bengal that such resistance to oppression was utterly wanting among the people, and must therefore *be created by legislation*. English society is surcharged with commercial notions, and whenever a class of people comes in close contact with another, a tacit contract and consequent intercourse arises almost spontaneously between such classes. Half a century of residence in Bengal failed to convince the English legislators that such spontaneous contract was almost impossible among a patriarchal people with whom every relationship was based on status; and that after having demolished the pre-existing relationship between the zemindar and the ryot, it behove the new rulers to create a fresh relationship by a special act of legislation, and to define the rights and duties,—the status in fact of each of those classes. These reflections which force themselves on us in the present day were impossible in those days. On the contrary, the “right of property” was a bugbear to the early English legislators,—it was a Frankenstein of their creation which threatened and haunted them at every step, proved fatal to all their good intentions, and prevented any action for the relief of the cultivators notwithstanding that Sec. viii. of Reg. I. of 1793 promised and provided for such action. To such a height was this fatal fear screwed up, that “it may almost be said that at one time, to ask a ryot his name anywhere but in a court of justice was considered by some people contrary to the principles of the Permanent Settlement”! The English have often been accused of want of originality of idea. The charge may be true or it may be false,—but the early history of English legislation in Bengal seems to afford one instance at

least of its truth. Half a century of experience in this country did not enable them to rid themselves of certain legal ideas which they had imported from England,—or to adapt legislation to the peculiar circumstances of the country.

But it is useless to follow the tedious annals of a vacillating legislation any further ; and we shall therefore pass on to the consideration of a strong act by a strong man. It was the man who had the cool courage to preach mercy when all India cried for revenge on the mutineers,—it was Lord Canning who composedly ventured to set at naught the absurd theories built up on the so called “right of property” of the zemindars, and after a lapse of 66 years to make a really earnest endeavour in his Act X. of 1859 to give effect for the first time to the clause of the Permanent Settlement above referred to.

It is not our purpose to give here a detailed account of this celebrated Act, we shall notice some of its most prominent features. By it the distinctive rights of zemindars and ryots were for the first time created, and sanctions provided for the proper discharge of such duties. Three classes of ryots were created, viz (1) Those whose ancestors have held lands since the Permanent Settlement ; (2) Those who have held lands for 12 years or more ; and (3) Those who have held lands for any shorter period. Enhancement of rent is impossible so far as the first class of ryots are concerned ; and as regards the second class it is allowed only on fair and equitable grounds, *i.e.*, when it is proved that the rent paid by such ryot is less than the prevailing rate, or that the productive powers of his lands have been increased otherwise than by his own agency, or that the quantity of his lands is greater than what he ostensibly pays rent for. The third class of ryots were in this respect left entirely at the mercy of the zemindars who can demand any rent from them, and in default of payment send them out of the zemindaree. Similarly, while the first and second class ryots cannot be ousted by the zemindar so long as they pay their proper rent, the third class ryots may be driven away

from their homesteads at the will and pleasure of the zemindar.

It will thus be seen that even Act X. of 1859 affords but a feeble protection to the third and most numerous class of ryots; and this is the point on which we would draw the attention of our legislators. We hope we have seen the last of that curious advocacy of the zemindar's rights of property which for over half a century rendered legislation on the subject impossible;—we hope the Government of the present day will not be daunted by such riff-raff arguments from giving the fullest effect to Sec. VIII. of Reg. I. of 1793. All that is wanted is the bestowal on the third class ryots the rights which have already been secured to the second class,—to prevent them from being ousted of their lands at the will of the zemindar. This will be a befitting completion of the good work commenced by Lord Canning, and the strong ruler who does this will in Lord Canning's own words establish “a lasting claim to the gratitude of the cultivators of the soil in Bengal, and to the acknowledgments of all who are interested in their well-being.” The Permanent Settlement has been called the Magna Charta of the zemindar's rights. Should an Act secure to the third class of the peasantry the rights referred to above,—such an Act coupled with Act X. of 1859* will form the Magna Charta of a more numerous and useful,—a more industrious and productive,—and withal a worthier class,—to wit the PEASANTRY OF BENGAL.

SONNET.

The blushing eastern sky, the cool, fresh breeze,
 Proclaim th' approach of rosy-finger'd morn,
 The flowering groves—the fields of golden corn,—
 The lowly shrubs—the proud majestic trees,—
 And I,—just franchised from a long disease,
 Feel the sweet influence of the day new-born.

* Now Act VIII. of 1869.

—It is for souls oppress'd with care, forlorn,
 The secret charms of Nature such as these !
 O heart of mine, be jubilant and raise,
 To Him who saved thee from untimely blight,
 The song of joy, the grateful hymn of praise,
 For *thy* night too is past,—and lo ! the light,
 Heaven's glorious light shines *in* thee and around,
 —Burst is the galling band with which thou late wert bound.

O. C. DUTT.

THE BENGALI OUT OF BENGAL.

ALTHOUGH we speak of Bengalis out of Bengal, it is not our intention, on the present occasion, to take notice of those who are sojourning in Europe. We purpose to confine our attention within the bounds of that grand misnomer—India. We advisedly say “misnomer.” For India is not a homogeneous whole ; it is not, in spite of our hearing it often so called, *one* country, neither ethnologically nor lingually. There is as much difference between Maharashtra and Bengal, Mysore and the Punjab, Travancore and Gujarat, Dravida and the Doab, as between France and Sweden, England and Russia, or Greece and Holland. A mere accident has placed the peninsula under one rule. Still, for all that, it is not one, but rather a congeries of countries and peoples, as distinct from each other in race, religion, physique, manners and customs, as it is possible to imagine.

The above looks like a digression, but it is not. The clear statement of the fact is necessary to understand the full force of the “out” in the title of this paper. The Bengali, once out of Bengal, whether he be in the Punjab or Rajputana, the Central Provinces or Bombay, the Doab or Sind, is a stranger in a strange land. He is surrounded by a people with whom he has hardly anything in common. His speech, his garb, his physique, his ways and conversation, mark him out prominently as such.

Go where you will, you can without the least difficulty pick him out from among thousands. He is not of the people in the midst of whom he sojourns. If he be in the North West, the Central Provinces, or the Punjab, he speaks a Hindustani all his own. It is neither of Lucknow, nor of Delhi, nor of the villages. He makes wild, reckless work of genders and numbers and persons—and all these he pronounces with a twang which may be best described by calling it Bengali. The best of the class is not altogether free from this peculiarity. The effect, of course, is often ludicrous.

Then his dress, what a motley it is! He delights to go bare-headed—the exclusive prerogative that differentiates the Bengali from all other races. The poorest of the poor—in all other parts of the Indian peninsula, though he has nothing but a *langoti* to cover his nakedness, never dispenses with a head-dress. A cap or a *pugree* of some sort he must have. But the Bengali out of Bengal (in his own country, of course, he has nothing of the kind whatever), if not forced by circumstances, treats caps, *pugrees*, *ad hoc*, with sovereign contempt. In a school or college one can always recognize the Bengali boys by their bare pates.

The other parts of his dress equally mark out the Bengali out of Bengal. See him in his house, or when he has not his official dress on, (which, by the way, is of all sorts and shapes,) the indecent thin five yards of Simla or Chakraberiah cover (save the mark!) his nether limbs. We have called his garb motley; not without reason. What other name can be given, for instance, to the following: a red-bordered thin *dhoti*, a brown-holland China coat, a lady's worsted jacket, a worsted comforter, socks and ankle boots, and—bare head!

As to his ways and conversation, when and where are they not marked? And so are his *lares* and *lemures*. The gods and goddesses, the feasts and festivals, he patronizes, are not usually those of the people among whom he sojourns, Hindus though they all be. Durga, and Shashti, and Bhaidwitia are

nought to the Lala, the Chhetri, or the Mahratta. Further, if there be three Bengalis, you may calculate on finding two and a half *dals*? Is not *dala-dali* a privilege of the Bengali in Bengal? Why should he not then carry it wherever he goes? It is as dear to him as grumbling to John Bull. He affects chairs and tables, too, which are not yet institutions out of the Presidency towns. "Good morning" and the shaking of hands come to him as naturally and readily as *Paulagi-Maharaj* to the Hindustani. The fact is, a thin coating of Anglicism spreads over his carriage and conversation. He affects the *Saheb* in all he does.

The Bengali crops up every where, even in places the least expected. A Bengali editor sometime since called his countrymen the Scotchmen of India. Well, in this matter there is certainly a resemblance. It is said of the Caledonian that if one could reach the North Pole he would find a Scotchman sitting on it! And,

"If Cain were a Scotchman heaven would have reversed his doom,
Not forced him to wander, but confined him at home!"

Within the limits of the Indian peninsula, at least, the Bengali is equally ubiquitous. Will the reader expect a Bengali in Madura! Nevertheless, he is there. In short, we will not take upon us to say that he is not to be met with even at Cape Comorin. And wherever he is, he has still the traits we have faintly indicated above.

But although certain broad characteristics distinguish the Bengali out of Bengal, there are Bengalis and Bengalis. First, there is the Runaway, who is now generally advanced in years. He bade adieu to Bengal long before the Railway and the Telegraph were heard of. Giving the slip to his guardians and friends, the boy went up the country and was lost past finding out. After wandering about, leading a regular Bohemian life as long as funds lasted, he at last settled down as the *Dawk Babu* or the Collector's Clerk. After a time, feeling that it is not good for man to be alone, he formed, what in the

absence of a better word let us call, a morganatic alliance with a girl of the soil. He prospered in worldly circumstances, as a *canny* Bengali deserved to do. Happening to be in Benares on a pleasure trip, he was recognized by some relatives come to pay their vows to Visweswar, and was persuaded by them to pay a visit to his native village in Bengal where they contrived to get him married. Returning to the land of his adoption, he found he had two "houses" to keep, his wife's relatives not submitting that she should live under the same roof with the Lalain or Thakurain. To his credit be it said, he did not send the latter adrift: it cost him as much to marry and settle the issues of this alliance as those by his legal wife. They are now respectable citizens of Benares and Mathura, half Bengali and half *goondah*. As a rule our Runaway is an orthodox Hindu, and is dead set against all new-fangled tantrums like Literary Institutes and Brahmo Samajes. His education never went beyond the Society's English Reader No. III., if even so far. But he never fails to remind you that he earned more money in his time than those who pass the *Inturrunsh Ekjaminashon*, or even the B. A. and M. A.—wallahs. He has so far yielded to circumstances as to wear a cap now and then, and to evince a predilection for *Chuppatees*. He talks as good Hindustani as can be expected from a Bengali who has never paid any particular attention to it. It is, however, rather of the market than of the *mujlis*. He is a delightful gossip, at times a bore, and never tires to relate his adventures which are sometimes exciting and interesting. We leave him, therefore, with reluctance.

Next is the Railway Babu. What a picture does he present! With his china-coat and eternal worsted comforter, and his "yesh Sar" style of English, he greets you wherever you alight from the Train, with the good humoured insolence of incipient intoxication. Redolent of the three B's,—beer, brandy and 'baccy, association with guards and drivers has enabled him to acquire a large stock of English expletives

which he freely uses. Off-hand in his dealings, essentially migratory in his habits, one day at Assensole the next at Nynce, he lives free from all impediments, and considers himself a "jolly fellow," defying Mrs Grundy. He has a soft point. Tip him with a peg, and he is your humble *servant*.

Between these two classes, the Runaway and he of the Railway, lie the various shades of Bengalis out of Bengal. We can but briefly indicate some of them. There is the Hanger-on, for instance. He is uncle to the Engineer Babu, or a distant relative of the Commissariat Gomashita. Apparently he does nothing but smoke, play cards and chess, and is great in organizing the Barawari Durga Puja. But he has his work—with the contractors and purveyors, with whom he deals in the name of his patron, darkly.

Then there is the young Bengali recently out, who always interlards his vernacular with scraps of English, and looks down upon the Hindustani as *Sathu-eaters*. He is very particular about the dressing of his hair after the newest fashion, and likes to dine in hotels or failing them, in Railway Refreshment Rooms. Perhaps, he is a non-resident member of the Calcutta Radical League.

But the representative Bengali out of Bengal of the present day is different from all these waifs and strays. He is of middle age, of tolerable education, intelligent, undemonstrative, and fills a responsible post, either under Government, in a mercantile firm, or in higher departments of the Railway. Outwardly he does not differ much from his fellow-countrymen of the same class at home. He leads a life of hum-drum mediocre respectability against which Mrs. Grundy can have nothing to say. He is orthodox, marries his children in Bengal, occasionally comes home to see his relatives, subscribes to a newspaper or borrows it from the *Saheb*, gives small sums for religious purposes, and—makes money. He came up the country to make money, and he never forgets the chief end of his sojourn.

There is, however, a variety of his type. The Bengali who answers to this type is generally better educated, occasionally writes to the papers, is more often than not a follower (on paper and in the *Anjuman*) of J. S. Mill, keeps up an outward semblance of orthodoxy, but does not hate a *mleccha* dish or drink if he can indulge in it on the sly, is fond of spouting at Clubs and Institutes, and tries to show some spirit in all that he does. He is at the bottom of all movements that have for their object the social and intellectual amelioration of the country, and if he had the money, says he, he would go to England. He, with his respectable elder brother, has done some good, in as much as he has shown some of the better sides of the Bengali character to people who were accustomed to regard the Runaway and the waifs and strays as representatives of his countrymen. And not only this. He acts as a motive power to all intellectual and social progress wherever he goes. Even some of the Native States are not free from his presence and influence. But he lives wholly without God and without religion.

A word about the causes that have brought about the change in the character of the Bengali out of Bengal. Formerly, a Bengali coming up the country was entirely cut off from all home association and home influence, and as it was just the season for sowing his wild oats he did so with a vengeance. Hence the name of a Bengali Babu became a byword and a reproach. This is a fact. But when the Railway made travelling cheap and less dangerous, and, with the Telegraph, the detection and bringing back of the Runaway easy, those only came up the country whose time for sowing wild oats had passed away and whose characters were more or less formed. The very number, again, of his countrymen, which necessarily increased with time, served as a salutary check on his irregularities. The influx, too, of persons whose better education must have had a humanizing effect on them, has had some influence in producing the change. This is perceptible in the

increasing respect with which the Bengali out of Bengal is now regarded.

VINDHYACHALA.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Stay, Heart, nor wander here and there
 By gusts of passion driven,
 But lean upon the Friend who hath
 Thine iron fetters riven,
 And he shall teach thee how to feel,
 And how to overcome,
 Shall bind thy wounds, renew thy youth
 And safely lead thee home ;
 Shall form out of thee, stony heart,
 Now wandering about,
 A pillar in the house of God,
 That never stirreth out.
 And a new name inscribe thereon
 In characters of light,
 A name which to all eyes that read
 For ever be as bright !*

H. C. DUTT.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A BENGALI CHRISTIAN.

PART THIRD.†

I.

THE Baptist Missionaries have done more for mission-work in this country by translating the Scriptures into Bengali than

* "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out.....and I will write upon him my new name." Rev. III. 12.

† The first two parts have been published in the form of two small pamphlets.

the missionaries of all the other denominations put together. The translation may not be as excellent as the English Bible but still the work has been done and not badly done either, and this is more than can be said of all other missionary undertakings. The translation may be improved. The Bengali language is very like the Italian in sound and sweetness and is besides capable of infinite developement. But up to this time not a single missionary has laid his finger on the Bengali Bible before us without spoiling the portion he has touched, or betraying that he is utterly unequal to the task of improving it. Leave well alone, say I.

I am quietly seated at a Baptist mission station in Santalia, twenty miles at the least from the wake of the "great bright beast with white puffing breath and fiery eyes." The hour is morning. Three Bungalows facing each other compose the station. I am sitting in a long walk or veranda attached to one of the Bungalows. Right in front is a rodhodendron ablaze with flowers and far beyond two lofty deodars, and still further on at the edge of the horizon, gently undulating hills. The missionaries are a Dane, a Norwegian, and a retired officer of the Indian Army. This last a very different sort of missionary from those whom I have already introduced to the reader. Though born in Ireland and an Irishman to the marrow and backbone, he is of the people, to whom he has undertaken to preach and to teach, mingles in their meals and diversions, sympathises with them in their sorrows and joys, attends to their temporal interests and welfare, and thus gently as if by magnetic influence draws them towards the Saviour. The Dane and the Norwegian were also zealous workers, though the former seemed somewhat superannuated, and the latter pranky as a colt and fast imbibing some of the worst qualities of the general body of his missionary brethren.

The Santals themselves are merry as birds and very hospitable. Mr. Hunter, in one of his able and interesting books, remarks "the worship of the Santals is based upon the family.

Each household has its own deity (ora-bonga) which it adores with unknown rites and scrupulously conceals from strangers. So strict is the secrecy that one brother does not know what another brother worships, and the least allusion to the subject brings a suspicious cloud upon the mountaineer's brow or sends him off abruptly at the top of his speed to the forest. So far as I have been able to learn, the prayers addressed to these family gods are to avert evil rather than obtain benefits. Thus, "may the storm spare my thatch," "may the black rot pass by my rice-fields," "let my wife not bear a daughter," "may the usurer be eaten by wild beasts." The head of the family on his death-bed, whispers the name of the family-god to his eldest son, and thus the same object of domestic worship is handed down from generation to generation. Unlike the Latin Penates—the beneficent protectors of the Roman household, the family god of the Santals represents the secret principle of evil which no bolts can shut out, and which dwells an unseen but eternally malignant presence beside every hearth. In addition to the family-god each household worships the ghosts of its ancestors. The Santal without any distinct conception of his own immortality or of a future life cannot believe that the link between man and this earth is dissolved by death and imagines himself constantly surrounded by a shadowy world. Disembodied spirits flit disconsolately among the fields they once tilled, stand upon the mountain-streams in which they fished, and glide in and out of the dwellings where they were born, grew up and died. These ghostly crowds require to be pacified in many ways and the Santal dreads his Lares as much as he does his Penates." The Santal worship and superstition thus differ in many points from the superstition of the more advanced Hindus of Bengal.

The most curious feature in the religion of the Santals is their common belief in Marang Buru or the Big Stone generally supposed to be the same as the Mahadeo of the Hindus. Marang Buru is a sanguinary divinity to whom human sacrifices were

offered a few years ago, and is now propitiated with the blood of goats and with red flowers. The Da-bonga (river-gods) Bir-bonga (forest-gods) Pakri-bonga (tank-gods) are only inferior divinities compared to Marang Buru. The Santals have also their own traditions on the formation of the earth and the first human pair, in which Marang Buru plays a prominent part. On the whole they are an interesting people, more straight-forward than other Bengalis but less sober. Enormous quantities of rice-beer are drunk during their feasts and merry-makings, and the missionaries do right in preaching to them against drunkenness.

I said I am quietly seated at a Baptist mission station in Santalia. The hour is morning and morning prayers are over. The pranky Norwegian is discussing the merits of a cup of coffee and a few bits of toast, meditating most likely some practical joke to be played off as occasion requires. The Dane is teaching some young Santals, and the other missionary is engaged in writing letters. The Norwegian observed that the thunder-storms which visited those parts were something terrific, specially the vividness of the flashes and the deafening peal of the thunder. He then observed to me in an undertone that he was very fond of dancing when young! He further said that agriculture, dairy-husbandry, mining, the fisheries, the felling of timber, the manufacture of tar, pitch, turpentine and cod-oil as also ship-building, are the leading industrial pursuits of his own country. He also interested me with some descriptions of Norwegian scenery, high fir-wooded mountains on each side and the lower slopes studded with farms, but I do not think it necessary to jot the descriptions down for my reader.

II.

Next day a number of Santals came running to us and said that a tiger had made its appearance in the vicinity of the villages. The sun was blazing hot. But my friend of the 'emerald isle' unmindful of all inconvenience at once determined to go and face the deadly enemy, and thus prove to them that he

was their true friend. Something of the spirit which actuated the inspired Psalmist and king when he caught a lion by the beard and smote him and slew him must have been in my friend when he so determined. It was nothing less than risking his own life for the good of the villagers. The proper instrument or weapon for destroying a royal Bengal tiger is a double-barrelled shell rifle 12 gauge, but our amateur sportsman possessed only a country-made gun and a single ball. Thus inadequately armed he issued in the name of the Highest as the champion of his 'little flock,' two Santals, myself, and the Dane following.

We knew that the only chance of killing the tiger was to go as close to him as possible and then fire after which he would become an easy prey to the Santal arrows. We did not however at first find the tiger but in tracking him up and beating the bushes, one of the two Santals in our company pointing to a bush cried out in terror "there—there" and then precipitately retreated. Not seeing the beast and not wishing to discharge his own ball at random, our friend stepped down the bank of a small rivulet or nullah to reconnoitre the bush. No sooner had he reached the dry bed of the nullah than he found himself right in front of the monster, in fact the tiger was glaring upon him from about 10 paces distant and at an elevation of about 3 feet. For a few seconds they remained staring steadily at each other, then intending to take steady aim between the eyes our friend slowly levelled his piece. The gun was scarce half way to the shoulder when with a savage growl the beast bounded upon him. Sadly disappointed our friend hastily pulled the trigger but the ball did not take effect. In about two seconds more beast and man had rolled over. Our friend had sufficient self-possession to raise his left hand to protect his head but in the twinkling of an eye the tiger's right paw was upon his left shoulder. We heard a bone snap. When the tiger bounded over our friend's prostrate body and clambered angrily up the bank, our friend to all appearance was senseless. At this moment we were seized with an irresistible

impulse to cry out and clap our hands which so frightened the tiger that, casting an angry glare at myself and the Dane, he retreated towards the underwood uttering low suppressed growls.

Now it became necessary to attend to the wounded. He was weak from loss of blood and could not sit upright. The two attending Santals stood with mouths wide agape and did not stir a step. So passing our walking-sticks underneath his body the Dane and myself carried him to the spot where the main body of Santals had collected. Here a charpoy was procured and placing him on it we managed to carry him back to the Bungalow. His loving partner (now with the Lord) who had been apprised of the accident was weeping bitterly. Some tincture of *Calendula* applied to the wound afforded relief. Attempts were also made to join the shattered bone but without success, and the arm had subsequently to be amputated at about 4 inches above the wrist.

Among the ancient European nations the tiger was not familiarly known. The Greeks seem hardly to have known it, and Pliny says that the first one known among the Romans was a tame one belonging to the Emperor Augustus. On seeing it through iron bars in a menagerie one can scarcely have a conception of its strength, agility, supercilious bearing. The one we had to deal with appeared to be in high health, its skin was sleek and shining, the color bright tawny yellow shaded into pure white on the under parts, and marked with dark bars on the upper. Its movements were lythe, supple, and full of grace, and the glare of its eyes was something terrific! A thousand pities that such a monster, after wounding a missionary, and killing, heaven knows, how many Santals, should be allowed to roam at large and not captured or destroyed.

Evening service in Santalia in the thatched Chapel near the Bungalows. Upwards of one hundred Santals present, a rather unusual attendance but I believe the news of the accident having spread, explains it. I think it would be advantageous

for these rude and rising Churches to have a stated order of service, somewhat like our English Liturgy. But as it was, the Norwegian's deep and sonorous voice first commenced a hymn in which all the Santals joined, he then read that memorable Chapter from Holy Writ the 5th Chapter of Matthew putting marked emphasis on the Benedictions.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted."

"Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth. "

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled.

"Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peace-makers ; for thy shall be called the children of God.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

The sermon was on the second text and was decidedly simple and touching. It could hardly be called evangelical, because it did not deal with high questions of theology like the Pauline doctrine of justification, but still it was Biblical. I call a sermon Biblical if it at all is on the model of our Lord's teachings and I think these missionaries do wisely in following that model. There appears to me to be something peculiarly appropriate in such sermons for these nomadic Santals. But they would be utterly insufficient with Calcutta Baboos. With these latter the philosophy of the Bible ought to be urged home not with enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the spirit and of power. Also let me add by exemplary life.

Reader ! Are all the Baptist missionaries like this hero, this prince and great man ? O si sic omnia !

III.

FROM Santalia back again to the vicinity of Kalinuggur as I had determined to have a peep into some Bengali villages *proper* and the mode of life pursued by their non-Christian inhabitants before going to Calcutta. For this purpose I lingered several days, and the result of my stay was a firm impression that Bengali villages *proper* are formed out of a better class of people, both as regards social standing and *morale* than those under the surveillance of Mr. Hagenback.

A typical Bengali village is a most interesting place. Surrounded on all sides by uniform and almost un-ending rice-fields, the village itself is covered and darkened by the thick luxuriant vegetation peculiar to India. Nature revels in almost excessive bounty, the slender bamboo, the broad-leaved banana, the over-shadowing tamarind, and a number of other trees, usually flourish near and beautify the home of the Bengali Ryot. A large variety of birds with sweet songs and sleek plumage nestle under this thick canopy, and numberless species of reptiles and insects, poisonous as well as harmless, find shelter along with their human neighbours in this primeval scene of nature.

The Ryot's home generally consists of two huts one tolerably large and used as bed-room, and the other a small cook shed. Well-to-do Ryots often have one or two huts more. The huts are built on raised mud platforms and are always kept clean. The furniture consists of two or three pieces of mats which serve for beds, a few earthen pots, and some brass utensils which are kept arranged in the bed room and used morning and evening. And when we add to this the plough, the couple of bullocks—perhaps one or two milch-cows, the earthen jars for the storing of grains and the wearing apparel of the different members of the family, we have, we believe, given a pretty complete list of the Ryot's property.

The Ryot himself is still the primitive creature that he was centuries ago. Covered from the loins down to the knee, with

a piece of cloth which is probably, never properly washed, he goes out to the field early in the morning. If it is the ploughing, the sowing, or the reaping season, he is as a matter of course very busy ; at other times he goes out for weeding or watching. He is never tired ; doing anything and everything that may be conducive to a good harvest. At noon he returns from the fields and takes his midday meal, and in the busy season goes out again in the afternoon. Not unfrequently the wife takes the rice to her husband in the fields. There he takes his meal, rests awhile under the shade of some tree and begins work again in the afternoon. He lives on borrowed *dhán* and money all the year round. At the harvest seasons he pays off his *maháján* (lender) as well as his rent, and then begins to borrow again almost immediately after.

It is not customary for females in every part of this country to work in the fields or to glean like Ruth, but the Ryot's wife always makes herself useful at home. She sweeps the house and keeps it clean, brings water from the neighbouring tanks, prepares the meals, makes the lamp, looks to the cows and to her children, and has work to do all the day long. She generally wears a *sari*, which is never properly washed, for the use of soap or even any substitute is almost unknown in villages. Her ornaments—for woman must needs have ornaments,—are few, and consists of *choories* (of glass or of some cheap metal) and of a necklace, and perhaps a waistband (which is often of silver). She enjoys greater liberty than her sisters in towns, for she can go out to bathe or to bring water from the tanks—but, unless she is old, she must speak to no man, not even to all the members of her own family. Unfaithfulness to the nuptial bed is almost unknown. Family peace is maintained throughout these pristine Bengali villages to a remarkable extent. Drunkenness does not exist, and in all such respects the Bengal Ryot and his family will compare favorably with the same class of people in Santalia, or other civilized countries.

The ryot is entirely innocent of any sort of education. The

best among them can only read Bengali manuscripts and write in the same language, but with any books they have absolutely nothing to do. The *Patwari* or the *mondul* sometimes knows to keep accounts and is considered by the villagers as the rural sage. The highest literary ambition among our villagers is to be able to write out and read *pottahs* and *dakhilas*, and the Ryot who can do this is a marvel to his fellow-villagers. Of literature or the sciences they have not so much as even heard the name; their knowledge of Geography consists in the acquaintance with the situations of some neighbouring villages; and their history is limited to the tradition of their own village of the last fifty years. Of religion too the Ryot has but little. He believes in and worships certain special and local gods. Death from snake-bite is of frequent occurrence in the villages, and the *mansha* plant is worshipped as a charm against this calamity. *Shasthi* is worshipped by those desirous of getting children, *Panchanan* is supposed to keep children in good health and safety, and *Makhal-Thakur* is supposed to supply an abundance of fish. A variety of local superstitions too forms an important portion in the belief of the ignorant people. Among the Hindu Ryots the practice of outcasting prevails to a fearful extent. It is a social rather than a religious punishment with which transgressions against the social laws of the villages (and especially laws relating to the relation between the sexes) are visited. The man for instance who lives with his brother's widow, or whose widowed sister or mother lives with a man of a lower caste, is excommunicated by the village society; and no one would dine with him or invite him on any occasion of festivity. The aggrieved person too often succeeds in forming a party for himself; and thus party dissensions begin. Boys are taken out to the fields at an early age, and are serviceable to their parents. They often feed the cows in the fields and help their parents in their field labours, and this early acquaintance with their work gradually initiates them into the ways of the life they are to lead. Boys and girls are married

at a very early age, but girls often stop with their mothers till they are fit to live with their husbands. About Muhammadan Ryots I have not spoken. My acquaintance with their modes of life is so limited that I leave it to others to do the subject justice.

From the foregoing sketch it will be perceived that (humanly speaking) Christianity is too spiritual a religion for the people at once either to accept or appreciate. They must be raised up to its level, and the only instrument of doing this seems to be *education*. God oftenest works not by miracles but by appointed means. And why should not *education* be the means or channel through which the living waters will flow into their souls? It is no reply to this to say that some of the most civilized countries in Europe are tending towards infidelity and free-thinking. The active principle of evil will remain in opposition to and fight against the truth to the creation's close. But notwithstanding all that, it is the writer's firm belief that *education*, and men in the mission-field entirely devoted to their work, would be the means of obtaining from these Ryots a patient hearing. After that, if they reject the truth the fault would not rest either with missionaries or mission-societies. There are some missionaries who know the Bengali language well. And every new missionary that comes out to work in Bengal should make it a point to learn it. The details of the *modus operandi* for preaching in Bengali villages should be settled with earnest deliberation in committees formed for the purpose, and not left to the caprice of individuals. Thus let "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

CHAPTER VI.

Battle between the Orientalists and the Anglicists.

IN a foregoing chapter I spoke of two eras of English education in Bengal; the first commenced with the establishment

of the Hindoo College in 1817, the second with the opening by Dr. Duff of the General Assembly's Institution in 1830. But the year 1835 was signalized by a still more memorable revolution. From that year commenced a new era of Government education in India. During the year 1834, while I was busy with my English Primer in the General Assembly's Institution, a great war was raging between two opposing parties in the Committee of Public Instruction; and the strength of the combatants was so nearly balanced that it was difficult to say which party would be successful. The one party, called the Orientalists, advocated the communication of oriental learning to the people of India through the medium of the Sanskrit and Arabic; and the other party, called the Anglicists, advocated the impartation of European literature and science through the medium of the English language. As both the parties were headed by men of great intelligence and skill, the conflict was maintained for a long time, and victory hung in the balance. Towards the close of the campaign, however, there descended into the field a general of consummate ability, whose scathing artillery of logic and sarcasm told with such fearful effect on the ranks of the Orientalists, that they were irretrievably routed; and the victory was so complete that, though nearly forty years have since elapsed, they have not yet been able to rally their forces for a second attempt. The great Captain, to whose generalship the victory of the Anglicists was chiefly owing, was Lord Macaulay, the Essayist, Historian, Poet, Orator, and Statesman. To a running sketch of this celebrated battle I now address myself.

It was in 1823 that the Committee of Public Instruction was organized by Mr. Adam, sometime Governor-General of India, who stated its object to be the "considering and, from time to time, submitting to Government the suggestion of such measures as it may appear expedient to adopt with a view to the better instruction of the people, to the introduction of useful knowledge, including the sciences and arts of Europe, and to the

“improvement of their moral character.” The Committee were at first not overburdened with work as they had only two Colleges under their supervision—the Madrussa College of Calcutta, established in 1781 by Warren Hastings, and the Sanskrit College of Benares, projected by the benevolent Jonathan Duncan, Resident at that city. In the following year, however, the Sanskrit College of Calcutta was opened; in 1825 was established the Delhi College for giving instruction in Arabic, Persian and Sanskrit; and the Hindoo College of Calcutta, though originally a private institution, was admitted into the pale of the Committee’s patronage. Though English classes were opened in some of the Colleges, the labours of the Committee were directed chiefly to the promotion of oriental learning. As the people were averse to learning Arabic and Sanskrit, pupils were bribed into those studies by stipends tenable for twelve or fifteen years. Large sums of money were spent in the reprinting of Sanskrit and Arabic works, containing for the most part an unhealthy literature, questionable ethics, and false science; and equally large sums were spent in translating European works on science into Arabic. An idea of the extent and the inutility of the labours of the Committee in this department may be obtained from the following extract from Macaulay’s Minute :—“The Committee have thought fit to lay out above a lac of Rupees in printing Arabic and Sanskrit books. Those books find no purchasers. It is very rarely that a single copy is disposed of. Twenty three thousand volumes, most of them folios and quartos, fill the libraries, or rather the lumber-rooms, of this body. The Committee continue to get rid of some portion of this vast stock of oriental literature by giving books away. But they cannot give so fast as they print. About twenty thousand Rupees a year are spent in adding fresh masses of waste paper to a hoard which, I should think, is already sufficiently ample. During the last three years, about sixty thousand Rupees have been expended in this manner.”

While Government was thus engaged in encouraging the

teaching of "false History, false Astronomy, false medicine," the instincts of the people themselves were leading them to a different direction. The Hindoo College, the Oriental Seminary, the General Assembly's Institution, and other English schools of the metropolis, were creating a thirst for English knowledge. While Arabic and Sanskrit students had to be bribed for learning those languages, the doors of the English schools were crowded with boys begging for admission; while Arabic and Sanskrit books had scarcely a single purchaser, the School Book Society "sold seven or eight thousand English volumes every year, and not only paid the expences of printing but realized a profit of 20 per cent. on its outlay."

Under these circumstances, it was natural that the Committee should be divided in their opinion as to the utility of printing oriental books which were never sold, and of bribing young men into a course of study which was, to say the least, utterly useless. Some of the members advocated the existing order of things, while others maintained the desirableness and necessity of encouraging English education. In 1834, the year of which I speak, the operations of the Committee came to a dead lock. No business could be done, as half of the Committee were Orientalists and other half Anglicists; and when Government requested the Committee to prepare a scheme of instruction for the Agra College, they could not come to any conclusion, as the Orientalists proposed that the course of instruction should be essentially oriental, and the Anglicists, on the other hand, that it should be essentially English. The party of the Orientalists was composed of the Hon'ble H. Shakespeare, the President, James Prinsep, Thoby Prinsep, W. H. Macnaghten, and Mr. Sutherland, the Secretary; and that of the Anglicists was composed of Messrs. Bird, Saunders, Bushby, Charles (now Sir Charles) Trevelyan, and J. R. Colvin.

But the battle between Orientalism and Anglicism was fought not only in the rooms of the Committee of Public Instruction; it was fought by outsiders before the public through

the medium of the press ; and of these outside combatants none distinguished himself more than the Scotch Missionary, Alexander Duff. Enthusiastic in the cause of English education, which he believed to be the cause of sound and healthy literature, of true science and of true religion ; endowed with great powers of application and boundless energy ; and possessed of a fluent and eloquent pen, Dr. Duff rendered inestimable service to the cause of English education in India. He greatly strengthened the hands of the Anglicists of the Committee of Public Instruction, with some of whom, especially with Sir Charles Trevelyan, he was on terms of familiar intimacy. Were the history of English education in Bengal correctly written, it would be found that the services which Dr. Duff rendered at this crisis were second only to those of Macaulay himself.

From the beginning, the Orientalist party of the Committee of Instruction had taken very high ground. They maintained that the course which they had hitherto pursued, the course, namely, of the encouragement and cultivation of oriental learning, had been prescribed by the British Parliament in the Act for the renewal of the Charter in 1813, when a lac of Rupees was set apart, to use the words of the Act, "*for the revival and promotion of literature and the encouragement of the learned Natives of India*," and for the introduction and promotion of a "knowledge of the sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories." The Orientalists laid particular stress on the words which I have italicized in the above extract. By "literature" they understood Sanskrit and Arabic literature ; and by the phrase "the learned natives of India" they understood only Sanskrit and Arabic scholars ; and they therefore maintained that, in order to change the operations of the Committee of Public Instruction, a legislative enactment rescinding that particular clause of the Charter Act would be necessary. As the colour and complexion of the system of Indian education depended on the interpretation of a few words in an Act of the British Parliament, the matter was naturally referred to the

legal member of the Council of the Governor-General, an office created a few months before at the renewal of the Charter in 1833. Fortunately for India, the legal member of Council at that time,—and he was the first legal member—was Thomas Babington Macaulay, who entered into the subject with his usual intelligence and enthusiasm, and indited a Minute which created an era in the history of education in India.

The celebrated Minute of Macaulay is dated 2nd February 1835. Without any preface or introduction, he plunges into the middle of things, and at once seizes the bull by the horns. "It does not appear to me," says he, "that the Act of Parliament can, by any art of construction, be made to bear the meaning which has been assigned to it. * * It is argued, or rather taken for granted, that by literature the Parliament can have meant only Arabic and Sanskrit literature, that they never would have given the honourable appellation of 'a learned Native' to a Native who was familiar with the poetry of Milton, the Metaphysics of Locke, and the physics of Newton ; but that they meant to designate by that name only such persons as might have studied in the sacred books of the Hindus all the uses of *cusa-grass*, and all the mysteries of absorption into the Deity. This does not appear to be a very satisfactory interpretation. To take a parallel case ; suppose that the Pacha of Egypt, a country once superior in knowledge to the natives of Europe, but now sunk far below them, were to appropriate a sum for the purpose of 'reviving and promoting literature, and encouraging learned natives of Egypt,' would any body infer that he meant the youth of his Pachalic to give years to the study of hieroglyphics, to search into all the doctrines disguised under the fable of Osiris, and to ascertain with all possible accuracy the ritual with which cats and onions were 'anciently adored ?" But granting though not admitting that the British Parliament meant by 'literature' Arabic and Sanskrit literature, and by 'learned Natives' Arabic and Sanskrit scholars, Macaulay argues that the words which follow, namely,

“for the introduction and promotion of a knowledge of the “sciences among the inhabitants of the British territories,” seem to be quite decisive on the other side.

The Orientalist party had argued, that the public faith had been pledged to the cultivation of oriental literature, and that any diversion of the fund set apart for that object would be “downright spoliation.” To this Macaulay answers—“We “found a sanitarium on a spot which we suppose to be healthy. “Do we thereby pledge ourselves to keep a sanitarium there, if “the result should not answer our expectation? * * * Suppose that a Government had in the last century enacted in the “most solemn manner that all its subjects should, to the end of “time, be inoculated for the small-pox, would that Government “be bound to persist in the practice after Jenner’s discovery?” Owing to these reasons Macaulay held the Governor General “to be quite as free to direct that it [the sum of one lac of Rupees] shall no longer be employed in encouraging Arabic and Sanskrit, as he is to direct that the reward for killing tigers in Mysore shall be diminished, or that no more public money shall be expended in the chanting at the cathedral.”

The illustrious Minute-writer now comes to what he justly calls the ‘gist of the matter.’ We have a fund to be employed for the intellectual improvement of the people of India. That improvement cannot be effected through the medium of the vernaculars as they are acknowledged on all hands to be exceedingly poor in literature. What language, then, shall be the medium of instruction? The Orientalists answer—Arabic and Sanskrit; the Anglicists, English. The whole question seems to Macaulay to be—“Which language is the best worth knowing?” After passing the well-known and oft-quoted eulogium on the English language, he says—“The question now before “us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language [that is the English language] we shall teach languages “in which, by universal confession, there are no books on any “subject which deserve to be compared to our own; whether, “when we can teach European science, we shall teach systems

“ which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those
 “ of Europe, differ for the worse; and whether, when we can
 “ patronise sound Philosophy and true History, we shall counte-
 “ nance, at the public expense, medical doctrines, which would
 “ disgrace an English farrier,—Astronomy, which would move
 “ laughter in girls at an English boarding school—History,
 “ abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thou-
 “ sand years long,—and Geography, made up of seas of treacle
 “ and seas of butter.” But it is unnecessary to give further
 extracts from a Minute with which every educated Native of
 India ought to be familiar.

I have said that it was a felicitous circumstance that Macaulay was at this time the legal member of the Supreme Council; but it is a matter of equal thankfulness that the helm of the vessel of the state was in the hands of so clear-sighted and so beneficent a Governor General as Lord William Bentinck. Lord Bentinck adopted Macaulay's views and published the famous resolution, dated 7th March 1835, which began with the memorable words:—“ *His Lordship in Council is of opinion that*
“ the great object of the British Government ought to be the promo-
“ tion of European literature and science amongst the Natives of
“ India, and that all the funds appropriated for the purposes of
“ education would be best employed on English education alone.”
 Thus ended the battle between the Orientalists and the Anglicists.

PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA.

TOLERATION. ✓

THE KORAN or the SWORD! *No via media* between the two! Compromise is jugglery, and hesitation downright cowardice of the most despicable description. That faith is no faith at all which plays higgledy-piggledy with human conscience. Even the poultry of the yard crows down in derision a creed that cannot stand a modicum of Sanhedrim catechism. Fair weather Litany costs nothing. Every mother's son can pass for a saint

by somnambulising "Amen" in a congregation of cousins, he, she and it, of the first second and third degree. The biggest bully can, at pleasure, indent on imagination, any amount of martyrdom, and arrogate to his mighty Ego the credit of passing through tilts and tournaments to vindicate the cause of which he boldly announces himself to be the most devoted apostle. Like the merry host in the Tab, he goes through all the different courses of the apostolic feast, preachy preachy preachy, thrashy thrashy thrashy, and prosses his brother co-religionists to do as he does, now vehemently denouncing the ungodly life of those who, for the sake of transitory creature comforts, sacrifice the comforts of eternal bliss; now pointing, in glowing colors, the glory of spiritual heroism compared with which the heroism of Hercules is but the fetes achieved by toys in a puppet show. A heroism that claims not laurels or laudatory addresses for its reward, but a closer approximation to perfect spirituality than what has been conceded to the ordinary run of mankind,—a more intimate brotherhood with angels. Aspirations to canonization, however, grow little by degrees and beautifully less as the goal to be reached is environed by associations more and more unpleasant. Luke and Damien are agreeable enough in theory, but in practice they prove rather disagreeable companions. Iron crowns and the like are not exactly the things our easy going Islamite bargained for. *Noorjeehan* is all exultant! Her *Khamed* will rid the world of heretics with whom it is sin to breathe the same air, it is sacrilege to dry bed sheets in the same day light. He will blunt the sword of the unbelievers, he will swallow their cannon balls. But when a *bona fide* sixty pounder booms from the other side of the canal into his Gunnybag fortification, "*Mui Hendu*" exclaims *Mauluvi Tittumeah*, small cap and offers the whole lot of his plough bullock for a shave of the betraying beard,

"—————th' equal grace

Both of his wisdom and his face ;

In art and die so like a tile,

A sudden view it would beguile ;

The upper part thereof was whey ;

The nother, orange mixed with grey !”

Religion, after all, is not a birth-day bonnet to be exhibited in sun shine and eschewed in frost. It must rough all weathers. In fact the more weather-proof the more safe from cracks, through which oozes enthusiasm like small beer in unseasoned casks, to the indescribable dismay and consternation of the economic housewife whose arithmetic is rudely shaken out of joint by the untoward leakage. Does a man light a candle to put it under a bushel? Is the gas light of high Heaven to be hidden under linen shirts, and the progeny of our common mother Eve to be suffered to grope for ever and ever in Cimmerian darkness, bruising their unprotected necks and limbs which allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy or any other pathy of hocus-pocus under the sun will not restore to healthy action again? “God created man in his own image, in his own image created He him.” Is the image of the Eternal to lie inert, maimed and mutilated, like decomposed subjects on the Demonstrator’s table, because we choose to withhold the charm “Brother! rise up and walk?” Is the heir apparent to Immortality to perish like the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air, because we choose to adopt a reasonless rhymeless neutrality dictated by Expediency, the plea of tyrants or Policy, the plea of fools?

Absolute liberty is a myth. Such a thing never existed, does not exist, will not exist, so long as men, like mangoes, dont ripen on trees, alighting from boughs able and willing to take their respective places in society and to discharge, with the regularity of Cartwright’s Spinning Jenney, the complicated functions of son, father, husband, citizen, instead of being caajoled into them by an endless course of teaching and thumping more harassing than the First Arts course selected by the united wisdom of the Calcutta University—a hodge podge that would do honor to my Lord Northbrook’s French domestic cookery. I had rather be a dog and bay the moon than PATER FAMILIAS, a wretch systematically robbed, under the mask of law, of his ease and comfort by a band of beardless free-

booters leagued to bore and badger the poor soul to desperation, quite at a loss how to steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of duty and affection.

“What war so cruel, what siege so sore,
 As that which strong affections do apply
 Against the fort of reason, evermore,
 To bring the soul into captivity !”

A family is a Multiplication Table of worries ! worry, worry, worry, from which one would fain retrace his steps to Egypt again, and, perched on the peak of the highest pyramid, read Malthus by day and meditate Malthus by night. Naughtiness here, sauciness there, here Dengue gnawing every bone in the frame, there Diarrhoea aggravated by cholera symptoms exacting every thought of the nursing parents, doomed to the infirmities of premature old age by restless days and sleepless nights. Alas ! how ill-requited by our Graduated Dunces, who, stuffed with a little of Chinabazar English, set high Heaven’s authority at naught and pooh-pooh the heart-broken father to his face ! This too while control is exercised ! Woe unto thee Charazin when it is not ! Give Ganna his will and forth with the Hooghly is on fire. He throws his sachel to the dogs and runs amuck with all decorum and proprieties, attaining, in his teens, the full swing of Young Bengalism that took his elder years five and twenty to reach. It is indeed very amusing to hear the man goaded to the cannon’s mouth talk of liberty. He at least whose very steps are under the command of another should be chary how he pulls up his nose at restraint. In no stage of life, from mewling infancy to second childishness *sans* every thing, is man in the enjoyment of liberty, nor in any condition either. The Bar, the Bench, the Pulpit, aye the Throne itself, all are slaves to restraint which dictates, with more effectual emphases than Canute’s, “Thus far shalt thou come and no further.” The unprincipled revolution-monger maniac, quite prepared, in the event of a reverse, quietly to put his neck under the yoke of a military despotism, may spout “liberty, equality, and fraternity” at the top of his lungs to inaugurate

a sort of political spirit-level in which enfranchised cobblers and cobbleresses will claim equal shares, with others, in the administration of the realm. Diogenes can well afford to down with royalty, to down with aristocracy, to down with priesthood, and, amidst the chaos of his universal downing process, exclaim like the man of one consolation, "By George! my tub remains untouched." The nincompoops of the upper crust, hoodwinked by ghosts of vested rights, fail to appreciate the transcendental beauty of root-and-branch reform which would have the Adams and Eves of this paradise of fools to roll like ivory balls red or white, plain or spotted, on the billiard table of society, pocketing themselves or making cannons off the one or off the other, at pleasure, in open defiance of Salkeld and Ventris, of Coke and Hales. "Half a loaf is better than no bread" is, with those worthies a rank interpolation; "The whole animal or no animal at all" is the true reading. Euclid was a fool. Half a joint of mutton is no mutton; two half joints of mutton make a sirloin of beef! With axioms like these you can make your social or political problems as difficult as you like. A little reflection, however, will at once convince a man of less rabid mathematics that, liberty, like divisibility or inertia can be illustrated only to a certain extent; that *ad infinitum* in no science admits of a practical solution.

But is not this so-called neutrality of your's a mere bagatelle after all? Do you not every day, and every hour of the day, cram the debris of an obsolescent western civilization, *nolens volens*, down the unwilling throats of the hawking, spitting, squatting Bengali Baboo who cares about your refinements as little as did the drunken shoe-maker about the delicacies provided for him by the practical satirist of old? Keep him to his *Dal-bhat*, and he is your "mosht obidient sherbhant." Pouched with a full cargo from the Spice Islands, the greazed automaton moves softly, talks glibly, and recruits the wear and tare of the day by plentiful pulls of the hubble-bubble. Feed him on roasts and stews, and like the veriest beggar on horse-back, he drives direct to the Devil himself.

“E’en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E’en in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

An old acquaintance, in days gone by, anxious to impress on the minds of his somewhat sceptical youthful audience, the respective merits of different medical practitioners, with great gravity observed: “A Kaviraj is a Kaviraj, a Hakim is a Hakim, and a Doctor is a Doctor.” The elucidation, as it is, was not altogether without a precedent. A poet of no mean reputation describes the warfare between Ram and Ravana in a similar strain.

The firmament is like the firmament,
The ocean is the ocean like,
So like the bloody feuds that we lament,
In which did Ram his last blow strike.

Encouraged by these authorities, ancient and modern, I venture a comparison, *viz.* A Bengali is a BENGALI! For decency’s sake, gentle reader! don’t run away with the idea that I am about to inflict a flippant diatribe against my countrymen for whom I profess greater concern than any other mortal can possibly do. It is certainly not saying too little when I say, and say with sincerity that, “with all thy vagaries, YOUNG BENGAL! I love thee still.” My meaning is in a nut shell. The leopard cannot take leave of his spots, the Ethiop cannot wash himself white, any more than a people can forget, under high pressure civilization, its national instincts. A more conclusive illustration of the proposition in question is no where to be found than in the author of the notoriously epigrammatic sentences in the as notoriously non-historic life of Hastings. The accomplished Thomas Babington Macaulay succumbed under antediluvian Anglo-Saxon prejudices and attributed to the inhabitants of this country a weakness that may, with equal truth, be attributed to all civilized nations of all ages and of all countries. Lying is a synonym for civilization. But let that pass. Go through the length and breadth of the land and hear what people say of your gas-light, your water-supply, your drainage-system for which you pinch them black and blue.

But these are perhaps the senseless growls of unpolished niggers that have not pantomimed any one of the farces annually enacted in the Calcutta University, and as such, smack strongly in your nostrils of sticks and stones, foolishness unto Gomes and stumbling block unto his humble imitator. Ask then the most vociferous of your travelled philosophers how he relishes the idea of sending his young wife a-marketting at Dharamtolah before gun fire in December. Ask that anomaly in Natural History, a sable Baboo in cloth coat and beaver hat, how comfortable proves his harness when Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit dances at 106° in the shade! Who has foisted this Factory Maund of bone and brass sewed on a texture thick enough to carry the largest Man-of-war across the Pacific, on delicate limbs to which five yards of superfine Dacca maslin was a burden?

Then why the prudery about the Bible? This straining at a gnat? People who inaugurated the memorable *Lex Locī*, and legalized the children of the wife of seven husbands, need not be afraid to interfere in a matter of such vital importance, not only to the rising generation, but to generations yet unborn! Every other institution of "demoralizing" tendency, from the creaking of cart wheels to midday breakfasts, has, by the united efforts of a paternal Government and a patriotic knot of ever wakeful leading members, been happily swept off from the face of the country. Jute carts move on smoothly like municipal rollers, and bullocks run like race horses without a touch of the tail. As for necks, they are all as sleek and nice as any that ever moistened the mouth of a beef-eater! Not a single galled neck from Patna to Pooree, all safe and sound like discharged patients of the Lock-hospital at Scaldah! None has cause of woe except Mrs. Buxoo whose morning slumbers are rudely broken by the bustle of her bed-fellow, busy in boiling eggs for his master against 8 o'clock A.M.

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SEPTEMBER, 1873.

THE LATE BABU KISSORY CHAND MITTRA.

ONE of our foremost literary men is gone. Babu Kissory Chand Mittra belonged to a class of educated Bengalis whose number is daily diminishing,—pro-University men, who were, somehow, men of wider culture than the graduates of the Calcutta University, of a more refined taste, more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of English literature, and more addicted to literary pursuits. Strange that our Colleges, which are now supplied with Honour-men from Oxford and Cambridge, should turn out inferior articles ! The result is perhaps owing to the system of education in vogue, a system the chief object of which seems to be to cram young lads with grammatical niceties or rather puerilities, with sapless etymological roots, with “notes” which are current only in the University market, with “abstracts” from which the spirit of the author has evaporated, and we know not what “paraphrases” and “modernized versions.” The pre-University men enjoyed English literature ; the young men of the present day endure it. Nothing is studied except what pays in the Examination Hall. No marvel that learning is not loved for its own sake.

Born in 1822, and taught the rudiments of knowledge in the School Society’s school, Kissory Chand completed his education in the Hindoo College where he distinguished himself, and which he left in 1842. Two years after he became Assistant Secretary to the Asiatic Society. But he did not long remain in that post. Having a literary turn of mind he wrote

an article on the life and character of Ram Mohana Raya in the *Calcutta Review*, which was then under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Duff,—its projector and first Editor, Captain (now Sir John William) Kaye having been obliged to leave the country after the publication of the three first numbers. That article made Kissory Chand's fortune. Dr. Duff recommended him to high officials, and Kissory Chand was appointed Deputy Magistrate of Nattore in the district of Rajshaye.

✓ Before leaving Calcutta, Kissory Chand had given promise of a useful and bright career. He had established an association called "The Theo-philanthropic Society," the chief object of which was the promotion of social and religious reform. We have lying before us a volume containing the transactions of the above-mentioned Society, and the discourses which it contains do great credit to Kissory Chand's head and heart. He was at this time full of noble aspirations, and was animated with the sincere desire of doing as much good as he could to his countrymen. As an illustration of this, we may mention that for sometime he gratuitously taught for some hours every week in the Free Church Institution which was situated near his house.

The five years and odd months, during which Kissory Chand held the Deputy Magistracy of Nattore, we are disposed to consider as the most useful and the most brilliant period of his life. A highly educated Native gentleman, with liberal views, wide sympathies and lofty aspirations, was placed in the charge of one of the most backward districts in the country. Here was an opportunity, not often accorded to many, to show his abilities to the best advantage, and to promote the welfare of the people among whom his lot was cast. Kissory Chand did not miss the opportunity. From the beginning he threw himself, heart and soul, into the work of improving the district. He soon became the most influential man in the Zillah ; and he used his influence in doing good to the people. With the assistance of the late lamented Rajah Prasanna Nath Raya and

other zemindars, he established schools, founded hospitals, set up dispensaries, excavated tanks, constructed roads, and in every way contributed to the physical and social improvement of the people. In Rajshaye his name is still remembered, and will be for a long time remembered, with gratitude and affection.

At Jahanabad, whither he was next transferred, though he distinguished himself as an intelligent and conscientious officer, he had not the same opportunity as in Rajshaye to carry out measures of reform and improvement, owing chiefly to the circumstance that in that subdivision of the Hoogly district he did not obtain the co-operation of rich and influential zemindars.

The zeal and assiduity with which he had discharged his official duties both at Nattore and Jahanabad, and the intelligent interest he had shown in the welfare of the people, were so conspicuous as to attract the notice of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Frederick Halliday, who felt no hesitation in promoting Kissory Chand, though a young officer, to the Junior Magistracy of Calcutta, which had become vacant by the elevation of the late Babu Hara Chandra Ghose to a judgeship in the Calcutta Court of Small Causes. This was, perhaps, the proudest moment in Kissory Chand's life ; but we do not like to dwell upon it, since it ended in his retirement from public employment. Nor have we the heart, in so brief a notice like the present, to enquire whether he was really guilty of the charges laid against him. We would turn away from that gloomy scene of the Calcutta Police Court, and would rather dwell a little on Kissory Chand as a literary man than on Kissory Chand as a public officer, especially as with his wonted generosity and love of literature he associated himself with us from the beginning in the conduct of this Magazine.

Kissory Chand, as we have already said, commenced his literary life with writing for the *Calcutta Review*. For that *Review*, which he regarded as his first literary love, he retained

an ardent affection which lasted through the whole of his life, the closing days of which he devoted to contributing to its pages. His contributions, not inconsiderable in number, embraced a variety of subjects—politics, sociology, history, biography, and religion. He edited the *Indian Field* for several years with success, after James Hume had retired from its management. He also often lectured in public on a variety of subjects; and some of his lectures, especially those treating of the lives of eminent Bengalis, are of great interest. Kissory Chand frequently spoke at public meetings, political and other, and though his speeches often smelled of the lamp, they were generally effective. A volume containing Kissory Chand's contributions to the *Calcutta Review*, his lectures and discourses and his speeches, accompanied with a brief memoir would be an appropriate monument to his memory; and we trust Babu Pyari Chand Mittra will do this for a brother beloved.

Kissory Chand wrote correct and manly English,—a style which one insensibly acquires by a constant study of the works of Addison, Johnson, Macaulay and other masters of English composition. His earlier compositions, like those of most young writers, were somewhat wordy; but age sobered his taste and made his style simple; and the last article he wrote on the "Territorial Aristocracy of Bengal," published in the current number of the *Calcutta Review*, is simple even to baldness. Amongst the hundreds of educated Bengalis who write in English for the press, there are only a few who manage that difficult language with correctness and elegance. Of these few Kissory Chand was one of the best.

Kissory Chand was an agreeable companion. Amiable, cheerful, communicative and witty, he spread sunshine wherever he went. His faults,—which he had in common with other men,—arose chiefly from his sociable disposition. He was more of a gentleman, in the English sense of that word, than most of his countrymen. He was generous to a fault. He had great respect for religion and especially for Christianity, of

which he always spoke in the highest terms ; indeed, at one period of his life, it might have been truly said of him that he was not far from the kingdom of Heaven.

SMALL THINGS.

A lone star at evening shineth
With a dubious light on high,
But we see with deepening night-fall
All the glories of the sky.

Near the hedge a small bird warbles
Warbles low and warbles long,
Then upon our rapt ears bursteth
A full tide of choral song.

On the plant a tender blossom,
Green and sheathed, is seen to stand,
Long before its magic circlet
Into sunlit rays expand.

Pattering drops from heaven refresh
April's thirsty sod and plain,
Months elapse—its flood-gates open
And down comes the pouring rain.

Scorn not, Christian, days of small things,
Weak beginnings though they be,
Tiny rills of crystal water
Mingle with the vasty sea.

H. C. DUTT.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PUBNA RIOTERS.

BY ARCYDAE.

There are some noticeable features in the late rising ryots in Pubna which have escaped the notice of most of our contemporaries, and which therefore we do not consider it out of place to point out in this article.

It is a matter of regret, though not perhaps of surprize, that most of the leading newspapers of the Bengali community should have taken an entirely one-sided view of the question, and passed unmitigated censure on the acts of the ryots of Pubna. For a few weeks we had nothing but exaggerated accounts of the doings of the rioters. Fugitive zemindars crowding to Calcutta, or suffering zemindars writing from Pubna, did not fail to influence the press with *exparte* representations, and fear lent additional coloring to an already over-colored picture; until we found robbery, murder and rape represented as an every day occurrence. It has now been satisfactorily ascertained however that acts of violence were remarkably few, and were mostly perpetrated by certain *badmashes* who got hold of the opportunity to carry out their evil intentions. Making allowance for all these facts, however, it will not still be denied, that the ryots were guilty of some irregularities and some acts of violence;—and none regrets such acts more than ourselves, because they tend to wean from their perpetrators the sympathy which is pre-eminently their due;—because a just Government has not failed to visit such acts with speedy chastisement.

And yet those who condemn too severely such acts should remember that a rising like that of Pubna seldom concludes without some acts of violence, without some retaliation as it were of the tyranny which was its cause. The force of the rebound is proportionate to the pressure which caused the rebound, and the reaction seldom concludes without injury to some body. History tells us of unheard of imperial tyranny and cruelties being expiated in the blood of nations, in a revolution which in

its moment of blind force shook an entire continent to its foundations ; and though such instances have been rare, yet there is not one recorded instance of rising from pressure where the law of nature has not been verified,—where the rebound was not attended with violence, or crimes if you will call it, of some sort or other. We are not therefore prepared to heap indiscriminate censure on the ryots of Pubna for yielding, in their moment of power, to the temptation which no class of people when similarly circumstanced have been able to resist.

“ But they,
 “ Who in oppression’s darkness caved had dwelt,
 “ They were not eagles nourished with the day ;
 “ What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey ?”

The rising of the people *en masse* in an entire district is certainly a singular phenomenon among a peasantry so mild as that of Bengal. We have had risings of chiefs, risings of sects, risings of fanatics, risings of insurgents in this country ; but of risings of a purely agricultural character we have had but few instances in olden times. And yet within the last 10 or 15 years we have had two instances of this sort, viz. the Indigo disturbance of Nuddea, and the late rent disturbance of Pubna. Perhaps it will not be a bootless task to enquire into the causes of these risings under the British Government. At the risk of being put down as paradoxical and perverse in our opinions, we shall venture to assert, that we see in them a good sign of the times ;—that we find in them some evidence that the moral of a civilized mode of administration has not been entirely lost on the millions of Bengal. The British Government with its correct principles of equality, and its resolute curbing of oppression wherever and whenever found, has already freed the peasantry of Bengal from that galling servitude of thought and action in which they remained enchaind for centuries and which rendered action on their part impossible ; it has already inspired them with confidence, and

given them a degree of assurance which they never knew before. For centuries together the peasantry remained in complete servitude under the zemindars of Bengal. Those who are familiar with the details of administration in Bengal in the last days of Muhammadan rule unanimously admit that the zemindars of those days were the supreme rulers of the people under them ; they were indeed little feudatory chiefs bound only to pay revenue to the subadar. Their internal administration was never interfered with, and when they chose to be oppressive, against their oppression there was no redress. Under such circumstances it was not a matter of surprize to find the peasantry devoid of all energy—of all hope of resistance. At a time when resistance was certain to prove futile, action became impossible, combination was folly, silent servitude was natural, and grew into a fixed habit. We confess we are pleased to find evidences that the millions of Bengal are at last awakening from this lethargy, and that retaining the peaceful habits of their forefathers, they are yet in the present day capable of action in cases of emergency. And we believe we are stating a simple truth when we say, that the development of this healthy feature in the character of the Bengal ryot is entirely due to the policy of the British Government in Bengal which recognizes no class of oppressors under its shadow.

The advocates of the zemindars ascribe this change to the self-same cause, but entirely misrepresent or fail to understand its character. They agree with us in saying that open resistance on the part of the ryots did not exist before, but while we view with complaisance the development of this feature in the ryot's character, they regret it as a mark of hostility between the zemindar and the ryot which has been fostered by the British Government. Who taught the ryot, they ask, to rush to the civil court on the least disagreement with his zemindar ? Who taught him to have his master the gomasta or the naeb in the criminal court for the pettiest act of oppression ? It is the British Government with its Penal Code, and its Act X. of 1859.

Before these enactments there was no hostility between the zemindar and the ryot; every thing (in their words) was calm and still.

Perhaps it was so; but it was the stillness of the desert and the calm of death! There was no open hostility, because hostility was action, and action was impossible. Servitude, silent, un murmuring, voiceless, servitude was the order of the day,—and the order was well kept. Oppression called forth no resistance, tyranny evoked no groan! The guilt, the crime of the British Government has been in affording the ryot a means of publishing, perhaps of opposing gross oppression,—and this has offended our zemindars, our press, our so-called public opinion!

But we ask the candid opinions of our readers whether an attempt towards equalizing two classes, with occasional ruptures, is not in every way preferable to the permanent and silent servitude of one class under another. We hope we shall not be mistaken. We have already said we sincerely regret the circumstances which have led to the rising, what we mean to add is that, when such circumstances exist, it is better that they should come to light through such outbreaks than that they should be silently put up with. The attempt therefore of every well-wisher of the country should be not to make such risings impossible by bringing about the repeal of the Penal Code and the Act X. of 1859, but to remove those causes and circumstances which make such risings necessary. What were those causes and circumstances? Happily this question has been answered officially, and there can therefore be no two opinions on the subject. "The real origin of the dispute," says Mr. Nolan, the Magistrate of Serajgunj in Pubna, "is to be found in the frequent enhancement of rents and illegal exactions in Esafshahi Parganah." Mr. Taylor, the Magistrate of the district, says,—“There can be no doubt that at the time of the Nattore Raja the rates were very low, and the ryots now assert that since then no legal enhancement of rate has been made. The zemindars have, however,

collected *abwabs*, and this has been going on for so many years, that it is now scarcely clear what portion of the collections is rent, and what illegal cesses. It may be that the zemindars have all along intended some of their cesses to be in reality an enhancement of rent, and that their accounts and the receipts granted to the ryots shew this to be the case. The ryots however maintain that they have never consented to pay such excess as rent, but simply as temporary *abwabs*, which so long as they were on good terms with their *maliks* they have paid without objection. The late inquiries with respect to the illegal exactions by zemindars, the expected extension of the Road Cess Act to this district, have shewn the zemindars the necessity of obtaining written engagements from their under tenants. The Banerjeas did manage to persuade many of their ryots to grant *kabulyats*, the terms of which were most unfavourable to the ryots, as they appear subsequently to have discovered ; and but for this discovery I have no doubt that the other zemindars would have followed the example of the Banerjeas. The ryots seeing or rather being shewn their danger by others, commenced about May last to form themselves into a league to resist the demands of the zemindars."

Have we not been told ever since 1793, over and over again, that *abwabs* are illegal, and that zemindars imposing cesses on the ryots should be severely punished ? The late revelations made in Orissa, the transactions in Pubna, all shew that such regulations and acts have been treated by zemindars as waste paper, and that cesses and *abwabs* are triumphantly imposed and exacted by zemindars all over the country. And indeed they have a nice purpose to answer. According to Act. X. of 1859, the rent payable by permanent ryots cannot be increased on any ground, and that payable by occupancy ryots can only be increased on certain stated grounds. To zemindars desirous of increasing rent, such clauses are no doubt exceedingly inconvenient, and the only way open is the cesses and the *abwabs*. Ryots do not particularly mind such payments so long as they

are not made permanent, and are gradually induced to make such payments ; until after a lapse of certain number of years the zemindars turn round and assert that such cesses were meant to be nothing more or less than enhancement of rents. Ingenious trick ! Worthy instruments in the hands of worthy zemindars to ensure and delude ignorant and helpless ryots !

But we do not require official reports to inform us that illegal cesses and enhancement of rent were the causes of the Pubna disturbance. Those who are familiarly acquainted with the habits and feelings of the Bengal ryot could scarcely be at a loss as to what the causes were. Abuse him, beat him, and the ryot will not complain ; strike him and he will bend ; but increase his rent and he will break. The blessings of the British rule have availed him but little ; the luxuries of a civilized life he does not aspire to, of wealth he has none, education he seeks not. He has one and but one thing to compensate for all these wants, his land and his annual crops. His most dearly cherished hope points to nothing higher than to a good harvest ; his greatest fear is lest his produce is decreased or his rent increased. Is it a matter of wonder then that he should be passionately fond of his little bit of land,—that he should jealously guard his interests in the land ? When the zemindar wants to increase his share of the produce of that land, the ryot will bear no more,—the last straw breaks the camel's back. It is this class of oppressions that he feels most cruelly and reflects upon most bitterly. It is this therefore that every well-wisher of the country should attempt to put a stop to, in order to render impossible future disagreements between zemindars and ryots.

How is this to be done ? We have already answered this question elsewhere.* Act X of 1859 allows increase of rent with regard to considerably over half the ryots of Bengal, viz. those who have no right of occupancy. This we submit should

* In our article on the Bengal Zemindar and Ryot which appeared in the August number of the *Bengal Magazine*.

now be awarded by special legislation. Increase of rent should be totally disallowed with regard to all ryots except on very strong grounds, and a sort of permanent settlement should be created between ryots and zemindars. This we submit will be a noble recognition of the rights of the Bengal peasantry, which have unfortunately been so long and so shamefully ignored by the British Government; and this, we further submit, is the only possible measure which may be calculated to prevent future disputes between zemindars and ryots, and to do away with that mass of litigation about the rights of enhancement of rent which is at the present moment pestering our civil courts, demoralizing the people, and eating into the vitals of the nation. In order more clearly to express our intentions we shall draw out a few sections of the Act which we submit should be enacted :—

WHEREAS it is expedient for the protection and welfare of the cultivators of the soil of Bengal to extend to all classes of ryots the benefit secured to a certain class of them by Sec. XVII. of Act X. of 1859, it is hereby enacted as follows :—

I. No ryot shall be liable to an enhancement of the rent previously paid by him except on some one of the following grounds, namely :—

(1.) That the rate of rent paid by such ryot is below the prevailing rate payable for land of a similar description and with similar advantages in the places adjacent.

(2.) That the value of the produce or the productive powers of the land have been increased otherwise than by the agency or at the expense of the ryot.

(3.) That the quantity of land held by the ryot has been proved by measurement to be greater than the quantity for which rent has been previously paid by him.

II. Any party desirous of increasing the rent of land on any of the above mentioned grounds shall apply to a civil court and prove that such grounds exist. No enhancement of rent shall be legal except through the verdict of the civil court.

III. Whenever land is let to a cultivating ryot, or to a tenant of any denomination, the party so letting shall grant a pottah containing the following particulars :—

- (1.) The amount of annual rent.
- (2.) The instalments in which the same is to be paid.
- (3.) And any special conditions of the lease.
- (4.) If the rent is payable in kind, the proportion of produce to be delivered, and the time and manner of delivery.

IV. The party granting a pottah shall register the same.

V. The production of a pottah so registered shall be conclusive evidence on the question of previous rates of rent unless when fraud, coercion or forgery is proved ; or unless when the enquiry refers to an enhancement of rent which is said to have taken place previously to the granting of the pottah.

PENALTIES.

VI. Whoever enhances rent except through the verdict of a civil court shall be punished with fine which may extend to 1,000 rupees.

VII. Whoever withholds pottah for a period of four months after the land has been let, shall, except when sufficient cause is shewn for the omission, be punished with fine which may extend to 100 rupees.

VIII. Whoever refrains from registering a pottah for a period of four months after it has been granted, shall, unless sufficient cause is shewn for the omission, be punished with fine which may extend to 100 rupees.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IX. The provisions of this Act shall not apply to cases in which land is let at a specially low rent, or without rent, with the object of bringing waste land under cultivation, or with some similar object.

X. Cases under this Act shall not be cognizable except by a magistrate vested with 1st class powers, or placed in charge of a subdivision.

A BROTHER'S DEPARTURE.

BY ARCYDAE.

'Tis done ! now far and farther still
Each moment from thy native shore,
Thou seest alone the billows' swell,
Thou hearst alone the surge's roar !

Above, an angry azure sky,
Beneath, an angrier, bluer sea,
And like a bird with outspread wings,
Thy vessel wafts thee ceaselessly !

And in thy heart, O ! what a strife,
Of doubtful hope, uncertain fear,
Of desolation cold and chill,
Of recollections passing dear !

Of varied feelings ever new,
As mid varying scenes you roam,
A tear for what you leave behind,
A hope for what is yet to come !

Methinks I see thee on the deck,
The canvass fluttering in the gale,
The vessel cleaving through the main,
And rolling at the ocean's swell !

Methinks I see thee on the deck
Gazing on a vacant sea,
Gazing still and musing still,
Of whom and what,—ah who shall say ?

Ah who shall say,—ah who can feel,
The tumult that thy heart must know,
In leaving thus a dear loved home
Long long to wander,—far to go !

But truce to such ! Nor this the hour,
 When pensive thoughts should claim a sigh,
 And if a tear-drop clouds thy face,
 Dash down the tear-drop from thine eye.

For now thy bark is newly launched,
 Upon life's wild and boisterous sea,
 Hold fast thy helm, keep fixed thy watch,
 An active life awaiteth thee.

And when thy travels all are o'er,
 When to thy native land wilt come,—
 Long years of anxious watch then past—
 An exile,—to thy father's home,

Then rich or poor, or high or low,
 In thy own home, art welcome ever,
One aching heart will bless the day,
 And brothers' love it changeth never.



GRAND FATHER CHHAKESSUR;

OR

THE SENTIMENTS OF A KULIN BRAHMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Improvement you call it ? It is all bosh, all fudge, all unmitigated nonsense, exclaimed Grand Father Chhakessur, in a towering passion, while deploring the degeneracy of the age. Improvement indeed ! If to wage a ruthless crusade against all time-honored institutions, good, bad, and indifferent, be improvement, then did the Vandals improve the Roman Empire !—then did the long-tailed commander-in-chief under the grass-green prince of Oudh improve the orchards of Ceylon ! No, my darling. Book that man down as a huge humbug who would delude you into the belief that you have entitled yourself

to commendation by assuming these foreign airs which become you no more than would gravity become Falstaff or flirtation become blue-eyed Moll "looking hideously tender." These senseless eccentricities not only scandalise our country and countrymen, but disgust those very people whom you would fain please by ludicrous caricatures. Thus you materially damage the cause of high education, to which are readily debited all such monkey-tricks, by shallow politicians who would satisfy the functions of Christian rulers by doling out homœopathic doses of vernacular literature to rustic youth, kidnapped from cornfields where they are more usefully employed, as apprentices to their relatives, who supply the market with the staple food of the whole population. Our immortal bard Kalidas, they say, was one day discovered lustily lopping off the self-same branch on which he was perched. Don't you think your suicidal policy would out-Kalidas Kalidas himself. You know, and none knows better than you do, that your only stock in trade is your M. A., a couple of letters, and these too, most probably, swindled out of the University by counterfeit invoices begged, borrowed or stolen from your neighbour, engaged in a similar venture. Is it common sense to advertise that only article as a poisonous drug that burns and blisters customers bargaining for them with half the convex world between? You cannot conceive what incalculable mischief you do by chalking out such a line of conduct for yourself. Your pooh-poohing every thing and every body is sure to prove more ruinous to your native land than any possible war of men or elements. I could this moment name scores of high officials who would have gone through fire and water to forward the views of Hindu youths, driven to cold apathy and indifference, by the indiscretion of the rising generation. Were not your mental eyes so hopelessly jaundiced you could at once find in yourself the verification of the worst apprehensions of my honored and honorable friend, Brigadier B——. Ah! little did I then realise the dread significance of his melancholy smile of incredulity after patiently listening

to detailed statistics of my magnificent castle in the air. Little did I then dream that, erected at such awful sacrifices, the entire fabric would crumble to dust so soon. I turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances of friends and relatives, and fondly plunged to the hope that here, as elsewhere, *Education and Manners* should live together in the harmony of lawful wedlock, and not in eternal variance and perpetual divorce.

As an average specimen of educated natives you had two courses open before you on entering the world. You could, if you chose, by your own example illustrate, to your less advanced countrymen, the difference between education and ignorance, as regards the physical and moral, social and political condition of man. Instead of harping on unpracticable equality between the rulers and the ruled, the hot-house CRYPTOGAMEA of Lower Bengal might have learnt from you the necessity of thankfully accepting the privileges conceded by a paternal Government to whom the entire population was transferred, like goods and chattles, by another foreign administration. Civilization recognises immunities to a fallen foe worthy of the powder, but clamour about vested rights of a race of AutomatonS is as ridiculous as the well-known strike amongst the limbs for a fancied monopoly on the part of the Belly. It was only the other day that the EJUS, a sobriquet by which anglicised Bengali Baboos were known a short while ago, in august conclave met at Fouzdari Balakhana of grievance notoriety, to select, from among their body, a deputation to England for securing what they considered a more equitable distribution of state patronage, and, lo! there was found but one solitary man throughout the length and breadth of the country, and, he too, *sans* pluck, *sans* purse, *sans* status in society! Others have, doubtless, since visited the bleak chalky Eldorado, have eaten the required number of Dinners, have made the *not* required number of speeches; but whether they have raised their countrymen from the slough of *Keranidom* by the wild goose chase, or plunged them to a lower deep still, it does not require the

twenty eyes of Ravana to see, or the diplomatic penetration of Narada to percieve. John Bull, with all his mischievous proclivities, is a matter of fact sort of an animal. Hocus-pocus will not go down his throat. He cannot stomach it. You may hold a fasting tiger safer by the teeth than play fast and loose with giant John, who, like the generous *Rohit*, reposes in unfathomable depths, enjoying the antics of the small fry at the surface, but, if provoked, leaves his lair, mounts to the top, and swallows the entire shoal in one lump. For sport's sake he gives you a long line, that you may jump and frisk, rejoicing at your fancied freedom ; but the moment you attempt to go an inch beyond his wish you are sadly reminded of what you are,—what you have been,—what you shall be, Heaven knows, for what length of time. The first step towards independence and aggrandisement is a careful preservation of a compact nationality, best secured by a ready but rational conformity to the rules of society, and not by tearing it, piece-meal with rival *Sabhas* and *Samajes* ever fighting, tooth and nail like Kilkenny cats, and dogging the authorities to cool retreats with memorials for special legislation, to the imminent diversion of the civilized world. How long can a house divided against itself stand? You have read history to no purpose whatever if you have failed therein to discover that the true secret of strength is union. This secret it was your bounden duty to communicate to the people at large. Not by quixotic theories couched in plagiarised phrases, but by overt acts and consistent practice. Not by isolating yourself from the bulk of the people, but by free intercourse and large sympathy. Not by spasmodic paroxysms of lip deep patriotism, but by a sincere steady, deliberate, uniform, system for impressing on your neighbours the noble sentiments gleaned from the immortal pages of Hume and Gibbon, of Mackintosh and Robertson.

Unfortunately for the world some great scholars have been greatly eccentric. It does not, however, therefore follow that there is any necessary connection between scholarship and

eccentricity, any more than there is a connection between Hafiz and insanity, simply because one or two readers out of thousands of the poem in question happened to be mad in after life. Real merit will shine without the aid of tomfoolery. Oddities serve to mar the lustre of worth instead of setting it off to advantage. True the "LAME BRAT" is popular in spite of his waywardness; how much more popular would he have been without it? The disuse of the neck-tie, so often aped by transparent shams for establishing their claims to genius, was not uncriticised even in Lord Byron himself. This shows how the veriest trifles are often calculated to damage the prospects of pilgrims to the Temple of Fame, and how very necessary it is for these strictly to conform to the rules of society where such conformity does not involve the sacrifice of any right principle.

There is no dearth of puritans to decry the government system of education as a godless system. To whom much is given, of him much shall be expected. You were expected to vindicate the catholicity of the system from such undeserved aspersions by inaugurating a higher tone of morality, by being like Cæsar's wife above suspicion, by giving a practical turn to the aphorism, "To be good is to be happy." How lamentably you have failed in the due discharge of this most important duty is patent to the most superficial of observers. I do not accuse you of being more immoral than your uneducated neighbour. I am not one of those who would gauge moral sense by mathematical formulæ, and compare the morality of one batch with that of another by figured statements containing dozens of decimal places. No; I maintain that the average immorality in different countries is the same, and that, because I look upon these laxities in the same light in which I look upon Cholera and Small-pox, Cyclones and Volcanic eruptions. They are necessary evils; though for their why and wherefore nobody can pretend to assign any reason. But I do accuse you of having raised loose morals to the dignity of a science. The village *Mandal* fabri-

cates a story and forthwith his own face gives him the lie direct. Not so your frâud, cotton or silk, jute or flax. This is a problem of as difficult a solution as the quadrature of the circle or the trisection of an angle. Protected by his own inscrutable nature, and, still more by the omnipotent Penal Code, the educated cheat enjoys perfect impunity, nay, by hook and by crook, invariably manages to place the unfortunate victim on the wrong side of the Law, notorious at all times for uncertainty, and rendered doubly so by your so-called enlightenment. Law is the rage of the day. The Law, the whole Law, and nothing but the Law, is the motto. Compromise is weakness, and amicable settlement is disgrace. As for forbearance, why it is neither here, nor there, nor indeed, anywhere else. The rich, the poor, the old, the young, the male, the female, bandy Law. Did any body ever hear before these dog days of ultra radicalism a Kulin girl suing her husband for maintenance ! What is to become of the wretch if he is to be complimented by each of his one thousand and one "Dear Halves" in a similar style ? Why did we, you ask, knock down, in one lot, an entire colony of female relatives to a homeless, penniless, brainless, beardless ragamuffin who had never crossed the threshold of a ragged school from China to Peru ? Well, granted that we were no better than a pack of fools, and that YOUNG BENGAL is wiser in his generation. Pray, why do you not marry your sisters and "cousin sisters" to Nabobs and Naboblings, and, at once eliminating the discordant *Nanad* element that disturbs high caste Hindu families, live, *Debu-and-Debee* fashion, in hotels and hostelries, for carrying out your schemes of rapid reform without let or hindrance ? Mr. Chuckerbutty ! that is the address now a days I suppose, eh ?—By the bye, Paramanund, does "Mister" sound more musical than "Baboo ?" Does it make you one shade the fairer ? Does it make you a bit stronger ? But let that pass—Mr. Chuckerbutty, here the cat is out of the bag ! You still hanker after, caste distinctions your liberalism notwithstanding.

“Ev’n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev’n in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

The truth of the matter is you will be a SAHEB without any sacrifice. You will crop from the boughs, and also gather from below, as the saying goes. You will be every thing by fits and starts, and nothing long. And yet it is defamation of character most distantly to allude to this happy abnegation of all restraints—to this self-licensed freebooting in society. You flourish clauses of the Sibylline leaves to cow down honesty, and bully truth that would venture to call a spade a spade! You have banished confidence beyond the seas, and hanged, drawn, and quartered, decency on the gallows-tree. The right ear believeth not what the left ear sayeth, and the right arm volunteereth Queen’s evidence to criminate the left. Social intercourse has become a grinning match, and domestic life a game of chess, each member trying, by checks, and counter checks, to checkmate the rest.

But the most important duty in which you have completely failed was one you owed to yourself. Charity begins at home. He who is systematically cruel to himself cannot reasonably be expected to be otherwise to his neighbours. Ram! Ram! Param! what a wreck have you managed to make of yourself in brief five and twenty years? Where is all my milk for which I pinched myself black and blue. You look full twice as old as I do;—more grey, more toothless, more infirm, than your own Grandfather. No wonder the taste for English, so recently created, is already dying away. Rome was not built in a day. A taste for foreign literature cannot be created by galvanic shocks or mesmeric manipulations. It was a work of time. The Bengali intellect, however sharp, reduced to a state of perfect coma by the ennui of centuries, was not at once to be roused to activity for the cultivation of any literature whatever, far less of a literature with *Mlachhya* associations. Every educational movement was looked upon with suspicion, and construed into an insidious

attempt to introduce Christianity, especially by a despicable class of spurious patriots, deeply interested in perpetuating the reign of ignorance, always a powerful auxiliary in the exercise of unlawful influence. These charlatans hurled anathemas on the heads of all such as made the least attempt to emancipate themselves from a thralldom repudiated alike by laws human or divine, and chuckled over the perfect impunity they enjoyed throughout the length and breadth of the country. Poor Iswar, your second cousin, was put under a ban, and declared barred from the performance of his father's funeral obsequies by his smattering of Persian; and your own uncle was threatened with similar penalties for accepting employ in the Silk Factory at Ghatal. Unfledged school-room orators attribute the dark ages of Bengal to the maladministration of the Muhammadan rulers. Their *Hamzat* tendencies, doubtless, partly stood in the way of a general diffusion of knowledge but, as a body, they are often painted darker than they really were. The great Akber was by no means either King Log, or King Stork. He would, all things considered, compare favorably with any crowned head of modern Europe. It is a mistake to saddle him and his brother Islamites with all the sins of omission and commission, for a major portion of which at least, we have to thank our own countrymen. The fact is sufficiently borne out by the systematic resistance both active and passive, offered to all schemes, inaugurated by the late East India Company, for the enlightenment of the people. The authorities had to cajole, by endless concessions, into co-operation with them, the heads of the Hindu Community, ah! how unlike the tagrag that at present represent themselves as such! We had not, it is true, as yet so plentiful a crop of titled dunces as now, when you can hardly venture into the deadeast by-lane in the metropolis, without running the risk of stumbling on scores of lackland Rajah Bahadoors, mortally afraid to display their butterfly wings to the sun, lest the delicate adjuncts be too rudely touched by the summer breeze. They were simple *Baboos*, but

many of them, good men and true. Conviction was action with them. The moment they appreciated the disinterested and benevolent views of Sir E. Hyde East, they boldly stepped forward to put their shoulders to the car of native education, and the magic car moved on! Slowly, no doubt, but surely, till it became your turn to arrest its progress, to undo what certain philanthropists did, at large sacrifices of purse and patience, effect in more than half a century. You have taught your countrymen to suspect beefsteaks lurking in the Alphabet, and Brandy in the Digits. It is better far, say they, to confine children to the unassuming *Patshala* curriculum of letter writing and Multiplication Table, than to have them graduated in the University, breathing through every pore, Shakspeare and Milton diluted in hogshheads of alcohol!

I have already hinted how the high education, brought to your very door by a liberal Government, was eminently calculated to make you a real blessing to the country, yet, by some unaccountable perversity, you have, with the aid of such invaluable resources at your command, made a fool of yourself! YOUNG BENGAL stinks in the nostrils of all right thinking men. He is a bye-word, a laughing stock, throughout the peninsula, and, who will have the hardihood to say that, he is undeservedly so. Pause, Param, pause, ere it is too late. There is a possible worse than that which appears to be the worst just now. Your "Ishpirit" finishing what Nana began. The tide of sympathy has commenced to ebb, who knows, it may settle down permanently in an absolute neap! The giant hand that has raised the Baboo on this high pedestal can, as easily, sweep him off again, in spite of the row raised by the whole ^{*}race of pettifoggers who hatch reform to secure personal glorification leaving their inexperienced allies, like the Dwarf in the fable, to reap only abundant crops of bruises. You must be the obtusest Caliban of womanborn if you have not yet perceived that, it is a regular profession with them to make scape-goats of thoughtless youths, to help themselves to coveted prizes at the expense of

their dupes. Are Government loaves talked of? Pat peeps a huge custom of "highly demoralising nature" loudly calling for immediate—"legislative interference." Indignation meetings are forthwith held in every nook and corner of the city, and the metropolis is deluged with lava vomited through craters more dreadful than those of Etna or Vesuvius. A loaf secured, your pacified Reformer hibernates to his village, and, from the loophole of that safe retreat, enjoys the confusion of his nonplussed liliputian coadjutors. Is the HON'BLE MR. TOOGOOD for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers? New Cachars are reclaimed instanter, and plantations for the development of cucumber resources are at once projected by various companies. The ever active Progressive anvil is plied day and night, and the manufactured draft is flashed, hot and hot, to Simla, on the proverbially congenial day of April, with a modest request that all standing orders be suspended, and the Act recommended be passed into Law.

For decency's sake cease to lend yourself to such transparent ruse. You belie your education by fraternising with professional rogues who can possibly lose nothing, never having had anything to lose. You have at least the reputation of your Alma mater to uphold. Disgrace it no further by your lawless course. 'It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest. Your gratuitous exposure of the secrets of your prison house can be pleasing to nobody except to fools or knaves. Races, like individuals, have particular weaknesses, or at least what are deemed as such, viewed from stand-points, different from their own. In fact, it is these peculiarities that constitute the various nationalities which checker human life, and contribute so largely to the formation of those interesting groups which, sinking all considerations of rank and fortune, remain for ages firmly united as if by ties of consanguinity. Around each circle there is a halo, a sacred halo, the sanctity of which no man can desecrate without bringing down on his own head curses both loud and deep. These weaknesses are family secrets not a breath of which is

to escape beyond the consecrated hearth. Discuss them, criticise them, amend them, abrogate them, amongst yourselves as warmly and as often as you like, but the moment you drag them to light, or appeal to the public for interference, you not only alienate the affections of your relatives you needlessly betray, but forfeit the confidence of the very public you appeal to in vain. Such foibles, if foibles they are, must ever remain untouched by the fiat of the most despotic hierarch, and successfully defy the machinations of the most wily renegade that would fain make political capital of them, converting them into stepping stones to fat salaried appointments. The undutiful child that exposes the "nakedness" of the patriarch deserves to be the slave of his brethren. Nakedness in the abstract was indefensible, but that was no argument for the ventilation of the matter. Civilized pre-eminently as he is, the educated English gentleman has his domestic secrets which, unnecessarily brought to light, would subject the culprit to universal execration, if not to a taste of Colt's revolver. You will find yourself egregiously mistaken if you think of currying favor by libeling your mother and sister, your wife and daughter. You abuse your relatives. I honor mine. And, allow me to assure you that, between us two, genuine British regard is on my side, notwithstanding my elegant English "*Voat diuinshum gibe your P'appa at baptijum.*"

SONNET.

I wander'd forth what time the eastern sky
 Laugl'd with the radiant rays of early morn,
 The diamond drops gleam'd bright on flower and thorn,
 From distant groves did birds to birds reply.
 Is this then Eden ? Everywhere my eye
 Fresh beauty found. The fields of waving corn
 Nodded their welcome to the Day just born,
 Sigh'd to the breeze which lightly pass'd them by.

O Nature thou art fair, surpassing fair !

Ever I've lov'd thee, but with graver years
My love for thee has deepen'd,—for from care,

The canker grief, the vague yet haunting fears,
To thee I fly, and always with thee find
A heavenly balm to soothe the troubled mind.

O. C. DUFT.

EXPERIENCES OF A BENGALI CHRISTIAN.

IV.

WHAT can be compared to the mystic flight of Time? What is Time? Can any define it? Time is a portion of Eternity. But what again is Eternity? A cycle without beginning and without ending which the mind of man cannot embrace. Strictly speaking a created being, an existence which commenced to exist in time, cannot be said to be eternal, for eternity past is as long as eternity to come. So that when theologians speak of the eternity of bliss or misery we must understand it in the qualified sense of time passed in or out of God 'who only hath immortality,' who alone is the one eternal. And while over and above this we have in our Bible the distinct assurance that 'when all things shall be subdued unto Him then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all,' shall we charge those who believe in the restoration of all things with infidelity? I trow not. But as I have said Time is one of the most difficult things to define or describe. It eludes our introverted gaze to give it fixation. Yet we all speak of the value of Time, we seem to be quite familiar with Time. Past, Present and Future are household words.

"Three-fold the steps of Time appear
Slow creeps the lagging Future near
The arrowy Now is rushing fast,
Eternally stands still the Past."

Such is Time, and I have made the foregoing remarks on it preliminary to leaping over a number of years in my autobiography. Great changes have occurred in myself, my surroundings, and in my native city during these years. My father is no more. I am in possession of a small income which has enabled me to make the hired house my own. It is ringing with my children's voices. Mr. Kirke and Mr. Goodenough have both retired from the mission-field laden with honors, and Mr. Hagenbach has been transferred to Calcutta. At Mr. Goodenough's retirement I felt really sorry, for notwithstanding my strictures against him, Mr. Goodenough was a bundle of good-nature. Calcutta is lighted with gas so that its streets present a most lively appearance at night. There is every probability of our having a supply of pure water, and of the seeds of municipal self-government being scattered broad-cast among the rising generation. The dark colored medical student is in England! Two terrific cyclones have passed over, uprooting trees, felling houses, dismasting ships and carrying every thing before them in their mad fury; rude Boreas when fairly roused has no pity for any man.

Now the number of Native Christians in Bengal is about twenty-eight thousand strong, including women and children, and this is cited as a proof of the success of missionary operations by the missionary and his friends. Not so fast brethren! Allow me to make a few remarks on your figures. Have you ever taken the trouble to classify the number you exhibit under distinct heads, and to exercise a wholesome scrutiny for arriving at a correct conclusion? How many of these twenty-eight thousand are really converted men? How many have been so converted by missionary teaching or preaching? How many continue on in their Christian career out of the pale of missionary influence? How many come from classes to whom the missionary, considering his pay and position, can consistently become minister, and over whom his attempt to exercise lordship would be abortive? Alas! Alas! Even now Native

Christians as a body are as a drop in the ocean. Individual cases have occurred in which sacrifices have been made by Native Christians for the faith which rightly estimated ought to make missionaries open their eyes, and compared to which their own vaunted self-abnegation is nothing. But that these labors have been markedly unproductive in results is patent to every observer. Go to any respectable family in Calcutta, the most enlightened and advanced of all our cities, and see whether missionary proceedings are not regarded as altogether abhorrent. It is not the offence of the Cross but the offence of the system, the growth of years, which stinks in the nostrils of the people.

May the day of the Lord soon dawn in beautiful Bengal, and irradiating its low level plains reach even the hill-tops and mountain-heights of Upper India, and thence stream like a flood over the whole peninsula. May that which is good triumph over that which is evil, and the temple of the Lord's house be established in the place of idol-shrines reeking with the blood of unnumbered victims or ringing with wild music or still wilder songs! May we see even in this our own day an arch of triumph raised in honor of the Great King, an arch which shall embrace all the tribes and nations of this vast land, an arch on which will be inscribed in characters of gold the words *Victoriam coronat Christus*, and may the people of Bengal be the foremost to pass through!

V.

LONDON. ✓

25th—18—

PRECIOUS ROSA RAYBOLT.

LONDON is a wonderful place. All my fears and my griefs have been allayed by reaching London. What with the rolling of the vessel, what with sea-sickness, what with the constant reiteration of the royal name Stuart by the various passengers (which I afterwards understood to mean Steward) I was nearly

worried out of my life. At Malta I was refreshed by an orange which Timothy likes so much. Now I am once more on *terra firma*. The awful thought no longer haunts me that the starting of a nail or the yawning of a seam would end my valuable life and make your own so miserable! Here the ladies and gentlemen all walk in the streets, and they walk very fast. Here railway trains are as common as hackney carriages in Calcutta. Here are busses without number. Here the servants are girls, and they are wonderfully hardworking. Here every one is very polite except the very low people. Here street boys stop me and ask the hour, and when I open my watch to inform them burst out laughing. Here the people go to bed very late and rise very late. Here everything is neat and clean. Here pence are considered as pice and pounds as rupees. It is a wonderful city, and the Natives should come here and see. With me however the old Bengali adage that 'every one who comes to Lanka turns out a Rakshasa' did not hold true at the beginning. Here though the people are very rich, though as I have said pence are considered as pice and pounds as rupees, I myself was for sometime in the severest straits. I was as poor as a church-mouse. Precious, that *handi* of *amchur* which you gave me when you bade me farewell on board the vessel has done me 'yeoman's service.' I will tell you how. Being in want of funds I set my wits to work and hit upon a plan which succeeded far better than the national paper in my own country. Having among my acquaintances a few rich old Indians and in my possession your *handi* of *amchur*, I thought and thought till at last (Eureka!) I had it. I bottled up the *amchur* in separate bottles, labelled them as "DRY MANGOES, affording with a little sugar and water the full flavor of the ripe fruit, most wholesome and palatable; price 1 guinea:" and sent a bottle to each of my Indian friends. Ha! Ha! I cannot help laughing, guineas flashed in like boes. Every post brought me dozens of fresh applications with the money in suit, and I am thus enabled to pass my days almost like a young Baronet.

When I was in Calcutta I had only one coat, a Harman's Zephyr Surtout which changed its color on being turned inside out, and in which I used to gleam and corruscato like the Aurora Borealis. But now I have at least half a dozen. There is my morning gown, lounging coat, dinner coat, dress coat, top coat, frock-coat, sporting-coat, sea-side-coat, et cetera, et-cetera, *ad infinitum*. When I return to Calcutta I have no doubt I shall have the supreme satisfaction of driving down the Strand with you in a buggy, and that my groom and horse-flesh will be quite *distingue*.

Although a thousand dodges career through my fertile brain, from a patent pill to a bubble company, I do not think any one comparable to the *amchur* dodge, thanks to you. I have advertised in the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph* and other papers.

As you yourself are engaged in the noble cause of Female Education, some information as to how girls are brought up in England would no doubt be interesting. From all I have been able to ascertain, the education of girls in England is not so superficial as some people imagine. They learn French, Italian, Drawing, Music, Singing, and I have been giving some lessons in Bengali even; but along with these polite and linguistic accomplishments they learn Natural History, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, and even Pure Mathematics. The other day I came across two books. The first was 'District Schools for the English Poor' by Barbara Collett, the second 'Application of the Principles of Education to lower class Schools' by Mary Carpenter; and I thought in my heart what a glorious day it would be for Bengal when a third would make its appearance entitled 'A Treatise on Indian Female Education' by Rosa Rayboti.

Dr. Waltho Von Blousterbourg has just arrived in this city. He is a celebrated continental doctor and professes to cure all sorts of disorders, especially vertiginous vapours, hydrocephalous diastasis and podagrical inflammations.

Give my best compliments to all my friends, especially to Timothy Tulsī Ram, reminding him to be more sparing in future of the *argumentum baculinum* in his attempts to preach the Gospel.

And now, Precious Rose, remember your own dear Bulbul. In whatever part of the world he may be, he is still

Your's affectionately

[We do not agree with our esteemed contributor in his estimate of Missionaries and Missionary operations. Ed. B. M.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

Chapter VII. The Hon'ble Miss Eden and Lord Auckland.

I made a mistake when I said in a foregoing Chapter that the first local habitation of the Hindu College was Feringi Kamal Bose's house at Jorasanko. That house was not the first but the second in which the Hindu College was held, its first local habitation having been Gora Chand Basak's house at Garanahata, the identical house in which the Oriental Seminary has met for many years ; and it was to the very same house that the General Assembly's Institution was removed in 1836, in consequence of want of accomodation in the old house for the increased number of its pupils. From an educational point of view Gora Chand Basak's house is the most highly favored of all houses in Calcutta—it having been successively the scene of three of the best educational institutions in the country.

Though I was at that time nobody in the School, being in one of the lowest classes, I well remember the Annual Examination which was held in October 1836 at the Town Hall. Now-a-days we have no public annual examinations, but merely distribution of prizes. But in the days of which I am now speaking the

distribution of prizes to meritorious students was accompanied with a close and searching examination of all the pupils, which not unfrequently lasted five or six hours. The public annual examination of the General Assembly's Institution in the year 1836 was a grand affair. Amongst the visitors who came to witness the interesting ceremony was the Hon'ble Miss Eden, accompanied by a part of the Governor General's suite. There were besides, two or three members of Council, a good many representatives of the mercantile community, and all the Calcutta Missionaries. The examinations of the classes were diversified by the reading of Essays written by some of the most advanced pupils of the institution. The subject of the best Essay was "The Evils of Caste," and it was written by Babu Mahesh Chandra Banerjea, who is now Professor of English literature in the Presidency College. The second Essay on the same subject was written by another pupil who died many years ago ; and the third Essay on the "Supremacy of Conscience" was composed by Babu Khetra Mohan Chatterjea who afterwards held a very high appointment in the Government Treasury, and who has now retired from the public service. The Hon'ble Miss Eden, who showed the liveliest interest in the proceedings of the day, took away with her the Essays of the students ; and she spoke of them in such high terms that Lord Auckland was induced to read them ; and His Lordship was pleased to address a letter to the Senior Chaplain of St. Andrew's Kirk in Calcutta, in which he expressed the high gratification which the perusal of the Essays had given him. As for Miss Eden, she was so greatly delighted with the performances of the juvenile essayists, that she sent to two of them, as tokens of her satisfaction, two splendidly bound books ; the one, Brown's Lectures on Mental Philosophy, was presented to Babu Mahesh Chandra Banerjea, and the other, Mitchell's Portable Encyclopedia, to Babu Khetra Mohan Chatterjea.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step : of this saying the reader will perhaps be reminded when I descend

from Lord Auckland and Miss Eden to speak about myself and my little concerns. I shall be glad if I am only thought ridiculous, for I much fear that the reader will think me a great deal worse when he hears what I have to say about myself, he will probably think me vain. But gentle reader! don't ascribe vanity to me. Vanity is the besetting sin of youth; but as an OLD BOY I have passed the age of vanity. Attribute it rather to garrulity, which is the besetting sin of old age. But what need is there of all this face-making? Let me out with it at once. I have said that I was no body in the school, but though nobody in the school I was some body in mine own class,—indeed, at the annual examination of 1836 I obtained the highest prize in the 8th class. At the beginning of the new session as the first class was abolished, or rather was called the Monitorial class, our class became the seventh. The prize boys were again promoted one class, so I went to the sixth class. With this promotion, however, my ambition was not satisfied. I applied to my master for treble promotion, and begged of him to put me into the fifth class. The Master laughed at my request, and my class-fellows, all of whom were older than I was, called me vain and conceited! I pressed my Master, however, to submit my application to the Superintendent of the Institution, Dr. Ewart. As the Master was generally well disposed towards me, he made my request known to Dr. Ewart. Dr. Ewart came to the class, looked at me, shook his head, and said that as I was the youngest boy in the class he would not give me further promotion. But I persisted in my application and said—"Sir, please examine me, and if you don't find me fit, don't promote me." Dr. Ewart could hardly refuse complying with so reasonable a request. I was emboldened to make this request as, during the vacation which had followed the annual examination, I had read by myself up to the standard of the fifth class. Dr. Ewart then examined me in the books of the fifth class, and finding the result satisfactory he put me at once into that class; and, kind and fatherly man that he was, he began to

take such interest in me that he used now and then to come into the class purposely to see how I was doing ; and I shall never forget that benignant smile with which he looked at me one day when he saw me sitting near the top of my class. Nor was this a mere fancy of mine, for Dr. Ewart often described to me his feelings on this occasion in after years when my relations to him became more intimate. Never was there so kind, considerate and fatherly an instructor of youth as David Ewart. I shall never see his like again.

In January 1837 the General Assembly's Institution was visited by Lord Auckland and the Miss Edens. The boys had been told the day before of the Governor-General's intended visit, and we all came dressed in our holiday's best. I have a vivid recollection of the carriage and four, of the postilions and the troopers, as they drew up in the street in front of the door of the Institution. His Lordship and the Hon'ble Misses were received at the door by the Revd. Dr. Charles, the Senior Chaplain of St. Andrew's Kirk, Calcutta. I confess I was disappointed when I had a sight of the Governor-General when he stood before our class. I had expected him, like an oriental prince, to be magnificently dressed, blazing all over with diamonds. Judge then my surprize when there stood before me a plainly dressed English gentleman, with nothing to distinguish him from the rest of the company, and I was told that this was the gentleman whose word was obeyed from the banks of the Brahmaputra to those of the Indus, and from Cape Comorin to the foot of the Himalayas. I could hardly believe the statement ; it seemed so repugnant to all ideas of propriety. I was told that His Lordship witnessed the examination of one or two of the higher classes by the Missionaries in charge of the Institution, the Revd. Drs. Mackay and Ewart, and that he expressed himself greatly delighted at the progress the pupils had made in English literature and science. In common with my class-fellows I was disappointed that His Lordship did not examine our class, but merely looked at us for a minute, and then passed on to

the other classes. Lord Auckland's visit lasted about two hours.

A month after this, that is, about the end of February 1837, I witnessed a ceremony of which I have a lively recollection, as I was present at the spot in which it was performed. This was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the General Assembly's Institution at Cornwallis Square. The stone was laid by Mr. Macfarlan, then Chief Magistrate of Calcutta, after prayer had been offered up by the Revd. Dr. Charles. In the stone was enclosed a bottle containing some coins, some of the English and Bengali newspapers of the day, and an inscription. As some of my readers may like to see so interesting an inscription, I re-produce it here :—

“ The foundation stone of this building, for the use of the Mission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was laid this twenty-third day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, the Right Honourable George Lord Auckland being Governor-General of India, by David Macfarlan Esq., Chief Mrgistrate of Calcutta, under the direction of the Corresponding Board, in connexion with the Committee of the General Assembly for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts, consisting of the following members; viz., the Hon'ble A. Ross Esq., D. Macfarlan Esq., J. F. M. Reid Esq., J. C. Wilson Esq., John Grant Esq., John Stewart Esq., W. Mackenzie Esq., Revd. James Charles, Revd. A. Duff, D. D., Revd. W. S. Mackay, Revd. David Ewart. The School for the accommodation of which this building is provided, was formed by the Revd. A. Duff, D. D., the General Assembly's first Missionary to India, in the month of August 1830, is at present superintended and taught by the Rev. W. S. Mackay and the Rev. D. Ewart, also the Assembly's Missionaries, and consists of upwards of 700 boys. The building, which is to be styled *The General Assembly's Institution*, was designed by Mr. John Grey, erected by Messrs. Burn and Co., Builders in Calcutta, and superin-

tended by Captain John Thomson, of the Honourable East India Company's Engineers. May the Almighty Architect of the universe prosper the Institution, and render it subservient to the diffusion of sound knowledge, and pure and undefiled religion among the natives of India, and to the promotion of His own glory."

The history of the General Assembly's Institution, now called the Free Church Institution, during the last thirty-six years which have elapsed since the laying of the foundation stone of its former building, abundantly shows that the prayer, with which the above inscription concludes, has been fully answered. The Institution has communicated sound and useful knowledge to many thousands of the youth of Bengal; it has imparted the inestimable blessings of Christianity to upwards of two hundred intelligent Converts who are adorning the doctrine of their God and Saviour by leading consistent lives, and most of whom are, either directly or indirectly, engaged in the glorious work of preaching the everlasting Gospel not only to their own countrymen but to other inhabitants of India; and it has thus promoted, in its own sphere, the glory of God in the highest.

AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

THE EXILE'S DREAM.

(ON A PICTURE BY CARLO DOLCI.)

Dost thou dream of thine own native land,
 The cot beside the rill,
 The well-known stile, the flowering mead,
 The sheep-besprinkl'd hill?
 Or dost thou dream of foreign soils
 Thy feet have travell'd o'er?
 Or ridest on the ocean waves,
 And hear'st their angry roar?

Is it to Spain's romantic towns,
Thy wandering thoughts have flown,
Art plodding thro' the crowded streets,
Unnoticed and unknown ?

Or roaming 'neath Italian skies ?
—Perchance in accents clear,
The lovely Contadina's song
Is ringing in thy ear.

Or is it to the sunny land,
The pleasant land of vine,
Thou 'rt straying, where by "castl'd crags"
Flows on the regal Rhine ?

I know not, but I trow thy dreams
To thy dear home doth fly,
And in fancy there thou idly sitt'st,
With thy laughing prattlers by.

And she is there, thy gentle wife,
The ever-smiling one,
With her dark eyes beaming fondly,—
—But lo ! the dream is gone ;—

And oh ! thou art once more alone,
A wanderer forlorn,—
Alas ! thou may'st not tread again
The land where thou wert born.

O. C. DUTT.

THE "CHIT CHAT CLUB."

AUGUST MEETING.

A new member—the Hill tribes—Muhammadan Education—Mr. Fawcett's Speech.

INTERLOCUTORS.

Babu Radha Krishna Banerjea.

—— Pyari Chand Basu.

—— Jaya Gopal Ghosha.

—— Syámá Charan Chatterjca.

—— Jadu Nath Mitra.

Maulavi Imdad Ali.

Jadu.—Mr. Chairman, before we begin business I wish to occupy the attention of the Meeting for one minute. A Native Christian friend of mine, a distinguished student of the Free Church Institution, wishes to become a member of our Club, and as the laws of our Society do not preclude his admission, I beg to propose that Babu Prem Chand Datta be made a member.

Pyari.—I beg to second the proposal with very great pleasure. As this is a purely literary society there can possibly be no objection to the admission of a Christian convert, especially as there are amongst us Hindus, Brahmos and Muhammadans,—at any rate, one Muhammadan gentleman. Indeed, I often thought that our club was defective in this respect that it had not the Christian element. I have therefore very great pleasure in welcoming to this Society Babu Prem Chand Datta as a representative of the Native Christian population of Bengal.

Radha.—My feelings are precisely the same as Pyari Babu's. We should all, I am sure, be glad to have an intelligent Native Christian gentleman as a member of our Club. I cannot

imagine that any one will oppose the proposal. Still as a matter of form I must take the votes of the Meeting. Those gentlemen, then, who are in favour of Jadu Babu's proposal, will please lift up their right hands :—Carried unanimously.

Jaya.—Well, Prem Chand Babu—I beg your pardon, I should perhaps address you as Mr. Datta—what is your opinion regarding Sir George Campbell's scheme of propagandism among the hill-men of the north-eastern frontier? Is not that scheme in direct violation of the spirit and letter of Her Majesty's Proclamation of 1858 in which she promised not to interfere with the religions of her subjects?

Prem.—You may call me either Babu or Mr., just as it suits your fancy. I am quite indifferent about it. As to Sir George Campbell's scheme I don't see how it is opposed to the Queen's Proclamation. If the proposal were to force the hill-men to embrace Christianity at the point of the bayonet, it would be repugnant to the principles of the Proclamation. Besides, nobody can possibly interfere with the religion of these hill-men, and that for the best of reasons, namely, they have no religion in any intelligible sense of that word. To interfere with their religion would be to interfere with a nonentity.

Jaya.—But is Government not bound to maintain strict neutrality with respect to the religions of its subjects?

Prem.—The British Government in India is bound certainly to maintain strict neutrality in religious matters. But what do you mean by religious neutrality among a people who have no religion of their own? Neutrality pre-supposes at least two sides, but here one side is altogether wanting. You cannot be neutral in a case where there is only one party. The fact is, Sir George Campbell wishes those hill-men to be educated and civilized, and as Missionaries have always proved to be the pioneers of civilization among barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes, His Honour naturally proposes the Missionary Societies to civilize them.

Syama.—What should prevent the *Sanatana Dharma Rakshini Sabha* from getting money-grants from Government for educating and civilizing the hill-men ?

Prem.—Nothing in the world, I am sure. If the *Sabha* made such an application to Government, I am sure Sir George would readily comply with it. For my part, I should be glad if the *Sabha* made such an attempt, and transported to the hills Brahmanical priests, with images of gold, silver and the eight metals, with *atap* rice and plantains, with bells and the conch-shell.

Imdad.—But is it true that the *Sanatana Dharma Rakshini Sabha* intends applying to Government ? It must surely be a joke, for the Hindus never make proselytes to their religion ; indeed, so far as I understand no foreigner can ever become a Hindu.

Jaya.—I beg your pardon. Hindus have made millions of proselytes to their religion. When in remote antiquity the Aryan invaders conquered the country, they converted the aborigines to the Brahmanical faith ; for this purpose they had Brahmanical Mission stations in different parts of the country, like that of Agastya Muni in Central India. What was done in ancient times can surely be done now.

Imdad.—I see, I see. But when these hill-men are Hinduized, into what caste will they be admitted ?

Jaya.—Why, they might form a new caste called the *Parvatiya*, or the hill-caste.

Jadu.—I do not see how that is practicable. There is one sect of Hindus, however, who are great propagandists, and that is, the Vaishnava sect. The *Mahantas* or abbots of some Vaishnava monasteries might send *Vairagis* of different orders, white, black and grey, "with all their trumpery," to preach *Harināma* to the hill-tribes, put bead-rolls round their necks, and thus convert them to Hinduism.

Syámá.—And, then, there are the *Kartúbhajás*, disciples of Aule Chánd, who are about the busiest and most energetic mis-

sionaries in the country, and who make converts among the lowest classes of Hindus and Muhammadans every year by thousands.

Pyari.—Gentlemen, you are all deviating from the proper subject. The question is—Is the Lieutenant-Governor justified in attempting to convert to Christianity any of Her Majesty's subjects, though those men have no religion of their own?

Prem.—I do not take the Lieutenant-Governor's scheme in that light. The Lieutenant-Governor's object is to civilize the barbarous hill-tribes, and he wishes to entrust that work to Missionaries, as the Missionaries are acknowledged on all hands to have been the most successful promoters of civilization among barbarous nations.

Imdad.—If that be the Lieutenant-Governor's view of the matter, so far from condemning the scheme I regard it as a wise and philanthropic one.

Jaya.—You seem, Maulavi Saheb, to admire every measure of Sir George Campbell's. I suppose because of his recent scheme of Muhammadan education.

Imdad.—And if I remember aright you told me at a former meeting that I was a great admirer of Lord Northbrook. And so I am. The fact is formerly the Muhammadans were not cared for by any body, they were therefore sullen and discontented. But now that both the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal are devising plans for the promotion of their welfare, they have become amongst the most loyal subjects of Her Majesty in India. Our thanks are especially due to Sir George Campbell. Some of his predecessors and some previous viceroys talked a great deal on the desirableness of doing something for the education of the Muhammadans, but they did nothing. Sir George is a man of action. He talks and writes more perhaps than any of his predecessors, but he also acts more than any of them.

Syama.—Why, what is he going to do for Muhammadan education?

Imdad.—He is going to establish Mudrasas in different parts of the country, and some Normal schools. This he is enabled to do by setting aside a certain sum of money from the coffers of the State, and by making a better use of Muhammad Mohsin's endowment than was made of it formerly.

Jadu.—I always understood that a great part of that endowment was devoted to the support of the Hooghly College. What use can be better than that.

Imdad.—Muhammad Mohsin evidently bequeathed his large estate for the benefit of the followers of that religion which he himself professed. But the Hooghly College has hitherto benefited more Hindus than Muhammadans. Sir George Campbell has, therefore, done justice to our community by releasing the Hooghly endowment from its former use and devoting it solely to the good of Mussulmans.

Jadu.—And what becomes of the Hooghly College?

Imdad.—It will be supported directly by Government. It is for this reason that the Government of India has made to the Bengal Government an additional grant of ~~Rs~~ 50,000 per annum.

Pyari.—So far so good; and the Muhammadans of Bengal are no doubt under obligations to Sir George Campbell. By the way, Radha Babu, what do you think of Mr Fawcett's last speech?

Radha.—Fawcett's speech! I think it to be an admirable one. It is the best he ever delivered. It is a glorious speech. It is, in my opinion, a sublime spectacle to witness a sightless man doing battle with a giant's strength on behalf of two hundreds of millions of human beings, who live several thousands of miles distant from him, and in whom he is not personally interested.

Jadu.—Well, morally, no doubt, it is a noble spectacle. But is there not a good deal of mere clap-trap in what he says for instance, about public works. That story of the Saugor Works is an old one, and is occasionally brought to give point

to a tirade against the Indian Government. And why spend so much breath upon the Income tax which has been already abolished. It is like slaying the slain.

Radha.—True, it has been abolished ; but you forget that Mr. Under-Secretary Grant Duff said in his speech that for aught he knew the Income tax might be again re-imposed after ten years.

Jadu.—And suppose it were, I do not think it would be a great calamity to India. People make a great deal of fuss about the Income tax ; but I do not look upon it as a great infliction on the country, since the burden does not fall upon the poor. It is the poor who are to be cared for, and not the bloated rich who are well able to pay out of their superfluities. One would suppose from the way in which Fawcett and others talk about the Indian Income tax that that constituted the sum total of our disorders. I consider it as a drop in the ocean.

Jaya.—I like best that part of Mr. Fawcett's speech,—it is in fact the concluding part—in which he talks of the Natives of India becoming greater sharers in the Government of their country.

Jadu.—And how is that to be brought about in a country which is not politically free ? Do you really suppose that when Rajah Amuk Chandra Deb Bahadoor, and Raya Phalna Chandra Bose Bahadoor, get seats respectively in the Governor-General's Legislative Council and the Bengal Council, the disorders of the country will be rectified ? I don't believe in any such nonsense. Those gentlemen when so honoured will seek the welfare only of their own class, that is to say, of the zemindars, of the rich, and of the well-to-do. But what becomes of the mass of the people ? Where is the person to represent their interests ? Echo cries—where ? What we want is the elevation of the mass of the people, and nobody will ever succeed in convincing me that we can ever become a great nation till the peasantry are raised.

Prem.—Gentlemen, as I have only to-day become a member of your Club, it does not become me to speak much, but I cannot help making one remark. It is this. The disorder of our country, like the disorder of every other country, is at bottom a moral disorder. Financial reforms, economic reforms, social reforms, and the rest, are very 'good in their way ; but they do not reach the heart of the disease. We require a deeper remedy, as the disease lies deep in the heart. Our's is a moral disorder, and we require moral remedies. Financial, political and social nostrums will not do. Mr. Fawcett believes that financial reform is the Holloway's Pill of India's recovery. I have no faith in it. Our country must be elevated, if it is ever elevated, by the means which Providence has appointed. It is the TRUTH which makes a people free. It is RIGHTEOUSNESS that exalteth a nation. Let the people of India be educated, let them receive the blessings of true religion ; and it will be all right with them.

BISHA-BRIKSHA.*

THERE are only half a dozen novels in the Bengali language, and four of them have been written by Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjea ; he is, therefore, the most considerable of the Bengali novelists. The first novel in the Bengali language, *Allaler Gharer Dulal*, was written by Tek Chand Thakur *alias* Babu Pyari Chand Mittra, who must be regarded as the Father of Bengali novelists. The sixth novel *Bangadhipa Parajaya* was written, some three or four years ago, by Babu Pratapa Chandra Ghosha. But Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjea is not only the most considerable but decidedly the best of the Bengali novelists. Tek Chand Thakur, though

* *Bisha-Briksha* ; a Novel. By Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya. Kantalpada . Bunga Darsana Press. B. E. 1280.

he has more wit and perhaps invention than Bankim Babu, is less industrious ; and one regrets that he has not written more novels than one, but that his only novel even is too short to be regarded, as a novel in the English sense of that term. *Bangadhipa Parajaya* is a work of great promise and of orthodox dimensions : but it is disfigured by tedious prolixity. Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjea possesses good sense, good taste, a flowing style, and great powers of application ; and the novels which he has written more nearly resemble English novels than anything we have seen in the Bengali language. He is doubtless a devout worshipper of Sir Walter Scott, and endeavours to catch the spirit of that mighty magician whose exquisite creations continue to this day to delight the world. Bankim Babu's first novel was *Durgesa-Nandini*. Some people think this to be his best. We do not think so, as it is somewhat verbose and high-flown, as the first compositions of most young writers are. Then followed *Kapala-kundala* which, in our opinion, is more powerful than anything he has yet written. His third novel *Mrinalini* fully sustained the reputation he had deservedly gained by his former publications. And he has now favoured the public with a fourth novel entitled *Bisha-Briksha* or the Poison Tree, which originally appeared in the *Banga Daršana* a Bengali Magazine which he successfully edits.

The story, briefly told, is as follows. Nagendra Nath Datta, a wealthy Zemindar of Govindapur in the district of Haripur, was overtaken by a storm while going in a boat on the river. Before leaving home he had been bound by a promise extorted from him by his wife Suryamukhi not to remain in the boat during a storm, but to seek shelter on land. As the storm began to rage with great fury, he, faithful to his promise, landed and with difficulty made his way, through the darkness of the night and the pelting of the pitiless storm, to a house in an adjacent village, to which he was directed by a lamp burning in it. To his horror he found in the house an old man in his last gasp, and his only child, a blooming girl of

thirteen, sitting at his bedside. There was no one else in the house. The old man breathed his last, and the little lamp that gave light to the house went out also that very moment for want of oil. Nagendra, pitying the desolate state of the little girl, roused the other villagers from their beds and informed them of the terrible event. The usual rites of cremation were performed. But what is to become of Kunda, the little girl, friendless as she was. Nagendra offered to pay for her board if any one in the village would take her into his house. But no one in the village undertook the task. Nagendra, therefore, took the girl with him to Calcutta whither he was going, especially as he was told that one of her relations was living in that city. He made inquiries in Calcutta, but the relative was not found. He therefore put Kunda with his sister Kamalmani who had been married to Srisa Chandra who was Banian to a Calcutta House of Agency. After some time she was taken to Govindapur and married to a neighbouring village schoolmaster who was a *protege* of Nagendra. The schoolmaster died, and as Kunda had nobody else in the world, she became an inmate of Nagendra's house. Suryamukhi, Nagendra's wife, was a woman of great beauty, of varied accomplishments, and of irreproachable character ; yet somehow Nagendra fell in love with the charming widow Kunda. The upshot was that, apparently with Suryamukhi's consent, he got married to Kunda. Suryamukhi's heart died within her. She left her husband's mansion, and in a few days became a houseless wanderer in the world. Nagendra in a few days became cold towards Kunda, repented of the step he had taken, and resolved to leave home and become a wanderer like Suryamukhi. Suryamukhi, after going through a world of troubles, returned home and joined her husband who had also returned. The joy of both was unspeakable. Poor Kunda, who was neglected by Nagendra, put an end to her life by swallowing poison. Such is the main story of the book. There is an underplot in which figure Devendra, a licentious, drunken reprobate, and Hira a maid servant of Suryamukhi's.

One defect of the fable is the want of verisimilitude in some of its incidents. Is it possible to suppose that Kunda's father would be allowed to die without the presence of a single inhabitant of the village? Such a thing may happen in England, but not in Bengal. Again, is it probable that Suryamukhi should on her return from her travels, find admission unperceived at night into the very bed-room of Nagendra? We think not. The story is somewhat improbable and inconsistent with what happens in the country. There is evidently an attempt at sensational writing.

Another still more glaring defect in the story is the want of consistency between the character of Nagendra and the action ascribed to him. He is represented as exceedingly good, possessed of every virtue under the sun, doating on his wife, Suryamukhi; and yet this man indulges a most criminal passion, and makes his wife the most wretched of mankind. We ask, is this a representation of the actual daily life of the landed aristocracy of Bengal? If it is, they are infinitely worse than we supposed them to be. At any rate, there is a want of keeping between Nagendra's character and Nagendra's life.

A third defect is the inconsistent character of Devendra. He is painted as a monster of vice, a lewd, drunken wretch; and yet this man is said to have organized a Brahmo Samaj in his native village! Although some Brahmos, like the devotees of every other system of religion, do not act up to their convictions; yet it is absurd to suppose that such a captain-general of wickedness as Devendra could become the organizer of a religious association. The Brahmos have reason to complain of the insult offered to their religion.

There are other defects in the story, but we shall mention one more—and it is a capital defect—*viz.*, that poetical justice is not done to Kunda. What fault had the poor girl committed? That she was beautiful was not her fault. She never enveigled Nagendra into a passion for her. She never persuaded him to marry her. The idea never entered her head. She loved

Suryamukhi, and would never think of injuring her. And yet after her marriage she was virtually deserted, and the desertion so preyed upon her spirits that she committed suicide. Is it consistent with poetical justice to send her out of the world in this manner? We should have been better pleased if Nagendra had hanged himself,—he would then simply have reaped the fruit of his own iniquity.

For the rest, the book is well-written. Some of the characters are well sustained. We like very much Kamalmani, Nagendra's sister, handsome, full of life, loving and loveable. Hira is powerfully drawn. As for the style, it is simpler than that adopted in the author's former works; there is, therefore, in our opinion, improvement in this respect. On the whole, we have no doubt that *Bisha-Briksha* will add to the reputation Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjea has already won.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

Chapter VIII. A year of Troubles—Interview with David Hare.

THE year 1837 was the most unfortunate year of my academical life. It was the only year in which I was not the dux of my class. My academical life extended over twelve years, during eleven of which I was the dux of my class, and during three of which I was the dux of the Institution; and in those three last years I received successively, each time after a well-contested competitive examination lasting for several days, three gold medals,—a distinction, I may say without vanity, not shared in by any student of the Free Church Institution since its foundation to the present day. But in the inauspicious year 1837, a year in which, to use the language of astrology, the planet Saturn shed its baleful influence on my destinies, I stood only second in my class. Some of my friends attributed this falling off to my treble promotion; but I suspect they were wrong, for they did not know the tremendous difficulties with which I was that year beset.

My difficulties arose from my promotion. The day I was put into the fifth class, some of the students of that class went up to the Superintendent, expressed their unwillingness to read in the same class with one who was so much their junior, and begged to be promoted to the fourth class. The Superintendent did not promote them as he did not think them fit. From that time they conceived a violent hatred against me. They

persecuted me in all sorts of ways. They went so far as to beat me in the street after school ; and often did I go home all the way weeping. A few of my class-fellows felt for me, but they durst not express their sympathy, far less interpose on my behalf, as the majority were against me. I had sense enough not to complain to the teacher of the class, for if I had complained I should have fared ten times worse than I did. There was one school-fellow of mine who did his best to protect me. He was a tall, stalwart Muhammadan youth, two or three classes below me, who lived in the same street with me, and whom I assisted every day in getting up his lessons. As he was more than a match for three or four Hindu boys, he very often succeeded in repelling my persecutors, though sometimes both he and I were severely beaten. Lazim Mandal—for that was the name of my protector—was to me more than a brother. Not only did he often rescue me from the hands of my persecutors, but sometimes of an afternoon in the rainy season when some parts of the Chitpore Road, owing to the imperfect system of drainage in those days, were under water which came up to my waist, he actually took me up in his arms and ferried me over the street-flood ! Noble Lazim ! how I lament that I had no opportunity to requite thine extraordinary kindness ! One winter vacation, Lazim and his father left Calcutta for their home in the country. A third part of a century has since rolled away, and I have not met my generous Muhammadan friend. I much fear he has gone to that bourne from which no traveller ever returns.

But though defended in the street by my generous friend, I was subjected to innumerable little persecutions in the school-room. I became very miserable. It is extremely hazardous, says the Bengali proverb, for a fish to remain in the same tank with an alligator with whom it is not on good terms. At last I bethought myself of making a desperate attempt to make friends with my tormentors. One Sunday morning I went alone to the house of the chief of the conspirators, a lad who was much

older than I and nearly double my size, and who exercised the greatest influence in the class. I told him that it was unworthy of him to persecute a boy whose only crime was that he had got promotion, and appealed to him to consider whether his conduct towards me was generous. The appeal was successful. He swore eternal friendship with me. From that day my class-fellows not only ceased to torment me, but became very friendly towards me.

I soon found, however, that I had escaped from the frying-pan only to fall into the fire. A few weeks' close intercourse with some three or four of my late persecutors showed me that they were a most vicious set, and that they wanted me to go along with them to perdition. They smoked *gánja* and *charas*. They visited houses of ill fame. They did worse. I was shocked. My father, who was a sincerely religious man, had brought me up in the strictest principles of morality. He had sedulously kept me, after school-hours, from companionship with Calcutta boys of whose morals he had, justly or unjustly, a very low opinion. I was as green and innocent a boy as any one of my age could well be. They tried hard to ruin me. Day after day, week after week, they beset me with temptations. But God preserved me from their evil ways. I broke off from them, and as I had by that time gained considerable influence in the class, the majority of whom were of good character, I managed to turn the public opinion of the class against those exceptionally vicious boys. I could not now be persecuted as the majority were on my side. One of those boys to whom I allude was highly intelligent. Poor fellow! he died the next year.

Towards the end of December of the unlucky year 1873 I lost my father, which sad event threatened to put a stop to my English education, but fortunately a cousin of mine came to my help. And here the reader will excuse me if I shed a tear over the best, wisest and kindest of fathers. As I was the son of his old age, he loved me excessively, though he was too

wise to spoil me with fond affection. He was not only anxious that I should receive a good education, but also that I should imbibe right moral principles, and he never missed an opportunity to instil into my mind the principles of virtue. As I was not fond of play I was always beside my father excepting when I was at school, and both morning and evening I had the inestimable privilege of listening to his advice in all matters relating to the conduct of life. He could not assist me in my English studies, for he did not know that language ; but he did me infinitely more good by forming my character, by restraining me from the paths of vice, and leading me into those of virtue. I do not remember that he ever applied the rod to me, as I was invariably obedient to him—indeed, I do not recollect that he ever spoke angrily to me. Of such a wise and loving father I was now deprived. The incidents of his death are fresh in my recollection. It was a cold December night. The sick room was crowded with many anxious relatives and friends. Some change took place in the patient which made the physician look grave. The people in the room began to whisper to one another. Two men were sent, as I understood from the conversation which was carried on in a low tone, to buy a bier. I was told to leave the room and go upstairs to my bed. I said I would not go, but sit up all night beside my father. I was forced to leave the room, and I went away weeping. Repeated watchings for many nights, great heaviness of heart, and constant weeping, had exhausted my system ; and I fell soon asleep. Suddenly about midnight, or rather towards one in the morning, I was roused from sleep. By that time all had been over. I saw my father's lifeless body stretched on the *khat*. I gave a shriek and wept bitterly, and reproached myself for having been quietly sleeping while my father was struggling with the last enemy. But it was not my doing ; I had been actually forced out of the room, though I should have infinitely preferred sitting by him and wetting his parched lips. There was no time, however, for leisurely sorrow. In a few minutes, four

of my distant relations took up the *khat* on their shoulders, and I with the rest of the company wended our way to the river side. I will not attempt to describe my feelings when I accompanied the bier to the river-side. I felt myself desolate. We reached Nimtala Ghat. The corpse was put upon a pile of wood. A lighted faggot was put into my hand, and I was told to apply it to my father's mouth. As this is the last office of Hindu filial affection, I discharged it, with feelings which can be more easily conceived than described. The process of cremation took some hours during which time I sat at a little distance from the funeral pile. When the whole had been reduced to ashes, and some of the bones had been thrown into the Ganga, I bathed in the river and returned home—if home it could then be called, especially as my mother was in my native village—with my wet clothes on, shivering with cold and dying with grief.

It was about two or three weeks' after this melancholy event, that is to say, near the middle of January 1838, that the annual public examination of the General Assembly's Institution took place, not in the Town Hall as in former years, but in the new and handsome building at Cornwallis Square, which had just been finished. As it fell during the month of mourning, I went to the examination in my mourning habit, unoiled and unshod. I remember I got at the distribution of prizes as my prize the last volume of Scott and Henry's Commentary on the Bible, published by the Religious Tract and Book Society,—the volume containing comments on the New Testament from Acts to Revelation. When, after a few days, I went to my native village to perform my father's *sraddha* (funeral ceremonies), I took with me my prize book, which I read over and over during the vacation till I became familiar with its contents, though owing to my imperfect knowledge of English I did not understand everything contained in it.

It was some months after the death of my father that I had an interview with the celebrated David Hare. Along with most

of my countrymen I then thought that the Hindu College was the best English School in Calcutta, and as I was too poor to pay the schooling fee of that College, I wished to be admitted into Hare's School which had the privilege of sending a certain number of its distinguished pupils to the Hindu College to be educated at the expense of the School Society. I was vain enough to think that if I were admitted into Hare's School, I would distinguish myself and thus get into the Hindu College. With this view I sought an interview with Mr. Hare. Hare's School was then held in a house situated in the south-east corner of College Square, the very same house in which the Cathedral Mission College now meets. I made several attempts to see Mr. Hare, but without success ; each time I went I found a number of boys waiting in a lower room for the purpose of having an interview with the great promoter of Native education. At last I was more fortunate one day. I was showed into a room upstairs where I found Mr. Hare sitting at a small table. His face was towards the south ; a Bengali boy somewhat older than I stood before him ; his hat stood in the middle of the table ; and at his right was a black board. As I approached him, he called me to his side, took my hand, patted me on my cheeks, put his left arm round my neck, and asked me what I wanted. At this distance of time I could not recall all the details of the conversation I had with him, but to the best of my recollection the following was the sum and substance :—

Old Bengali Boy. "I wish Sir, to be admitted into your school."

Mr. Hare. "What school do you now attend?"

O. B. Boy. "I am reading now in the General Assembly's Institution."

Mr. Hare. "What books do you read?"

O. B. Boy. "I read Marshman's Brief Survey of History ; Lennie's Grammar ; Geography ; Euclid, Book second ; New Testament ; and Bengali."

Mr. Hare. "Do you know the 7th Proposition of the First

Book of Euclid? Let me see you demonstrate it. Go to the board."

I went to the black-board, repeated the general enunciation of the Proposition, constructed the figure, and proceeded with the demonstration. As I was going on, I made a mistake which the boy who was in the room corrected; but Mr. Hare who, I believe, knew Euclid no more than the man in the moon, said that I was right. I accepted the boy's correction without Mr. Hare perceiving it, and ended in a triumphant tone.

Mr. Hare. "You seem to be well taught, why do you wish then to leave the General Assembly's Institution?"

O. B. Boy. "People say, there is better teaching in your school; besides, I have a great desire to go to the Hindu College from your school."

Mr. Hare. "There must be very good teaching in the General Assembly's Institution; Mr. Duff has sent out a new Missionary, Mr. Campbell."

O. B. Boy. "There is no one of the name of Campbell in the General Assembly's Institution; but perhaps you mean Mr. Macdonald."

Mr. Hare. "Yes, yes, Mr. Macdonald; they all say he is a clever man. You better remain where you are."

O. B. Boy. "No, Sir; kindly admit me into your school."

Mr. Hare. "You read the New Testament; you are half a Christian. You will spoil my boys."

O. B. Boy. "I read the New Testament, because it is a class book, but I don't believe in it. I am no more a Christian than this boy here."

Mr. Hare. "All Mr. Duff's pupils are half-Christians. I won't take any of them into my school. I won't take you; you are half-Christian; you will spoil my boys."

I begged hard. I earnestly besought him to take me into his school; but he continued repeating the words—"You are half a Christian; you will spoil my boys." Such is my recollection of David Hare who, though benevolently disposed towards

the people of Bengal, was a man of no religious principles. Let not the reader think that I am doing injustice to David Hare. I have done him full justice in a foregoing Chapter, and I here repeat that he took the liveliest interest in the education of my countrymen, which he promoted by personal exertions as well as by his purse ; but I cannot conceal the fact that he was a man of no religion. As for myself, I thank God that Mr. Hare did not take me into his school, for if he had taken me I should, in all human probability, have been different from what I now am ; and the readers of the *Bengal Magazine* at any rate would not have seen these Recollections of

AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

SONNET.—EVENING.

The dew-blest flowers their petals now disclose,
The birds have hush'd their sweetly plaintive lay,
And far behind the hills the lord of day,
In his bright chariot to his dwelling goes ;
And twilight pale her misty mantle throws
Over the city and the mountain grey,
Which 'neath the setting sun's last mellow ray
Wrapt in soft colors peacefully repose.
The weary cattle seek the distant fold
From the day's labor freed—they long for rest ;
While sparkling like an ornament of gold
The star of evening rears her radiant crest,
And on the world with kindly lustro gleams,
An angel of sweet thoughts and peaceful dreams !

O. C. DUTT.

BENGALI LITERATURE.

BY

Surendra Krishna Dutt, B. A., B. L.

It is not a little curious that our literature should have commenced at about the same time with that of England, and that our earliest writers should have appeared just when Chaucer and Gower were writing in England. But while, owing to the early introduction of the art of printing in England, we are acquainted with the main facts connected with the rise and progress of English literature, and the transitions it has undergone, we are almost completely in the dark as regards the early stages of our literature ; since the art of printing has been made use of in Bengal only in modern times. We know nothing of the lives of our ancient authors ; and the only lights that we get in our enquiry consist of small passages in their own writings which have come down to us in a mutilated and interpolated form. As regards the languages, a chronological review of the works of the Bengali writers slowly leads us from a crude form of the Hindi which prevailed in Bengal in the 14th century to the polished Bengali of Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar.

Vidyapati is the name of our earliest poet,—the Chaucer of Bengal. Only a few of his songs have come down to us. He wrote about 1389 A. D., and his language is a crude form of Hindi. From his writings it appears that he was a follower of Krishna. Contemporaneously with him there lived another poet—Chandi Das. Of him we know nothing, except that his name was mentioned by Vidyapati in his songs. He too was a follower of Krishna.

From the earliest times the literature of Bengal may be appropriately divided into two classes *viz.* the Tantrika and the Bhagvat ;—the former school of poets being the worshippers of Sakti, and the latter the worshippers of Krishna. The Tantrikas worshipped Sakti, i. e. a female representation of the

Creative Power, but the worship degenerated into debauchery, and the works and lives of the Tantrikas of later days are characterized by lewdness and immorality. The Bhagvat school began long before the time of Chaitanya, but that great reformer swelled the tide of protest against Tantrika morality, and from his time the Vaishnava religion gained strength.

The history of Bengali literature is lost in confusion for over a hundred years after the time of Vidyapati, and all that we can discover are a few glimmering stars twinkling in the distance of time. Thus the dark age of Bengali literature corresponds with the dark age of English literature, both occupying the entire 15th century of the Christian era. About the beginning of the 16th century when Luther was thundering in Europe, Chaitanya began his work of reformation in Bengal, and the literature of his period presents us with a mass of *Kirtans* or songs of praise of Krishna. It was at this period that Krishna Das Kaviraj wrote the *Chaitanya-Charitamrita*, or the nectar of the life of Chaitanya. The language of this book is comparatively free from the Hindi element, and the work describes with loud but sincere eulogium the work of the great reformer.

The bright reign of Elizabeth in England was contemporaneous with the gorgeous reign of Akber in India, and the causes which led to activity of thought and action in England at this period operated at the same time at which the wholesome reforms brought about by Todar Mal induced a similar activity of the intellect in Bengal. To complete our comparison, we need only mention that Kirtibas and Kasiram Das,—the two poets whose names are most widely known and dearly cherished through the length and breadth of Bengal, wrote precisely at the times when Shakespeare and Milton wrote in England, respectively.

Of the life and acts of Kirtibas we have a very meagre account. He was born in Foolia, a village near Santipur in the classic soil of Nuddea; and he describes himself as the

grandson of Murari Ojah, a well known exorcist. He flourished at the end of the 16th century, and his great work, as every body knows, is the translation of the Ramayana from the Sanskrit. We are told however that he did not know Sanskrit, and that he gleaned the story from the *speakers* or minstrels who from a very remote period used to chant and explain mythological stories from the Sanskrit to the assembled people. The language of Kirtibas's version of the Ramayana is almost entirely free from the Hindi element, and is simple and easy, and void of art. At the same time it displays graphic power of description as well as tenderness and pathos. What Bengali has not in his early years pored with tearful eyes on the woes of the gentle Sita or the faithful Lakshman as described by Kirtibas? The voice of the poet still rings melodiously in the ear of every Bengali, man or woman, old or young. At the same time however the Bengali version is entirely devoid of the force and emphasis,—the genuine pride and heroism of warriors,—the strength and fire in fact, of the Sanskrit work. The Bengali language had not yet been fit to express any but the soft and tender feelings.

It was at this time that the Bengali language was undergoing a great change. The great Akber with the intention of consolidating his empire introduced the system of bestowing responsible posts on the Hindu inhabitants of Bengal, and this necessitated the cultivation of the Persian tongue by the native Hindus. Todar Mal's new system of land administration also flooded the Bengali tongue with Persian words, and up to this time the language of the Court and the language of the zemindar's sherista are full of Persian words. Adalut, Dewani, Fouzdari, Fariadi, Asami, Hakim, Ejlas, Mohkuma, Amin, Chaprasi, Hazur, Hazir, Malik, and a hundred other words are pure Persian or Arabic, to which there are no Bengali equivalents. Similarly Zemindar, Naeb, Gomashta, Rayat, Halshana, Chowkidar, Jamadar, Pottah, Kabuliyat, Kobala, Dakhila, Waria, Sakim, Malguzari, Lakhraj, Taluq, Ejara, and almost all other zemindari words are Persian or Arabic.

The literature of the period bears evidence of the introduction of the Persian and Arabic element into the Bengali language. It was at this time that Makunda Ram Chakravarti lived and wrote, and some of his works are saturated with Persian. The poet was born in Damunya, a village in the district of Burdwan. He was the son of Hridaya Misri and the grandson of Jagannatha Misri.

It was about this time that Daud Khan became Governor of Bengal, and the people were sorely oppressed by the tyrant. Our author left his country and visited several temples, in one of which he was inspired by the goddess Chandi, who appeared in a vision and asked him to sing her praises in verse. Soon after the poet found shelter and favor in Bankura, became the teacher of the Raja's son, and wrote his work "Chandi Kavya." It is sometimes asserted that the *Chandi Kavya* was contemporaneous with the *Ramayana* of Kirtibas, but a perusal of the two works at once settles the question, and we do not hesitate in fixing on Kirtibas as the older poet. The strength of Makunda Ram lay in imaginative description, and he has given us an account of the manners and customs of that period. He is said to have invented Charades and Enigmas, his descriptions are natural and appropriate, and his love scenes are singularly devoid of obscene or vulgar expressions. The popular praise of Ganga in Bengali is attributed to him, but we do not find it in his works. He flourished about 1620 A. D.

The next poet of note is Kasi Ram Das, the translator of the *Mahabharata*. He was born in Siddhigram in the district of Hoogly, and was a Kayastha by birth. About his lineage we have correct accounts. Kamala Kanta De the son of Suddha Kar De, and the grandson of Priya Kar De, had four sons, Krishna Das De, Devaraj De, Kasi Ram De, (the poet) and Gadadhar De. Very little is known about the life of the poet. There is a tradition that he lived only to complete only three books and a part of the 4th out of the 18 books of the *Mahabharata*,—and that his son—

in-law did the rest. The Mahabharata is perhaps the most popular book with the matrons of Bengal. Replete as it is with the traditions and mythology of ancient India, as well as with stirring incidents, tales of untiring interest and appropriate morals, the book cannot fail to find a place in the scanty library of every Bengali zenana. Even among those who cannot read or write, the story of the Mahabharata is a bye word,—for the tales are repeated and handed down from mother to daughter from generation to generation with faithful assiduity and genuine interest. In a word, the Mahabharata is for the Bengali family the one storehouse of morals, the common heritage of sober tales whose interest can never cloy. Kasi Ram Das wrote about the middle or close of the 17th century.

The melodious and pathetic songs of Ram Prasad Sen must ever overwhelm every feeling heart with sadness and woe. This genuine but unpretending poet was born in Halishahar Parguuna in a village called Kamarhatea, and was a Vaidya by caste. He was the son of Ram Ram Sen, and grandson of Rameswar Sen, and had two sisters and two brothers. He was descended from an ancient family, but his father was poor, yet he did not neglect the education of his sons, and our young poet learnt Hindi and Sanskrit as well as his native Bengali. In 1723 A. D. he became a *Sircar* i. e. accountant-keeper to a gentleman of affluence. But yielding to the strong propensities of his nature he wrote poems and songs in the account books, which offended the Head Sircar, who produced the books to the master. The master, it would seem, was a man of feeling and good taste, and instead of censuring the bad accountant loved the genuine poet, and allowed him 30 Rs. per mensem that he might indulge his natural propensities and write poetry and songs. Thus honored Ram Prasad retired to his native village, and became known to several *jatra-wallas* who paid him for his touching songs. But Ram Prasad was a poet to the bottom of his heart, and his soul was full of charity and

melted at the sight of woe, so that though he had a tolerably decent income he could not save a penny, and was often in distress. While thus living in retirement he became acquainted with the munificent Raja Krishna Chandra Raya of Nadiya, who was so pleased with his life and his songs that he gave him 14 bighas of Lackhraj lands, and bestowed on him the title of Kavi Banjan for having composed a poem the *Vidya Sundara* which is now lost. On one occasion the poet accompanied the Raja to Murshidabad. Suraja Dowla who had heard of his powers of song desired him to sing, and expressed himself satisfied with the poet. Like other Tantrika poet he was addicted to drink, but when reproved he replied in a most feeling and touching song that he was not drunk, but that his soul was drunk with the love of *Sakti*. He died in 1762,—it is said by jumping into the river Ganges with an image of Kali which was thrown in after the ceremony of the *pūja* was over. It is to be regretted that he has left no work in a permanent form. His songs are still popular with feeling people,—but it is possible that a few years hence one of the truest poets of Bengal,—though not a great one,—will be forgotten.

We next come to the renowned poet Bharat Chandra Raya. We shall only briefly notice his writings, as they have already been noticed in a separate article in a former number of this Magazine. He was the most renowned ornament of the Court of the renowned Raja Krishna Chandra Raya of Nadiya ; who favoured him highly and gave some lands near Mulojor where Bharat retired in his after life. His principal work is the *Annada Mangala* of which the *Vidya Sundara* is the most famous. The Bengali language owes much of its sweetness and richness to this poet, who was singularly happy in the expressions he used. Indeed in this respect he has never been equalled. But of his poetry we confess we cannot speak very highly, and we are much mistaken if he does not owe his popularity to the richness of his language. But he is a master of his art, and is often witty, and his appropriate phrases and rich descriptions

have passed into byewords. The polish he has given to the Bengali language it would be difficult to over-estimate.

We pass over a long list of minor poets, and only stop to mention the name of the great Ram Mohan Raya. The impetus which he and his followers have given to the prose literature of Bengal must be thankfully acknowledged by every one. As a poet, Ram Mohan Raya wrote some songs which are full of feeling and moral sentiment.

Madan Mohan Tarkalankar was a more thorough poet. He was born in 1816 and served the British Government as a Deputy Magistrate. His beautiful poetry is appreciated and read by every educated Bengali. He died in 1858.

Iswar Chandra Gupta bears a still nobler name in the annals of the poetic literature of Bengal. He was born in 1810 in the village of Kanchrapara on the Hugli,—almost opposite to the town of Hugli, and was a Vaidya by caste. He contributed very largely to the formation of the prose literature of Bengal,—himself conducting some of the earliest and best conducted newspapers of the country. His poetic talents were first called into play by his animosity towards Gauri Sankara Bhattacharjya,—better known as Gur Guri Bhattacharjya ; and the rival effusions of these two poets may well form a chapter in the annals of literary disputes. It was about 1848 that we find Iswar Chandra Gupta writing the Hita Prabhakar, Prabodha Prabhakar, the Bodhendu Bikas, and a lot of other books and periodicals. He died in 1859.

The peculiar style of his writing is but too well known. It is easy, simple and flowing, but wonderfully expressive and deeply incisive. He is a complete master of humour, and his simple lines corruscate with the most brilliant wit. His long descriptions are taken from nature and are vivid and life-like. His descriptions of the Hindu festivals, and the occupations of the people on such occasions,—their joys and sorrows, their fond hopes and sad disappointments are marvellously life-like. No other poet has described in such vivid language the daily minute incidents of life.

Of satire he was a complete master. The literature of Bengal, the literature of India, has not produced his equal in this respect. Himself a man of simple and even dissipated habits, he hated forms and formalities in every shape, and has hurled his scathing sarcasm against formalities wherever and whenever found. His principle seems to have been,—rather be an unpretentious sinner, than a puritan with a long face. And in his attacks against hypocrisy, he has unfortunately attacked many a sincere and earnest worker, simply because they worked according to fixed forms.

The fag end of a Magazine article is ill suited for an adequate description of the writings of a true poet just departed,—we mean Madhu Sudan Datta. Of his life we shall say but little here. He was born in the district of Jessore by the banks of the Kabatakkha which he has immortalized in song, and after completing his education here, went to England and was called to the bar. He began his practice at the Calcutta bar with good success, but a genuine poet that he was, he was ill suited for the legal profession. His last years were spent in penury, and he died the other day deeply lamented. We shall not stop to notice in detail his separate works, but shall briefly describe the spirit that prevades all his writings. Martial fire, genuine heroism, maddening descriptions of battles and warfare, of the deeds of heroes and heroines,—these were things unknown to Bengali literature,—these are things of which Madhu Sudan has first shewn the Bengali language to be capable. He has for the first time broken through the tame uniformity,—or sweetness if you like,—of jingling verses, and with considerable fire has made the Bengali language do, what the Bengali language was never considered capable of doing. He has invested the battles of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata with a genuine spirit of heroism and fierce military ardour, entirely foreign to the spirit of previous Bengali literature, and which the heroes of those wars, if they could wake from their long sleep, would not disown.

TO A WILD BIRD.

Sweet warbler of the leafy woods,
Ah hasten to thy home,
The shades of eve are closing in,
Why yet dost idly roam?

I will not stop thee in thy flight,
Speed to thy lov'd one's side,
Go, safely go, the path is free,
No mischief will betide.

Thou hast no cares, O little bird,
The morrow brings no fear,
The purling rill that wanders by
For thee hath waters clear.

The bursting flowers, the bashful buds,
The fruits upon the tree,
With luscious juice that seem to burst,
Are all sweet, bird, for thee.

O. C. DUTT.

THE SECLUSION OF HINDU WOMEN.

THERE was, some little time ago, an animated discussion in the newspapers on the subject of the education and emancipation of Hindu females. The presence of a European lady who had come out purposely with a view to ameliorate the condition of her sex in India turned it into a pressing question of the day. Not altogether unnaturally perhaps, a good deal of crimination and recrimination had been occasioned. The social status of females in oriental communities, when discussed otherwise than as an abstract speculative theory, is apt to excite strong feeling on both sides. Differing sentiments on such a subject invariably tend to acrimonious controversy.

Some there are who would resent it as an unwarrantable liberty, if in the ordinary intercourse of life, they were asked after the health of their females, or invited to a party *with their wives*. Others there are who would consider it a cold disregard, if after the usual "*How do you do?*" their ladies were not inquired after, or, if themselves were invited to a party without their partners in life. And in both cases, it is regard *for females* that would inspire the varying sentiments.

It is not our intention to enter the lists of controversy, or say one word on the one side or the other. We will only take occasion to consider what the status of Hindu female society was under indigenous rule before the advent of the Muhammadans, with a cursory remark or two on their present condition.

All civilized communities have looked upon women as objects of tender regard. They are *abala*, or the weaker sex, and therefore entitled to delicate care. Hamlet said of his father :

"So loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly."

The sentiment appears to have been as strong in India as it could have been in Denmark, the only difference being that here the *sun*, instead of the *wind*, had to be averted as the *rough visitor*. Our forefathers had the word *asuryampasyá* for delicate females, whose lords would not allow their faces to be *at all* assailed by the sun. But the interpretation of the word, as given by commentators of Panini, was *rāja-dara*, or *royal ladies*. The kings who usually had a large multitude of wives had doubtless separate apartments for them, and these were called *avarodha* or *antahpura* corresponding to the Greek *gynaecitis*. It does not however appear that either the kings, or the people in general, restrained the liberty of females beyond such reasonable bounds as were recognized in all civilized communities, or that they forbade their appearance in public.

Kings freely introduced their queens in society whenever there was occasion for it. At the celebration of the *Anvamedha*

sacrifice, the presence of the queen by the king's side was held indispensably necessary. This immemorial practice is beautifully alluded to by Bhavabhuti in his *Uttara charita*, where, after the banishment of Sita was reported by one of the interlocutors to another, and after the latter had recovered from a swoon occasioned by that unwelcome intelligence, the following dialogue is recorded :

" *Vāsanti*.—And in what is that king at present engaged ?

Atreyi.—That king has entered upon the Aswamedha sacrifice.

Vāsanti.—Alas ! for shame ! remarried too !

Atreyi.—Heaven avert the omen.

Vāsanti.—What female then is his partner in the sacrificial ceremonies ?

Atreyi.—A golden image of Sita."*

Rama after having banished his wife with a view to stop the mouth of calumny, celebrated the *Aswamedha* ceremonies, and as it was necessary for a queen to sit by the king's side at that festival, and Rama had no other wife, he constructed a golden image of Sita to supply the deficiency, and placed it on a throne by his side to represent the queen.

In the drama called the *Ratnavali*, we have the queen present at the audience given by the king to the ambassadors that had come from Ceylon.

In the well known drama *Sakuntala*, we see a king making a casual visit to the hermitage of the venerable Kanwa, and the ladies of the family receiving him in the absence of the Rishi.

In the *Raghuvansa*, we have a king (*Dilipa*) travelling with his queen (*Sudakshina*) in an open carriage to the hermitage of his spiritual preceptor *Vasishta*, and both talking with people on the road side as they passed along. That they drove in an open carriage is evident from the fact of the deer on the neighbouring pastures, gazing at them both, and they themselves looking up to the skies to observe the flights of cranes warbling in rows, *like wreaths over gateways unsupported by posts or pillars* :—

* Professor Tawney's translation, p. 20, 21.

"In caprearum pœnibus, haud e longinquo viam relinquentibus, vultibus in currum defixis, mutuo oculorum suorum similitudinem cernebant.

Alicubi facies extulerunt ad dulces sonos gruum, quae continua serie portae arcum sine postibus referebant.

Butyro recenti accepto pastores grandaevos aggressos interrogabant de nominibus arborum agrestium, ad viam plantarum."*

Here then we have a Hindu king travelling with his queen openly in public, and *both* asking questions of the people they encountered about the names of road side plants.

The same work also represents another king (Aja) going to a park near the capital with his queen Indumati for the purpose of a walk.

"Is, cives observans, felice prole praeditus, olim cum regina ambulavit in sylva, urbi vicina, ut Indras, deorum moderator, cum Sachi in *Nandano* horto."†

That it was not a private park but one open to the public appears from the narration, which follows, of Narada passing by, singing on his instrument, when a wroath of celestial flowers was blown off by the winds from the top of his harp and flung on the queen's body.

In the *Maha-vira-charita*, another drama by the aforementioned B̥havabhuti, we have in a scene princes and princesses, at the time utter strangers to each other, introduced in the same company, the ladies being without any *purdhas* whatsoever.

Kusadhwaaja.—Who are these two, holy and handsome by nature? But this much I know, surely they are sons of a kingly man, and their Vaidik rite is performed. Oh! pleasing are the forms of these two of the second caste and the first order of life, and whose age is young for at their back are two quivers, the arrows of which are kissed by their locks of hair; and on their chest, which has the purifying mark of collected ashes, is a deer skin; and their undergarment, tinged with red dye, is held up by a girdle of the murvi plant; and in their hand is a bow, and a bracelet strung with nuts, and a staff of the fig-tree.

Princesses.—Truly they are of pleasing aspect.

King (going near). Sire! I greet thee.

* Stenzler's *Raghuvansa*, I.40,41,45. It is a curious fact that while there is a Latin version of the *Raghuvansa*, and a Greek one too, there is none in English, —at least not a complete one.

† Ibid viii. 32.

Viswamitra.—Oh ! I look on thee as my own child, who art in good health ; and art come hither from the palace of the holy king ; therefore, embrace. (*After embracing*). Is the King of Vidcha, who is engaged in sacrifice, happy ? and the descendant of Gotama Satananda, the family priest of the Janakas ?

King.—Truly the noble King is well, with his family priest, the descendant of the saint of great penance, when you attend to the rites of his family.

Princesses.—We make obeisance.

King.—Here is Sitá, who came forth from the place of sacrifice furrowed by the plough ; and this second is Urmila, the very daughter of Janaka.

Viswamitra.—May good fortune attend.

Lakshmana, (aside). A marvel is this noble lady of wonderful birth.

Rama.—Her birth is from the altar of the gods ; her sire is a King who repeats the Veda ; her form, pleasing and bright, excites my love.

King.—O sire ! who are these two religious students of royal family that follow you, like majesty and valour led by holiness ?

Viswamitra.—Rama and Lakshmana, sons of Dasaratha.

Princes (approaching with modesty). O sire ! we greet you.

King.—How is it that this boy, born in the race of the sun, has such matchless power natural to him, and beyond limit ?

Sita.—(*beholding with love and affection, and turning aside*). Truly his disposition corresponds to the structure of his frame.

The Ramayana and the Mahabharata are also replete with allusions to, and representations of, a state of society in which females travelled in open litters and chariots, and otherwise appeared in public without any trace of the purdah. We shall give a few specimens from Griffith's translation of the former.

" No shop where flowery wreaths are sold
Is bright and busy as of old.
The women and the men I mark
Absorbed in fancies dull and dark,
Their gloomy eyes with tears bedewed,
A poor afflicted multitude,"

* * * *

" Forth from the town in litters came,
Or chariots, many a royal dame,
And honoured so the funeral ground,
With aged followers ringed around,
With steps in inverse order bent,
The priests in sad procession went
Around the monarch's burning pyre
Who well had nursed each sacred fire :

With Queen Kausalya and the rest,
 Their tender hearts with woe distressed.
 The voice of woman, shrill and clear
 As screaming curlews, smote the ear,
 As from a thousand voices rose
 The shriek that tells of woman's woes.
 Then weeping faint, with loud lament,
 Down Sarju's shelving bank they went.
 There standing on the river side
 With Bharat, priest, and peer,
 Their lips the women purified
 With water fresh and clear."

* * *

"As royal Bharat thus gave vent
 To bitter grief in wild lament,
 Gazing upon his face the crowd
 Of pitying women wept aloud."

* * *

"The dame, Kausalya at their head,
 Were in the noblest chariots led,
 And every gentle bosom beat
 With hope the banished prince to meet.
 The royal Bharat, glory-crowned,
 With all his retinue around,
 Borne in a beauteous litter rode,
 Like the young moon and sun that glowed."*

The Institutes of Manu too, the great guide of Hindu ethics and law, pre-suppose the existence of the same state of society. The following extract from a lecture delivered before the Bethune Society by the learned Mr. Justice Phear will be our sufficient authority here :—

"It is also clear that Manu had no thought of women being secluded. He contemplates their going freely abroad in the world, and if my memory does not fail me, he directs the form of respect by which a stranger should address them, and makes it matter of something more than mere gallantry, that they should have the best places yielded to them on the highways and elsewhere.

"On the whole, then, making allowances for the great difference between the age of Manu and our own in the material conditions which surround domestic life, (I refer to general increase of wealth and of the means of procuring

* The Ramayana of Valmiki, translated into English verse by Ralph T. H. Griffith vol. II, pp. 284, 307, 323, 370.

home comforts, or supplying family wants without the*menial labour of the female members,) I see nothing in the views propounded by him, or in the manners and habits which he sanctions, to prevent Hindu women from now-a-days taking pretty much the same position in society as do their sisters in Europe."*

But the freedom allowed to the female sex proved dangerous to their safety and honor after the Muhammadan conquest. The barbarous custom of treating captives taken in war as slaves, prevailed even more forcibly in Asia than in Europe ; and in Oriental countries the treatment unshrinkingly given to captives, may be easily supposed to have been extended, for some time at least, to the whole body of a conquered nation without scruple or hesitation. Under such circumstances females would become the greatest sufferers. Not only would they personally be in danger of outrage and violence, but the very panic produced by such outrage would be likely to induce the imbecile guardians of their honor to restrain their freedom of motion. And it is in this way we believe that under Muhammadan rule Hindu female society lost much of the liberty which religion and immemorial custom had assigned to them.

We entirely agree with another remark of Mr. Justice Phear's. "The truth is, (he says) no doubt, that a cause, not altogether Hindu in its origin, has operated to keep down the status of woman in India, and has retarded the proper development of her character and education relative to the advance of every thing about her."

The Muhammadan rule we may say was the cause of female degradation in India, and while under better auspices men have with marvellous rapidity risen and improved by mental culture and education, women have not had the same opportunities of self-improvement, and therefore have not been able to keep pace with the men. In male society no trace is now found of the rule which the battle of Plassey overturned. In female society you

* The Proceedings and Transactions of the Bethune Society, published in 1870, p. 90.

can scarcely recognize the change which that battle has produced in the destiny of Bengal and of India.

Females are doubtless found every morning walking unmolested for baths in the rivers. They travel by Rail, and frequent holy places and shrines as pilgrims. And there have been a few yet nobler instances of the effects of the existing rule in the appearance of Indian ladies in vice-regal parties*, Convocations of the University, and other similar gatherings. Still on the whole, Hindu female society in Bengal exhibits to this day a badge of the late Muhammadan supremacy which it is the duty of every true patriot to remove to the best of his ability. Those whom the influence of a more beneficent power has raised to a high position in society, and actually introduced to the path which leads to governorships, not excepting the vice-royalty itself, are called upon by their very success to blot out from their domestic circles the last traces of a corrupt dynasty long superseded. Otherwise it must, in a short time indeed, become a sorry sight to behold men who have risen to be commissioners, judges and magistrates under the British policy of the second half of the 19th century, exhibiting in their households living badges of Muhammadan ascendancy of a bygone age.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

BY

The Late Babu Kissory Chand Mittra.

The foundation stone of the Presidency College was laid by His Excellency the Viceroy with great éclat on the 27th February. There were present the Lieutenant Governor of this Province, the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop, the representatives of the Hindu and Muhammadan communities, the chiefs of the instructive staff and the students who had distinguished

* The appearance of a Hindu lady, wife of a Native Civil Servant, at a party in Government House during the administration of Sir John Lawrence is still fresh in our recollection.

themselves in the College. The Viceroy made an impressive and interesting speech. His Excellency justly traced the commencement of the College to the independent exertions of a few members of the Hindu community. He said, those who first originated the College with a self-sacrifice which did them justice—did them great honor and credit, abandoned partial and narrow views which they at one time might have entertained, and gave the full weight of their support together with the funds which stood at their credit, for the encouragement and development of the larger, wider and more intellectual system of high English education in Calcutta, and which found its proper representation in the Presidency College. The history of the Hindu College, the precursor of the Presidency College, affords a signal illustration of the truth of His Excellency's remarks.

The state of education in the metropolis stood in the lowest estimation. In Calcutta Mr. Sherburn established a School, which claims for its children some of our distinguished men, among whom the late Babu Dwarkanath Tagore and his amiable brother the Hon'ble Rajah Romanath Tagore may be mentioned. It was now evident that the Hindus had commenced shaking off their *quasi* religious prejudice against English education, and manifested an eagerness to receive its benefits, when communicated in accordance with those principles of reason, discretion and good faith, which the Government uniformly promulgated. Availing himself of this altered state of feeling, David Hare, a retired watch-maker, urged on the leading members of the Native community to consider the necessity and importance of establishing a great seat of learning in the metropolis. They listened to this proposal with unfeigned interest and promised it their hearty support. They willingly accepted an invitation from Sir Edward Hyde East, the then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to meet at his residence for the purpose of adopting measures for carrying it into effect.

The preliminary meeting was held in May 1816, in the same house (Old Post Office Street) which was lately occupied by Chief Justice Colville, and which is now tenanted by the High Court. Among those who did not attend this preliminary meeting, was one who nevertheless shared with David Hare, the credit of originating the idea of the institution of the Hindu College, almost from its inception, and whose name will be therefore inseparably associated with its foundation. As a moral and religious reformer, Ram Mohun Roy had, from a very early period, felt the imperative necessity of imparting a superior English education to his countrymen as the best and most efficacious means of achieving his end. He had established an English School at his own expence. He had heartily entered into the plans of David Hare, and zealously aided in their development. But as an uncompromising enemy of Hindu idolatry, he had incurred the hostility of his orthodox countrymen, and he apprehended that his presence at the preliminary meeting might embarrass its deliberations, and probably defeat its objects. And he was not mistaken. Some of the native gentlemen, the representatives of Hinduism, actually told Sir Hyde East, that they would gladly accord their support to the proposed College if Ram Mohun Roy were not connected with it, but they would have nothing to do with that apostate! Ram Mohun Roy willingly allowed himself to be laid aside lest his active co-operation should mar the accomplishments of the project, saying,—“If my connection with the proposed College should injure its interests I would resign all connection.” The arrangements for the establishment of the MAHAVIDYALYA or great seat of learning, as the Hindu College was originally called, having been completed, it was inaugurated in 1816. The house on the Upper Chitpore Road, known as Gora Chand Bysack's house and now occupied by the Oriental Seminary, was its first local habitation. It was afterwards removed to Feringhi Komul Bose's house at Jarasanko.

The object of the institution as described in the printed

rules published in 1822 was to "instruct the sons of the Hindus in the European and Asiatic languages and sciences." Though it was proposed to teach English, Persian and Sanskrit and Bengali, yet the first place in importance was assigned to English. In truth the College was founded for the purpose of supplying the growing demand for English education. Sanskrit was discontinued at an early period. The Persian class was abolished in 1841. The only languages which have since been taught are English and Bengali.

Ample provision was made in the infancy of the institution for efficient supervision. At first a provisional committee consisting of ten Europeans and twenty Native gentlemen, was formed to organize a plan of operation. Subsequently the Europeans withdrew, and a body of Directors was appointed consisting entirely of Natives with two Governors and two Secretaries. The Rajah Tej Chandra Bahadur, and Babu Chunder Coomar Tagore were elected the first Governors, in consideration of their having contributed most liberally for the support of the institution. Among the native directors may be mentioned Babus Gopee Mohan Deb, Joykissen Singh and Gunganaraian Das. Babu Buddinath Mukerjee was appointed the first Native Secretary. The European Secretary was Major Irving. He was appointed for the special purpose of superintending the English department of the College.

The Committee of Management consisted for some years of four members elected annually by the Directors. Their duties were to see that the rules of the institution were observed ; to alter and make new rules, to consult the requirements of the institution, to appoint and dismiss the teachers, and to check and regulate the expenditure. When the opinions of the members were equally balanced, the question was referred to one of the governors whose decision was final.

At the commencement, the sum of 1,13,179 Rupees was contributed for the support of the institution. For several years after its establishment, the college was strictly a private institu-

tion and received no aid whatever from Government. But in 1823, the fund being at a low ebb, the managers applied to Government for pecuniary aid and also for a suitable building. They ventured to suggest that the college should be removed to the vicinity of the Sanskrit College about to be founded, and that the more expensive paraphernalia of instruction, such as philosophical apparatus, lectures &c., should be common to both institutions by which means they would be mutually benefitted. In the following year, the managers made a similar representation to the General Committee of Public Instruction. They adverted to the inadequacy of the income to the wider objects of the institution, and requested to be allowed to occupy part of the building designed for the Sanskrit College.

They begged that such further pecuniary aid might be afforded as would enable them to employ a person to give instruction to the senior students. They also desired that the General Committee would be pleased to permit their own Secretary, and the Secretary of the contemplated Sanskrit College, to join them in the management of the affairs of the college. Those representations were attended with the desired effect. Government resolved to aid the Hindu College by endowing at the public charge a Professorship of experimental philosophy, and by supplying the cost of school accomodation in the vicinity of the Sanskrit College. The General Committee were desired to report on the expediency of assuming "a certain degree of authoritative control over the concerns of that institution in return for the pecuniary aid now proposed to be afforded."

In conformity with this resolution, the General Committee opened a communication with the Managers in regard to the question of attaining a share in the control of a College. The subjoined is an extract from the General Committee's letter. "With reference to the extent of the aid already given to the funds of the Hindu College and other arrangements in contemplation for its improvement, such as the grant of a library, endowment of scholarships and a liberal provision

for the most effective superintendence that can be obtained, the expense of which will probably be fully three-times the amount now derived from the funds of the College, Government conceive that a proportional share of authority over that establishment should be vested in the General Committee of Public Instruction."

The managers, in replying to this letter, and with reference to the share of the management they were willing to surrender, desired to be informed what arrangements the General Committee themselves would consider most advisable. They then added the following observations :—" With deference to what may be the decision of the General Committee, we beg to suggest that probably the best mode of apportioning the management, would be the appointment of a joint Committee, to consist of an equal number of the present Native Managers and the Members of the General Committee, to which arrangement we shall be very happy to agree. It is scarcely to be apprehended that any questions would arise in which the opinions of the Native and European Managers would be exactly balanced, but should such an event occur, we hope it will not be considered unreasonable in us to propose that a negative voice may be allowed to the Native Managers, that is to say, that any measure to which the Native Managers express an unanimous objection, shall not be carried into effect."

The following reply which closed the correspondence, was returned by the General Committee :—

" The General Committee, in professing to exercise any authority over the Hindu College, have only had in view the due administration of those funds which the Government may from time to time be disposed to supply in aid of the objects of the institution, and the erection of the Hindu College into a seminary of the highest possible description for the cultivation of the English language. Beyond these objects, it is not their intention to interfere, and as long as they are satisfied that the best interests of the establishment are fully attended to by the

Native Management, they will not fail to take a warm interest in the prosperity of the College, and to recommend it to Government as meriting the countenance of its patronage. At present they have no reason to doubt the efficiency nor the intention of the Native Committee, and they do not therefore think it advisable to assume any share in the direction of the details of the College. At the same time confiding in the disposition evinced by the Native Management to accept their assistance and advice, the General Committee will be ready to exercise a regular inspection and supervising control as visitors of the college. In order to render the general supervision as practicable as possible, they propose to exercise it through the medium of such of their members as they may from time to time appoint, and on the present occasion, they avail themselves of the services of their Secretary Mr. Wilson, whom they request the Managers to regard as the organ and representative of the General Committee. It is expected that any recommendation proceeding from the General Committee relative to the conduct of the institution as expressed through the acting visitor, will meet with the concurrence of the Managers of the College, unless sufficient reason be submitted in writing for declining such concurrence." The Managers expressed their readiness to conform to these arrangements for the management of the College. Subsequently Dr. Wilson was elected Vice-President of the Committee of Management. Dr. Wilson entered on his duties as the Visitor of the College in a proper spirit. He brought to their performance a tact, a judgment and zeal, which soon worked a marked improvement in the institution. In his first annual Report, he represented the low state of the funds, threatening to "cripple" the College, and urged on the Government to devise some means by which the calamity might be averted. He also lamented the want of sufficient control and the "neglect into which for the last two years the institution had fallen." He however expressed his earnest hope that, now that the attention of the Government

was drawn to the proceedings of the Managers of the College, and that "as long as they continue to merit they may hope for its patronage," they would be anxious to promote any measures that may have the advantage of the College in view. There was therefore every prospect in his opinion that the College, controlled by the General Committee and patronized by the Government, will become the "main channel by which knowledge may be transferred from its European source into the intellect of Hindustan." That this prospect has since been realized, will be generally admitted.

Dr. Wilson's Report raised the question of the establishment of a distinct College open to Natives of every denomination. Mr. Holt Mackenzie advocated an independent institution. Mr. Harington, the President of the General Committee, considered it was highly desirable to give every possible encouragement to the Hindu College, so as to render it as efficient as possible. Dr. Wilson was not for establishing a separate institution, and thought it would be more advisable to improve the existing Hindu College by raising the character of the institution, providing a superior class of teachers, and bringing it within the supervision of the General Committee. The majority of the Committee being in favour of separate institution, a report recommending its establishment, was forwarded to Government. But their views, though acquiesced in by the Government, were not carried into effect.

It must be now observed that the reduced subscribed capital was about this time still further reduced to little more than 20,000 Rs. by the failure of J. Baretto, in whose firm it had been deposited. After a delay of two years, the Managers received 21,000 Rs. out of the wreck of the estate. In 1824, the monthly income of the College amounted to 840 Rs., made up of the following items :

Interest of the College Fund	Rs	300
Tuition Fees	„	305

School Society's Scholars.	Rs. 150
Godown Rent.	„ 40

At that time the state of the College resembled that of our Government before Mr. Laing had balanced its income and expenditure. The Managers went up to Government for assistance which they obtained in the first instance to the extent of 300 Rs. a month. In 1827, the Government aid was raised to 900 Rs. a month, which had again risen in 1830 to 1,250 Rs. a month. Besides these regular monthly contributions, Government in 1829 made a large grant for the publication of English class-books, and gave a further sum of 5,000 Rs. to purchase books for the library.

The library was always largely and eagerly resorted to by the boys. The books borrowed by them show a great love of desultory reading, which after all is, according to Dr. Johnson, not so unprofitable as is generally supposed.

In the mean time, the amount realized from tuition fees had also progressively increased. In January 1827, the monthly income of the College amounted to 2,240 Rs., of which 1,000 Rs. came under the head of tuition fees. In 1830 the total monthly income had risen to 3,272 Rs. of which about 15,00 Rs. were raised from tuition fees. After that time there was a gradual falling off in the receipts from this source for several years, but the deficit was made up by Government.

The College began with a small number of pupils. Though the original rules of the institution provided for the payment of schooling fees by students, yet the system of demanding their payment did not at first answer; the Committee of Management accordingly resolved that from the first January 1819, the College should be a free institution. It was not till the end of 1823, that twenty five pay scholars had been admitted, paying altogether 225 Rs. monthly. In June 1825 the number of paying scholars had risen to 70, and the monthly receipts from this source was 350 Rs. At the end of the year the number of pupils was 115, and at the end of the following

year it was 223. The number of paying scholars continued to increase during the next two years. At the end of 1827 the number was about 300, and in December 1828 it had increased to 336. It was remarked that now the readiness to pay schooling fees was strikingly contrasted with the reluctance formerly displayed, and which had rendered it necessary to abrogate the provision which originally existed for the admission of pay scholars.

At the end of 1826, the monthly receipts from tuition fees, amounted to 1,115 Rs. and two years later to 1,700 Rs. After this there was a falling off, occasioned partly by a temporary panic and partly by the commercial distress which existed at that time. At the end of 1833, the tuition fees had fallen off to 300 Rs. a month. Since then there was a gradual increase until the sum annually raised from tuition fees alone amounted to 30,000 Rs.

The rate of charge continued for many years to be the same for all the classes both senior and junior.

A fixed sum of 5 rupees a month was levied from all. A few years ago, it was determined to enhance the fees in the higher classes. Since then, the rate was raised to 8 Rs. a month in the college department, 6 Rs. in the senior school, and 5 Rs. in the junior school. It is to be observed, however, that a large proportion of the students of the college department were scholarship-holders, who paid nothing.

In 1840 the contribution of Government to the College amounted to Rs. 30,000. It also commenced from this time taking a more active interest in the affairs of the College through the Committee of Public Instruction. Macaulay, Sir Edward Ryan and Mr. Charles Hay Cameron who were successively Presidents of the Committee, took an active part in its administration. They visited the College, laid down its curriculum, conducted the annual examinations and effected several organic changes. Their exertions for the improvement of the College are beyond all praise. The interference of the Com-

mittee of Public Instruction, afterwards metamorphosed into the Council of Education, went further than was perhaps warranted by their constitution.

They assumed the functions of the Native Managers of the College which had rightfully belonged to them. This collision of authority raised the general question of the reorganization of the management of the College. In 1844 a conference consisting of the leading members of the two bodies met for deciding this question. At this meeting, the native members agreed to withdraw their connection with the college in consideration of the Government undertaking to enlarge and improve it. In consequence of the decision thus come to, the Hindu College as such was abolished but only in name. The junior department exists in the shape of the Hindu School, and the senior department is represented by the Presidency College of which it formed the nucleus.

An account of the Hindu College would be incomplete if we were to omit noticing in connection with it the Calcutta School Society, and its schools. Both the institutions acted and reacted on each other most beneficially. The Society was instituted on the 1st September 1818, for the purpose of "assisting and improving existing institutions, and preparing select pupils of distinguished talents by superior instruction before becoming teachers and instructors.

The Calcutta School Society was placed under the control of a managing committee composed of 24 members of whom 16 were Europeans and 8 Natives. The following gentlemen were its first office-bearers.

Sir Anthony Buller, President, J. H. Harington, J. P. Lar-kins, Vice Presidents, J. Baretto, Treasurer, S. Lagrundy, Collector, David Hare, European Secretary and Babu (afterwards Rajah) Radhakant Deb, Native Secretary, were appointed a committee. To assure the due fulfilment of the object of the Society the committee divided themselves into three sub-committees for the distinct prosecution of the three principal plans, one for

the establishments and support of a limited number of regular schools, another for the aiding and improving the indigenous schools or patsalas of the country, and the third for the education of a select number of pupils in English and in some higher branches of tuition. At the end of the first year, the donations amounted to about ten thousand. The resources thus munificently supplied, enabled the Society to commence its operations in right earnest. It established two regular, or as they were termed, "nominal schools rather to improve by serving as models than to supersede the existing institutions of the country. They were designed to educate children of parents unable to pay for their instruction. At that time education was not so much appreciated as now, and the Society was perfectly right in giving gratuitous instruction. Though we readily admit that as a rule education must be paid for, because it would be otherwise but little prized, yet where there is no demand for it, demand must be created. This consummation was brought about by the School Society's schools. Both the Tuntuneah and the Champatollah Schools were attended with remarkable success. The former was situated in Cornwallis Street nearly opposite the temple of Kali and consisted of a Bengali and English department. The latter was held in the house lately occupied by Babu Bhoobun Mohun Mitter's school, and which was entirely an English School. The two schools were amalgamated at the end of 1834. The amalgamated school was known as David Hare's School. It has always served as an intermediate link between the independent schools fostered by the Calcutta School Society, and the Hindu College. The most promising pupils from it were sent to the Hindu College to be educated at the Society's expense. The number always amounted to thirty. These pupils invariably proved the most distinguished and took the shine out of their fellow collegians. They carried almost all the honours and shed greater lustre on the college than what was reflected by its "pay" students. This fact is easily account-

ed for by their comparative poverty, their habits of industry acquired in the preparatory school, and the stimulus held out to them in the shape of prizes and scholarships. They were the picked boys of a well conducted High School. They had already risen above their compeers in that school and acquired a love for study. Whereas the majority of the foundation and "pay" scholars of the College, were the sons of wealthy men who had been cradled in the lap of luxury. No wonder, therefore, that these Sybarites were unable to rub shoulders with the sturdy "Boreahs" (as Hare's boys were derisively called,) who had been taught to look to collegiate proficiency as the only passport to wealth and distinction.

✓ Thus fostered and recruited, the Hindu College became a mighty instrument for improving and elevating the Hindus. It was, as has been said, inaugurated in a small building on the Upper Chitpore Road, and commenced with a small number of scholars, but it soon grew into importance and usefulness. The College was divided into two departments, the senior and junior. These were suited in different apartments, but were under the controlling authority of one Head Master. Mr. Dancellem was the first Head Master and served long and well in that capacity. He evinced considerable tact and judgment in the management of boys. In 1827, Mr. Henry Vivian Derozio was appointed Assistant Master in the Senior Department. We thus prominently notice his appointment because it opened up, so to speak, a new era in the annals of the College. His career as an educator was marked by singular success. His appreciation of duties of a teacher was higher and truer than that of the herd of professors and school masters. He felt it his duty as such to teach not only words but things, to touch not only the head but the heart. He sought not to cram the mind but to inoculate it with large and liberal ideas. Acting on this principle, he opened the eyes of his pupils' understandings. He taught them to think, and to throw off the fetters of that antiquated bigotry which still clung to their countrymen. He

possessed a profound knowledge of mental and moral philosophy and imparted it to them. Gifted with great penetration, he led them through the pages of Locke and Reid, Stewart and Brown. He brought to bear on his lectures great and original powers of reasoning and observation which would not have disgraced the lamented Sir William Hamilton. But it was not only in the class room that he laboured for the interests of his pupils. He delighted to meet them in his own house in debating clubs and other places, and to pour out to them the treasures of his cultivated mind. He was not a fluent but an impressive speaker, what he said was suggestive and contained bone and sinew. The native managers of the College, cradled in superstition, were alarmed at the progress which Derozio's pupils were making by actually "cutting their way," as one of the newspapers of the day not inaptly expressed it, "through ham and beef and wading to liberalism though tumblers of beer." Like many other enlightened men of other enlightened times, the managers could not rise above the prejudices of the nursery and see, in the innovating spirit of the Collegians, aught but an element of danger to their country. They were, therefore, naturally scandalized at their heterodoxy and attempted to put it down by dismissing Mr. Derozio. But the seed which had been sown had germinated and developed into a stately tree and was to bear goodly fruit. "The Jesuits," says Pascal in one of his unparalleled letters, "have obtained a papal decree condemning Galileo's doctrine about the motion of the earth. It is all in vain. If the world is really turning round, all mankind together will not be able to keep it from turning or keep themselves from turning with it." The order of the College Committee for the dismissal of Mr. Derozio, was as effectual to stay the great moral revolution as the decree of the Vatican to stay the motion of our globe. Onward shall it roll through the country like the advancing flood of the Ganges bearing truth and religion in its resistless course. Progress is the law of God and cannot be arrested by the puny efforts of man. As

knowledge is acquired, facts accumulate and generalization is practised, scepticism arises and engenders a spirit of enquiry. Faint glimpses of the truth begin to appear and illuminate into the midday. The youthful band of reformers who had been educated at the Hindu College, like the tops of the Kanchunchanga, were the first to catch and reflect the dawn. But the light which had first illuminated the tops of mountains, has since descended on the plains, and the pioneers rebelled against their spiritual guides and summon Hinduism to the bar of their reason. They were the first to go into the breach and carry the ramparts. They felt and they asserted in their lives that what is morally wrong, cannot be theologically right. The foundations of the fabric thus opened and examined and its out-works thus sapped, seemed to be tottering to their fall. India, which had been buried so long under the ashes of prejudices, seemed to be overtaken by a new resurrection and to be casting about to rise on her feet.

In this state of excitement and change, a few of the Hindu reformers gave some unmistakable signs of their renunciation of Hinduism which enlisted against them the rancorous hostility of their orthodox brethren. But when have the reformers and improvers of their country been suffered to enjoy ease and comfort by the Patrons of Errors? When has an opposition to popular prejudices, been disassociated with difficulty and trouble? But the difficulty and trouble were happily considered by our reformers neither very formidable nor very intolerable. To excommunication and its concomitant evils, our friends were subjected, but they easily managed to survive them and their example ought to be imitated by the rising generation. Conformity to idolatrous practices and customs evince a weak desertion of principle. Non-conformity to them on the other hand is a moral obligation which reformers owe to their consciences. We therefore call on all educated natives to recollect that all religions must be reformed from within, and that the great changes which at intervals have been carried out in the religious

belief of the people of this country have all arisen from among the people themselves. We call on them to exalt themselves to the dignity of reformers and regenerators of their country by combating false opinions and corrupt customs.

For the progress which this moral revolution made, we are chiefly indebted to the tact and judgment, prudence and discretion of David Hare. It was not in the sense of direct teaching or class lecturing that he was useful. He was nevertheless an educator and reformer in the truest signification of the words. He closely watched and directed the exertions of the masters, and identified himself with the progress of the boys. He mixed freely and daily with the latter. He sympathized with their joys and sorrows. He participated in their amusements, listened to their complaints, gave them advice, and assisted them in obtaining situations, or chalking out independent lines of business. He tempered their zeal with discretion, and dissuaded them from undertaking rash innovations. He taught them to proceed in the work of reform with judgment and prudence. Though not a man of extensive learning, yet he was generally well informed. His simplicity and sincerity were remarkable, and enabled him to exercise unlimited influence over the Collegians.

The Education Despatch of 1854 marks a momentous era in the annals of Native education. It affirms and recognizes, in clear, emphatic, and unmistakable language, the paramount duty of the Government to renovate and educate the people of this country. It constitutes a department of education and provides for its efficient and energetic supervision. It lays down the principle of voluntary action in the part of the people in the promotion of educational institutions and proposes to encourage and stimulate it by grants-in-aid. It further provides for the diffusion and élévation of education by the establishment of universities.

In accordance with these provisions a member of the civil service was appointed Director of education in Bengal, and

vested with controlling authority over the officers of the educational department. Grants-in-aid were freely and liberally accorded to several educational institutions. In 1855 the Hindu College was recognized and transformed into the Presidency College, in accordance with the spirit of the despatch of Sir Charles Wood, and the decided opinion of Lord Dalhousie, who deprecated its constitution as the unseemly association of a collegiate institute with a dame's school.

Chairs for moral and mental philosophy, logic, natural history, astronomy, natural philosophy, and geology were established. A separate department for the study of jurisprudence and law was also organized, and has proved most popular. A department of civil engineering has also recently been established on the abolition of the Civil Engineering College.

In 1857 the Calcutta University was established on the model of the University of London, and was incorporated by Act II of that year. It provides for the grant of the following Degrees or licenses :—

Arts	{ Bachelor of Arts (B.A.)
	{ Master of Arts (M. A.)
Law	{ Licentiate of Law (L. L.)
	{ Bachelor in Law (B. L.)
	{ Doctor in Law (D. L.)
Medicine	{ Licentiate in Medicine and Surgery (L. M. S.)
	{ Bachelor in Medicine (M. B.)
	{ Doctor in Medicine (M. D.)
Civil Engineering	{ Licentiate in Civil Engineering (L. C. E.)
	{ Bachelor in Civil Engineering (B. C. E.)
	{ Master in Civil Engineering (M. C. E.)

In 1864 the vernacular languages were excluded from the subjects of examination for the First Examination in Arts and the B. A. examination, and the classical languages (Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Arabic) were substituted for them. Physical science was also excluded and replaced by

geometry and optics, chemistry and electricity, zoology and comparative physiology, geology and physical geography. No organic changes have been made in the constitution of the university or the standard of examination since 1864. The principal colleges which are affiliated with the Calcutta University and monopolize its degrees, are the Presidency College, the Dacca College, the Krishnaghur College, Dr. Duff's College and the Doveton College. The Presidency College clearly stands foremost in respect to the number and attainments of the graduates and members of the university. The following brief account of the institution is taken from the Bengal Education Report of 1863-64 :—

“The Presidency College (General Department) is conducted by a principal and six professors, aided by five assistant professors.

“The course of study for undergraduate students extends over four years, and a fifth-year class is also maintained, consisting of graduates who are preparing to present themselves at the examination for university honors or for the M. A. degree. The college possesses an endowment fund, partly derived from subscriptions raised to commemorate the services rendered to education by Babu Dwarka Nath Tagore, Sir Edward Ryan, and Mr. Bird, and partly from sums contributed by the Native community for the maintenance of the Hindu College. These funds yield a yearly income of Rs. 4,132, which is devoted to the establishment of 10 graduate scholarships, tenable for one year. The holders, who must be Bachelors of Arts, are required to attend the college regularly, and prepare themselves for the examination for university honors in any branch they may select.

“The large attendance (monthly average 301) at the college, the high fee rate (Rs. 10 per mensem, about to be increased to Rs. 12) yielding an income of Rs. 32,000 per annum, and the great pre-eminence which the institution has in all the university lists, indicate the position which

it has attained, and mark it out as a most encouraging proof of the stimulus which of late years has been given to education in the metropolis. It is true that since 1864 the number of pupils has decreased from 367 and 310, but this is due to the large extension of the means of college education which has recently taken place in various other colleges both in Calcutta and in the Mofussil, and it is no subject therefore, for regret. The classes are now stated to be as full as is consistent with a proper attention on the part of the professors to the studies of their pupil."

One word more and we have done. We fully admit with the Lieutenant Governor that the charge preferred against the system, pursued in the Hindu Collège by certain parties that it takes no account of the spiritual element in man, is unjust. We emphatically deny that it is calculated to make only secularists. It has brought to those who have come within the charge of its influence inestimable moral and religious benefits. It has taught them great truths not only respecting men, their histories, their politics, their inventions, and their discoveries, but respecting God, His attributes and His moral Government. It has revealed to them the laws which the Almighty Mechanician has impressed on the world of mind as well as on the world of matter. Let us not be told therefore that the expansion of the mind and thought which is going on around us is not accompanied by an expansion of the heart, the development of the moral and religious feelings. Nothing can be more unfair than to characterize the Government system of education, as it is characterized by certain parties as an irreligious system. No system can be such which leads us through nature up to nature's God. The elements of morality and religion may be conveyed independently of any system of dogmatic theology. It is impossible to study Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon, and Newton, Johnson and Addison, without being inoculated with the present moral precepts and the most elevated ideas pervading their pages.

[Though the above article is for the most part a *risfaccimento* of what the lamented deceased had previously published, we have not hesitated to insert it in this Magazine, as it contains something new, and 'as Babu Kissory Chand had himself prepared it for the press.—Ed. B. M.]

CRITICAL NOTICES.

BABU Beni Madhava Ghosha,* of 32 Jhamapukar Street, Calcutta, deserves the thanks of the community for his project of reprinting Malone's edition of Shakespeare which, though it does not come up to the age—a great many excellent critiques on the immortal poet having appeared since the days of the laborious annotator—is a most valuable work. It is to appear in sixty monthly parts of seventy-two pages, the price of each part being eight annas ; so that the price of the whole will be only thirty Rupees. The first part, containing the first Act of the *Tempest* and a portion of the first scene of the second Act, is before us ; and its get-up certainly does great credit to Bentinck Press, Mangoe Lane. The paper and the typography are both excellent. We could have wished greater attention had been paid to correcting the errors of the press. We are aware of the tremendous difficulties which those Indian editors labour under who have to do with Native compositors and readers—and our own pages are an illustration of the remark ;—still more than ordinary care ought to be bestowed on the reprint of a work like Malone's Shakespeare. As it is, Part First, which is before us, contains several typographical errors. We marked one typographical error in page 14, one in page 15, one in page 16, one in page 19, one in page 22, two in page 24, one in page 29, one in page 34, one in page 35, one in page 37, one in page 47, one in page 49, one in page 50, &c—in which page also, it

* *The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, with the Corrections and Illustrations of various commentators, by the late Edmond Malone. Republished by Babu Bany Madhaba Ghosh. Vol. I. part. I. Calcutta : Bentinck Press, 19, Mangoe Lane.

seems, something has been left out,—and we know not how many more as we have not read the rest. Our object in mentioning these errors is not to depreciate the work, but to make the editor more careful in correcting the errors of the press. The enterprising editor deserves the encouragement of the public; and we trust every educated Indian gentleman will subscribe to it.

We have received the first number of the *Indian Evangelical Review*,* edited by the Rev. C. W. Park, Sholapur, Bombay Presidency. The object of the *Review* is, in the words of the editor, “to represent the common faith of all Evangelical Christians in India, to be the exponent of their thoughts and convictions, to record the progress and results of Christian efforts, to offer facilities greater than our religious newspapers can afford, for the free discussion of unsettled questions connected with such effects, and to be a bond of union between all believers in this land.” We deem it a pity to introduce into this country the religious slang of Great Britain. We have never been able to see the propriety of the phrase “Evangelical Christian” though we know who are meant to be included in it. “Evangelical Christians” are, we suppose, in plain Saxon English “Gospel Christians” which, in our opinion, is a tautological expression, as we have not heard of Veda-Christians or Koran-Christians. The *Review* is to represent the common faith of all Evangelical Christians in India,” and to be a bond of union between all believers in the land.” In the estimation of the writer, then, “believers” are co-extensive with Evangelical Christians.” Are High-Churchmen and Broad-Churchmen, who are not included in the Evangelical body, not “believers” at all? But though we think the language unhappy, we sympathize with the objects of the journal. The first article on the “Missionary Character of Paul” by the Rev. James Ross of Calcutta, is well-written; though we confess we do not

* *The Indian Evangelical Review*; a quarterly Journal of Missionary thought and effort. Vol. I. July, 1873.—No. I, Madras: Foster Press.

agree with the writer in thinking that St. Paul had not advantages superior to the modern Missionary. The writer forgets that that was the "fulness of time," that the mountains had been levelled and the valleys raised up to prepare the way of the Lord; and though miracles never converted a soul, they were very important in arousing attention and arresting thought. The second article on the "Training of Native Preachers" by T. S. W., is also well-written; but the writer speaks only of a subordinate class of preachers. He has evidently no notion of a higher class of Native Ministers, men fully equal in piety, learning and culture to the European and American Missionaries, and superior to them in their knowledge of the languages and the feelings of the people. Unless some Native Ministers are educated up to the highest point, how can they hope to grapple with the lettered infidelity of the advanced section of Young India? Besides, what will be the amount and value of the theological learning of a Native Minister who knows only the vernaculars, or even the classical languages of India? T. S. W. justly dwells on the necessity of a thorough study of the Holy Scriptures on the part of a Native Minister, but we do not find him anywhere alluding to the study of the original languages in which those Scriptures were written? Is the Native Minister to draw his faith from second hand translations only. Is he never to come in contact with the *ipsissima verba* of inspiration? Is he to be put on a lower level than the Brahman and the Mollah, who have both studied *their* scriptures in Sanskrit and Arabic? In the third article on the "Relations of the Native Aristocracy to the British Government," the Rev. Mr. Sherring of Benares pleads eloquently on behalf of the Native Princes and Chiefs of India; but we should have been better pleased if the same eloquence had been employed in advocating the cause of the down-trodden masses of India. By far the most interesting and most original article in the *Review* is on "Old Canarese Literature"

by the Rev. F. Kittel of Mercara. He ploughs on a virgin soil, and will, we have no doubt, make valuable contributions to Indian literature. In the article on the "Growth in Spirituality of the Native Church," the writer (J. N.) makes an original suggestion. Amongst other things he recommends, for the growth of spirituality, the cultivation of music, "both vocal and instrumental, but more particularly the fomer." The article on "Buddhism" contains nothing, and ought not to have had place in the *Review*; the same remark is applicable to the article on the "Shiahposh Kafirs." In the "Notes and Intelligence" the Editor will, we trust, avoid "small talk," such as the transfer of a Missionary to a new station, the induction of a Native Minister and the like. Such intelligence should be left to the religious newspapers,—the function of a quarterly *Review* being not to reproduce stale news, but to discuss general and broad questions in an elaborate manner, and to trace the progress of Missions in different parts of the Indian empire, not in jaunty paragraphs, but in well-digested Essays. On the whole, we have no doubt the *Review* will do good. We therefore heartily wish it success.

THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1873.

GRAND FATHER CHHAKESSUR :

OR

THE SENTIMENTS OF A KULIN BRAHMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I SAY, Paramanand ! what is this row about slippers ? Is it a fact that Babu—left the Government House in a huff because he was not permitted to enter the Levee-Hall with his shoes on ? Surely the force of folly could no further go ? Is taking shoes off any thing very uncommon in our country ? Or rather is not taking them off the rule, and putting them on the exception ? Early in the morning we are without them, late in the evening we are without them. We are without them at meal times and at service times ; on *chura* occasions and on marriage occasions ; and on all occasions of salutation from the *Guru* or spiritual guide down to the *Peshey's* brother who is “no body,” as the saying goes. Under such circumstances to deny the representative of Her most Gracious Majesty the scanty respect every day shown to the Tag Rag of the land is an act so very ridiculous, that no man beyond the walls of Bedlam can be suspected guilty of it except YOUNG BENGAL, whose sole object of ambition seems to be to shine pre-eminent in the full bloom of absurdity.

“ Because that I familiarly sometime

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

You sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make common of my serious hours.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport

But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce."

OF course beat this method in the sconce! How can you help it? If patting on the back at the Convocation is to be construed into a premium for impertinence ever cropping up in a blistering air of equality with rulers, the head and front of whose offending is large benevolence that would fain restore a people sunk deep in the quagmire of indolence to its primitive position in the scale of nations ;—if the Licencié in Law is to consider himself licenced to sow the seeds of sedition and to alienate the affections of subjects, once proverbially contented and loyal, by eternally harping on privileges enjoyed by the conquerors quite oblivious of the guaranteed security of life and property that supercedes the necessity of making one's last will and testament before undertaking a journey from Serampore to Calcutta or of risking the cloth on his back at Cornwallis Square in broad day-light, beat this method in the sconce by all manner of means! Any man having a grain of common sense in his head would receive each instance of condescension on the part of his superiors with redoubled demonstration of respect and humility, but your perverse mathematics which has displaced that safety-valve of human existence interprets magnanimity as obsequious overtures for admission into familiarity. When the Viceroy and Governor-General of India gathers up the sweeping *Chudder* and replaces it on the shoulders of the spouting EJU with a graceful smile and a significant *honi soit*, he does so to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the swaggering BABU and to be permitted the enviable fortune of basking in the sunshine of his dusky countenance, eh? "The great, however elevated, descend from motives of pure benevolence, to meet the happiness and the grateful affection of those who are beneath them ; and in descending to happiness and gratitude which themselves have produced, they do not feel that they are descending."

The domestic fowl sucks milk rejecting the water in which you dilute it ; the wild insect gathers honey carefully avoiding the noxious substance with which it happens to be mixed up. Why should the graduate of the Calcutta University alone *vice versa* the order, and prefer poison to wholesome food ? Why should you "dont care" all sensible writers, of whom there is no lack in civilized England, and select a crochety, discontented, fugitive Peer for your friend, philosopher and guide ? My Lord Bolingbroke allows no homage to royalty, and waxeth wrath because King JAMES is on the throne. "Fraught with learning but not with Knowledge," says the notorious St JOHN, "ignorant of the true principles of government, more a stranger to our constitution by his notions and habits of thinking than to our country by his birth, obstinate though not steady, misled by self-opinion and confirmed in error by superstition and pedantry, King JAMES the first seemed to exact the love and to demand the obedience of his subjects purely because the crown had dropped on his head." (Query) why not ? It is not one of those common-place accidents we stumble upon in our every-day life by which crowns drop on the heads of men. Crown-drops certainly are not as common as blackberries. Yes ; it is for that very accident that King JAMES would *exact* the love and *demand* the obedience of his subjects. Take away the chapter of accidents, and what becomes of your *idolas*, the conquerors of ignorance ? But for the apple at Wools thrope, and but for the lamp at Pisa, attraction of gravitation and isochronism of the pendulum, would have been things unknown to the present time. Our planets would have continued to revolve within crystal cavities, and the clumsy Sun-dial would have continued the Director General of our office hours. But did the crown drop on King JAMES by accident after all ? Was he not lawfully descended from a long line of Kings ? Was the runaway Lord better entitled to a seat in the Upper House from which he was expelled ? No ; King JAMES was a Scotch-man. *Hinc*

illæ lacrimæ! Your new hatched English Peer could not brook the idea that a Northern should "exact love" or "demand obedience." Was a King any thing other than a human being, subject, like the rest of the race, to weaknesses flesh is heir to? Will you overlook weaknesses in private gentlemen and not in the first gentleman of the realm? Is pedantry, venial in a fourth rate pedagogue, so unpardonable in a crowned head as to amount to a forfeiture of inheritance? Well, St. John had perhaps some show of excuse; what excuse have you, pray, for being so inveterately *mugra* about the matter? In your case the adage has at least been fortunately inverted. "From the fire into the frying pan!" A change of congratulation, child! even if it was so bad as that, which, however, with your permission, I beg most emphatically to deny once for the nonce. It was not a transfer of Bengali sceptre to Saxon hands. What was the Mogul to you or you to the Mogul that you should lick his spittle and would fain dictate decorum to the great SEMIRANIS of the West? Is it because the clerk is not permanently maimed for the accidental omission of a single dot, because the cook is not bamboozed to death for failing to discover a microscopic tadpole in the imperial dish, because the Secretary of State is denied the luxury of being buried alive with his kith and kin in the same pit for honest scruples to endorse the philosophic falsehood that a sheet of water is higher on one side than in another. Is it because *Bismallah* is not crammed down the throats of infants, because the Jagannath of Puri is not crippled by the sound of the kettle-drum, because every shrine in the celestial city is not placed cheek by jowl with mosques where with stentorean chorus is to be chanted *Allahi Akbar* times without number and that the whole year round? Is it because Toolsey Dass and Fukir Chand enjoy a monopoly of academic honors, because BOORWOAHs and FOOKOONS occupy conspicuous positions in the Civil List, because *bona fide* Saxon Honorables draw smaller pay than country Honorables manufactured in old Gour

Mohun's Oriental Seminary? My dear boy! don't run away with the idea that, in speaking thus of our former rulers, I profess the least sympathy with that swarm of buzzing Patriots who hawk about second-hand opinions, and call things good or bad because others have called them so. They are dupes to the jugglery of names. "Who has said so?" is the sole point of enquiry. What has been said may be the rankest nonsense that ever escaped the lips of the most confirmed dunderpate on record. Every conclusion is gospel truth with these *Bikri-wallahs* of sentiments provided it can be traced to the conscript Fathers of "Strong thinking" though it be impregnated, to bursting, with all the fallacies described by Archbishop Whately. Nothing betrays a little mind so indisputably as a tendency to surrender, hoodwinked, one's own judgment. Some of your so-called strong thinkers may be the greatest asses for aught I know to the contrary. But supposing all Demagogues who choose to startle the civilized world with jointless theories were necessarily the owners of giant intellects, thousand other considerations would suggest the necessity of receiving their chimeras with tons of Turkey salt. These inspired writers possess the felicitous knack of eking out any number of quarto volumes on any given subject, within any space of time. Sung in his *sanctum sanctorum*, the historian culls his materials from the private correspondence of his sixth cousin, a Subaltern in a detachment stationed at Koickfoo; and, with copious indentures on a fruitful imagination, straight alights on the flattering facts that Akhbar was a fool and that Judhistira was a Knave! You swallow the scandal wholesale and vomit the same in your debating clubs, the headquarters of Treason, religious and moral, political and social, amid loud cheers of ill birds of the same feather who mistake insolence for spirit and donkey-bray for oratory. I will not stoop to discuss politics with parties purblind by prejudices and elated with untenable notions of self-sufficiency. If the merits of the Hindu, Muhammadan and Christian dynasties in

India were to be appraised by your new-fangled gauge, I fear they will all sink beneath perdition, and the prestige of your motherland will never be successfully vindicated till YOUNG BENGAL, purpled with alcohol and loquacity, is anointed Lord of all he surveys.

PARAM! you know very well that "The Lord of Delhi or the Lord of the universe" was a household homily with us. Pray, why should it be otherwise now? Before the year 1757 did any body dream of crossing the threshold of any public officer with his slippers? Is Mr. Smith, the Collector, less deserving of respect than Peer Bux, the Tehsildar? Will fools rush in where angels fear to tread? The Sindia or the Holkar considers it no disgrace to conform to the good old custom from which the butterfly progeny of Fourth-grade Probationers in the Public Works Department would fain enjoy perfect immunity! That lion is but a donkey in lion's skin who would be bearded in his own den! The Government of India is to be snubbed by mushrooms who fatten on Government *ghee*! This is the grateful return you are to make for protection from periodical *loots* of the Pindaris, and the chirurgical diversions of the Moorshedabad magnates! This is the way to show your appreciation of Steam communications, of Telegraphic messages, of that admirable net-work of Educational Institutions which have elevated the Bengali Babu to the Bar, to the Bench—an elevation that in your opinion reduces the elevator and the elevated to a spirit level, places them both on the same platform, from which platform you would finally oust your quondam benefactors, as would the porcupine eject the hospitable serpent in the story. But "*Hanoor Delhi doorust*"! as sarcastic Mr. C—very pertinently remarked during the Sepoy Mutiny. It has not come to that as yet. The time for dismissing Lord Northbrook and installing Babu Backessar instead has fortunately not yet arrived. Every thing that glitters is not gold. A Cambridge M. A. is an animal by a shade or two different from the so-called M. A. of the Calcutta University. He has

been educated, you have been crammed, what he knows is his, what you pretend to know belongs neither to you, nor to me, nor indeed to *Ghashiram* of old *gurmagarum* notoriety. His head is a magazine of choicest goods tastefully arranged, your's a haberdashor's stall exhibiting a conglomeration of shapeless odds and ends. He is genuine Manilla, you are wretched country tobacco rolled into shocking imitation. A Native Barrister, a Native Judge, a Native Doctor, is very good in his own way ; but in him to look for the solidity and the dignity of the learned professions in England would be a search as fruitless as that of the Alchemist after the Philosopher's stone. Picture to yourself the "unblanched" face of Lord Canning on receiving intelligence of the massacre at Jhansi, and say what three-bottle Babu of your's would have looked as composed at the helm of this vast empire under similar circumstances. You recollect, I suppose, the ignominious *kizra* of the Baidyaraj at the sight of half a dozen of Muhammadan strollers. How would have such a ruler fidgeted in the bighouse before the maidan? Where would have been the god-send canoc to jump into through the window, leaving wife and children, throne and sceptre to shift for themselves the best way they could? Naturally weak, your borrowed mode of living renders you good-for-nothing in the very prime of life ; when you juxtapose yourself, therefore, with the crested breed of England, the Jackdaw sinks into the Jackdaw at once. Is nothing due to superior merit?

"Do unto others as you wish others would do unto you," is a well known proverb. There is indeed an immense deal of practical philosophy in old sayings, my Lord Chesterfield's anathema against them notwithstanding. These are the dictates of the accumulated wisdom of ages. Instead of perplexing and bewildering people with incomprehensible and jaw-breaking phraseology, they impart, in their simplest forms, truths that at once rivet themselves in the mind, and serve as infallible clues in this labyrinth of life. With you, of course, the case is quite different. You read, as Voltaire says, "to no purpose." The

fate of the dog in the fable fails to make any impression in you. The pursuit is as eager as ever, risking the morsel already in possession with the vain hope of doubling the stock. While withholding common civilities from others you hanker after distinctions, and none does so more greedily and shabbily than you do. Your equality mania oozes out at your finger's ends when your dear SELF is concerned. You would, if you could, exact knee tribute from the whole civilized world for your imaginary scholarship. You push and elbow your betters for prominence, oblivious of the fact that respect is best secured by seeming to seek it the least. Nothing short of seats reserved for ladies would answer the purpose of your bosom friend and boon companion! Just fancy, the son of a "Water merchant" whatever that may mean, occupying the foremost chair in an assembly consisting of the very *elite* of the Metropolis both European and Native! I say nothing of Taste, for that term was expunged from your vocabulary on the day of matriculation. Some men are born with weak intellect incapable nicely to judge of proprieties and improprieties. It is a disease with them. Disregard for manners with you is an art. You study it with greater application than you study your Lindley Murray. By the bye, Param! what sort of queer grammar have you caught hold of? "I have arrived here yesterday!" You will glean the elegant extract from an epistle, "Dear Sir'd" to an unknown Commissioner, "wishing" him to convene meetings for lectures on "Hilly Tribes," by a "highly educated" chip of the "Water merchant" block, who would leave Chancellors and Vice-Chancellors behind to count the curry stains on his Alpaca *chapkan*! You remember the upshot of the insane conspicuousity too well to require repetition. *Praharena Dhananjaya*! The blockhead that would take no hint, however broad, left no other alternative to the constabulary in waiting. For all my cares and anxieties here is the character that you have earned for yourself. "Fidgety, loud, awkward, subject to irritative seizure of men's remembrance, encumbered with his

arms, troubled with his legs, an image of discomfort—he is a synonym for embarrassment Young Bengal who rushes into your room before he learns whether you are at leisure, in dread of being kept waiting an instant in the vestibule, and who comes in, moreover, in glazed leather boots and smoking cap, thereby outraging the courtesies of two nations, sits with you on the edge of his chair in a fever of self-consciousness and an agony lest he should in any way fail to exhibit his sense of equality !” Such portraitures,—and who will deny that they are true to the life?—if nothing else, ought to teach you the necessity of moderating the dare-devil attitude you have assumed in your intercourse with others. Those who live in glass houses should not pelt stones. Those who are thin-skinned about their own dignity should learn to make allowances for the dignity of others. In fact to withhold respect from superiors is to forfeit all claims to gentility. None but the veriest pauper in genealogy will grudge what conventionalism so justly demands. Here parsimony serves but to expose the emptiness of the exchequer. The greater the reluctance to conform to general usage the more conclusive is the proof that the niggard is a stranger to society. You miss the very object for which you lay yourself open to so much obloquy. You proclaim yourself a *parvenu* by pretending to look down upon those who, by years, by position, or by attainments, are entitled to your respect.

“True is that whilome that good poet said,

That gentle mind by gentle deed is known,

For man by nothing is so well betrayed

As by manners, in which plain is shown

Of what degree and what race he is grown.”

But how can you, after all, ignore the fact that the English are the rulers of the land? Was Plassey a myth, or Clive, like Ali Baba, the hero of a tale? The logic of the bayonet is, my dear Paramanand! very strong logic. It cares not for distributed or undistributed middles, but urges the conclusion home

whether you will or not. Talk as you like, Mr. Chuckerbutty, but never lose sight of the terrible reality that you belong to a CONQUERED RACE. The memento will save you a good deal of useless heartburning and disappointment. You miss not what you do not seek. To circumscribe your desires is the only way to reconcile yourself to your condition. Treatment of infants is different from that of grown-up men. Feed your child with chops and steaks, and you make an end of him in no time. He will doubtless fume and fret for adult diet and dress, but the warden must sadly belie his trust if he would indulge such whims instead of checking them. Restraint is the lot of humanity. Survey life from the beginning to the end, at no stage will you find man above control. Youth, when he seems to be most capable of taking care of himself, is the very period when he is shackled most with restrictions, legal, social moral and religious, to curb those inclinations which the infirmities of childhood and old age sufficiently guard him against. Liberty is not lawlessness. The most rabid equality-monger of Napoleon never dreamt of a Republic without order, the cement that unites different ranks of people in one common interest. No society can exist without recognised rules of conduct, self-imposed very often, but none the less binding for all that. True it is that the forms and formularies of civilization at times prove rather irksome. Like the employees in the Circumlocution Office we seem to transact business not by means the most direct and convenient, but by means the most intricate and bothersome. We seem systematically to reject the suggestions of nature for the due performance of the various functions of existence, and to adopt complicated methods of our own invention simply for complication's sake. The toilsome process of baking, burning, boiling, broiling, necessary for the preparation of dangerous compounds, we parade as so many courses at meal times; the daring *dacoities* we daily commit in the menagerie of the Most High for the purpose of disguising the Venus of that great Apelles; the harassing civilities we have to exchange,

smacking strongly of the mock magnanimity with which one of the two travellers stretched in the gutter concedes the first exit to his fellow lodger, and insists on a strict observance of the warrant of precedence ;—these zigzag procedures, I admit, ill contrast with the child-like simplicity of the barbarian who knows not how to arrive at easy conclusions by round about ways. With him there is but one solution for each Gordian knot of life. There is no ceremony in the matter. Point blank he goes to work without waiting to enquire what this man or that man will say about his slap-dash *modus operandi*. He cares not to tax the patience of his audience with lengthy prologues or epilogues, but dips into the middle of his play at once, and, at any rate, gives an air of honesty to his dealings. But while at Rome we must act as Romans. Will you be a Hottentot? Be a Hottentot then. Live on raw meat procured by the chace, take leave of the warp and woof, and bid a long farewell to the bagatelle of civilization on which you plume yourself with such stupid grace. A civilized Hottentot is an anomaly in nature—a contradiction in terms.

Society requires serious sacrifices of comfort, taste, and, not unfrequently, of conscience too. If you want to pass for a gentleman you must study to curb your animal proclivities, you must learn to laugh and weep without reason, aye, to say “yes” when you should say “no.” In short you must be a slave to custom that

“—————forms us all ;

Our thoughts, our morals, our most fixed belief

Are consequences of our place of birth.”

Of course customs, as everything else, differ in different countries; but the object, every where, is the same—to honor those to whom honor is due. Even the Englishman, to ape whom seems to be the *ne plus ultra* of your ambition, does not consider himself absolved from such observances. Nay, in the very teeth of the second commandment in the Decalogue, he *kneels* down before the Throne. It remained for YOUNG

BENGAL to inaugurate a new regime that rescinds all laws human and divine, and presents a phase of equality more pernicious in its consequences than that of the infatuated mad-caps during the first French Revolution. He will approach sovereigns and representatives of sovereigns with a degree of nonchalance hardly permissible on visits to the Great Eastern or to the sinks in the Machooabazar Street. You stultify yourself and falsify your national tradition by withholding or attempting to withhold from Christian rulers that respect which your forefathers voluntarily conceded to the followers of Muhammad. Our *Shastras*, however at variance in other points, are unanimous as regards our duty to kings. All the received authorities enjoin homage falling little short of downright worship. Men in all ages and countries have gladly gone through perplexing, yea absurd ceremonies prescribed for attendance at court, and have carefully studied the particular bearing best suited for such awful occasions. The only recognition you will vouchsafe to the Viceroy is a shake of the head which, in point of inclination, is as problematical as the dimension of DAMAYANTI'S waist! No English gentleman will enter your drawing room with his hat on, why should you then object to take your shoes off when entering his with an "umble petition" in your pocket? The custom of your country will not permit any disturbance of your head geer, but that is no reason that you should claim total exemption from all demonstration of respect. Old Major General C—M. P. was quite right when he enunciated, though somewhat quaintly, the rule for all such occasions:—
"m-m-my h-h-hat, y-y-your sh-sh-shoes; y-y-your sh-sh-shoes, m-m-my h-h-hat!

THE POEMS OF BHARAT CHANDRA.

WE resume, agreeably to promise, our notice of the works of Bharat Chandra Raya. The *Annadumangala* has been considered at length : the poem that next claims our attention is the

VIDYASUNDARA.

which is a love-tale of exceeding interest. It was written at the instance of Raja Krishna Chandra Raya of Nadiya. But it is not an original work : the main story is borrowed from the well-known Sanskrit poem *Vidyasundaram* ascribed to Vararuchi of the court of Vikramaditya. The scene, however, is laid at Bardwan. This circumstance has occasioned the surmise that the object of Raja Krishna Chandra in having had the poem written was to cast a stigma on the reputation of the noble house of Bardwan, against which he is said to have entertained an inveterate grudge. If what is here stated is true—and we have no doubt it is—the inference is irresistible that the Raja of Nadiya was a person not only of a gross taste, but also, which is worse, of an ignoble spirit.

The story of the poem can be told in a few words. Vidya was the beautiful daughter of Virasinha Raya, Raja of Bardwan. She was allowed to choose her own husband. As she had received a very superior education, she resolved to marry only one who should surpass her in learning. Many princes came to woo the lovely maiden, but they were all, one after another, rejected on account of their inferior attainments. This caused considerable uneasiness to the Raja, who regretted having ever given his daughter the option of marrying a husband of her own choice. A messenger was sent to the court of the king of Kanchipur, in the Deccan, with an invitation to his accomplished son, Sundara, to come and court the fair maid of Bardwan. The prince responded to the invitation ; but came to Bardwan *incognito*—in the character of an itinerant student. There he fell in with an old woman, named Hira, who used

to supply the princess with flowers every morning. She offered him shelter in her house ; and he accepted her kind offer with alacrity. The *soi-disant* student opened a secret correspondence with the princess, who was so favorably disposed towards him that she insisted upon his paying her a visit. Hira procured her the desired interview, which took place near the *rath*. This meeting resulted in a complete conquest of her heart by the young stranger, whom she was determined to marry secretly, in spite of the remonstrances of her companions, and of Hira herself, who dreaded the consequences of the clandestine connection coming to light. She, however, was at a loss how to accomplish her desire :

“——He may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where.”

She, therefore, leaves it to her lover to find out means or paying her a visit in her apartment. He finds himself in a similar predicament : he is equally at a loss how to effect an entrance into Vidya's apartment. He applies for help to the goddess Kali, who sends down from heaven a crow-bar, wherewith he cuts a subterranean passage leading from his room into that of Vidya. On the completion of the passage, he unexpectedly appears before Vidya, to the surprise, nay dismay, of all in the room. This interview ends in marriage—the form of marriage called Gandharva marriage. Access to Vidya being now easy, he visits her every night. All this he keeps secret from Hira.

In the day Sundara, disguised as a Sannyasi or religious mendicant, visits the court of Virasinha, and demands a contest with the princess. The Raja finds himself between the two horns of a dilemma : he can neither refuse nor comply with the request. Vidya apprises Sundara of this circumstance ; and he feigns apprehension at the result.

A short time after, the consequences of Vidya's imprudence became manifest, which drives her mother to distraction.

Attempts to discover the author of the disgrace end in the apprehension of Sundara. He is brought before the indignant Virasinha, who, in open durbar, condemns him to death. Hira also is cruelly treated for her complicity in the affair. Her property is confiscated; and she is driven out of Bardwan. Neither threat nor persuasion elicits from Sundara the least information about his parentage. He persistently withholds such information. He is led to the place of execution. There he invokes the goddess Kali for deliverance. Through her intervention, the pet parrot of Sundara brings to light his real name and character. All this is corroborated by the messenger who had gone to Kanchipur. The Raja apologises to Sundara, and receives him with cordiality. He is afterwards honorably dismissed with his bride to his native country.

Such is a brief outline of the plot of the poem. The *Vidyasundara* is so old and familiar a poem that it were an insult to the understanding of the Bengali reader to attempt anything like an analysis of its poetical merits. Our remarks shall therefore be of a general character.

The *Vidyasundara* is justly reckoned a masterly production—the work of a truly poetical genius. In fact, it is the best piece in the whole of the poetical literature of Bengal. The story is well introduced, being incidentally alluded to in the course of a conversation between two persons on a visit to Bardwan. The conception is admirable and the execution happy. All the incidents of the story are full of interest; and the characters are well drawn and sustained.

One defect of the story is that poetical justice is not done to Hira. Sundara is not made, as he should be, to ask the Raja to extend pardon to her, by way of return for many offices she had rendered him. This omission appears to have been supplied in the dramatised *Vidyasundara*, which was prepared a few years ago, for the use of a private theatre in Calcutta.

Another defect, a very slight one, of the poem is the absence of all allusion to the manners, customs and usages of the period

to which the story refers. In a poem like the *Vidyasundara* information of this nature could well be given. It is singularly deficient in this respect. In the writings of Kavikankan and other poets who preceded Bharat Chandra, notices of national customs and social usages are not unfrequent.

The tale of Vidya and Sundara is a fit subject for a play, for it has all the essentials of a drama. The effect of the story would be considerably enhanced were it put into that garb. We all know the effect which a scenic representation of the love of Vidya and Sundara produces on an audience.

There are interspersed throughout the poem passages of great poetical beauty. As we can ill afford space for copious extracts, we shall quote only one passage, in our opinion the best. Sundara, on the occasion of his first interview with Vidya, thus harrangues on the coyness she feigns :—

বিচার হইবে কি প্রথমে অবিচার ।
 আহুত অতিথি এলে নাহি পুরস্কার ॥
 আসিয়াছি আশ্বাসে বিশ্বাস হইলে বসি ।
 শুনি সিংহাসন দিতে কহিল রূপসী ॥
 বসিয়া চতুর কহে চাতুরীর সার ।
 অপরূপ দেখিহু বিভ্রার দরবার ॥
 তড়িত ধরিয়া রাখে কাপড়ের ফাঁদে ।
 তারাগণ লুকাইতে চাহে পূর্ণ চাঁদে ॥
 অঞ্চলে ঢাকিতে চাহে কমলের গন্ধ ।
 মাণিকের ছটা কি কাপড়ে পায় বন্ধ ।
 দেখা মাত্র জিনিয়াছি কহিতে ডরাই ।
 দেশের বিচারে পাছে হারাইয়া হারাই ॥
 কথায় যে জিনে সুখা মুখে সুখাকর ।
 হাসিতে তড়িত জিনে পরোধরে হর ॥
 জিনিলেক এত জনে যে জন বিচারে ।
 দেখ লো লজ্জার হাতে সেই জন হারে ॥

The versification of the poem is exquisitely melodious. It is quite a treat to read it. But it is rendered unfit for ordinary perusal by the introduction into it of passages of a grossly immoral character. Indeed, one or two passages are so obscene that they fairly come under the cognizance of that clause of the Penal Code which makes obscene publications punishable. And yet such an obscene poem was at one time the favourite book of the women of Bengal, who used to read it with the greatest gusto. This taste for gross reading on the part of our women, we are happy to observe, is on the wane. An expurgated edition of the poem is a desideratum which ought to be supplied. The

MANSINHA.

is a narrative poem of no small pretensions. The exploits of Raja Mansinha in Bengal, and the rise to worldly eminence of Bhavananda Mazumdar, the founder of the Nadiya Raj, form the theme of the poem. The story is soon told. Pratapaditya, Chief of Jessore, in Bengal, had thrown off all allegiance to the throne of Delhi, and broken out in open rebellion. The renowned general Mansinha came to Bengal, at the head of a large force, to subdue the belligerent chief. Bhavananda, an officer of the satrapy of Bengal, was appointed as a sort of a Civil Officer with the expeditionary force. In this capacity he rendered valuable services, for which Mansinha promised him large rewards from the Delhi Court. The proud Lord of Jessore was totally routed in a battle, and taken captive to Delhi. Bhavananda accompanied Mansinha to Delhi to receive the promised honor from the imperial court. Mansinha was received with an ovation for his victory over the Jessore chief. Bhavananda, through the intercession of Mansinha, had the honor of an interview with the Emperor Jehangir, who conferred on him the dignified title of Raja, with the rich estate of Baguan, in recognition of the services he had rendered to the state. (Pargana Baguan we may add, was the *nucleus* of the Nadiya Raj.) Bhavananda returned home in state, and assumed his newly acquired title with becoming ceremonies.

We have not much to say of this poem, which can boast of little poetical merit. There are, however, in it bits of passages, which are marked with the true poetical spirit. But as a narrative piece it has considerable merit. The several events of the story are narrated with remarkable vividness and in appropriate language. To relieve the tedium arising from the monotony of the story, the poet has introduced into it a variety of incidents of great interest, as for instance the very amusing account of the quarrels of the two wives of Bhavananda. A grand moral underlies the story—the evils of bigamy.

With these few words we dismiss *Mansinha*.

THE RASAMANJARI

is not an original work, being a version of the well-known Sanskrit work of that name. It is of so obscene a character that we regret it should ever have been written. It is a sort of a treatise on the philosophy of love in its gross sense. It has long been out of print, and, we hope for the sake of decency, will never again be printed.

NAGASTAKAM

Bharat wrote many fugitive pieces of poetry, some of which are preserved ; of these that entitled *Nagastakam* in Sanskrit, is, in our opinion, the best. It is an exquisite squib on one Ram Deva Nag, who, as Pattanidar of Mulajor, used to oppress the people of the village, not sparing the poet himself. The squib had the desired effect : the Nadiya Court at once put a stop to the lawless doings of the man. To reproduce the piece in its entirety is out of the question : we shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving only a short excerpt, which is, in our opinion, the best part of it :

অগ্রে কৃষ্ণ স্বাদিন্ শ্রবণি নহি কিং কালিরহুদং,
 পুরা নাগগ্রস্তং স্থিতং যপি সমস্তং জনপদং ।
 যদীদানীং তৎকিং হপ ন কুববে নাগ দমনং,
 সবস্তং যে নাগো এসতি সবিরাগো হরি হরি ।

হুতং বাক্যং যেন প্রচুর বন্দনা কান্তিরত্না,
 বহুতপ্তোহিজাহং তব সদাস গঙ্গাসু নিকটে ।
 স্বদীরো গণ্ডুবীকৃত মনুজমণ্ডুক নিকরঃ,
 সমস্তং নাগো এসতি সবিরাগো হরি হরি ॥
 জগৎপ্রাণ প্রাসী বিরল বিনবাসী নত মুখঃ,
 কুবর্ণো গোকৰ্ণঃ সবিশ্বদনো বক্তৃ গমনঃ ।
 তদাস্ত্রে কিং রাজন্ কিপসি নিজ পোষ্য বিজমিতঃ,
 সমস্ত মে নাগো এসতি সবিরাগো হরি হরিঃ ॥
 ত্রীক্লকচন্দ্র হৃপ পারিসদঃ সুরখা, নাগার্চকং তনতি
 ভারতচন্দ্র শৰ্মা এতিৰ্জনো ভবতি বো মনি মন্ত্ৰ বৰ্মা,
 তত্তারায়ং সপদি নাগ ভয়াং শ্বৰ্মা ॥

Our notice of the poems of Bharat would be imperfect did we omit all mention of the artistic beauty of his writings. The writings of Bharat are remarkable for three things, namely, clearness, simplicity and brevity. As to brevity, what Swift very properly said of Pope could with equal propriety be said of Bharat:

"In Pope I cannot read a line
 But with a sigh, I wish it mine ;
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I could do in six."

The writings of no poet, either preceding or coming after Bharat, can boast of such artistic excellence. All later writers of verse have attempted his style of writing with only partial success. We know of only one, whose writings are a near approach to Bharat's. We allude to the late Madana Mohana Tarkalankara, who indeed wrote very sweet verses.

We have, we believe, succeeded in shewing that Bharat Chandra was a poet in the right sense of the word. Though he was not a great poet, yet the greatest that Bengal has yet produced.

SARADA PRASAD DE.

AHAB.

(A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.)

Ahab.—King of Israel.

Jezebel.—The queen.

Elijah.

Obadiah.

Benhadad.

Naboth.

Jehoshaphat.

Micaiah

Prophets, Soldiers, Messengers &c.

Scene I.—The lawn before the ivory palace at Jezreel with its carved windows overlooking the vast plain of Esdraelon, Carmel and other mountainous elevations at a distance. Time, evening. Jezebel alone sumptuously appalled

JEZEBEL.

———They call me proud
Nay, I am not proud—my father Ethbaal
Never crossed a wish of mine—he made me
What I am, and I—I am Ahab's queen,
Queen of proud Israel loth to bow the neck
To Baal. But I shall see her tamed—I must.
These groves of olive and of ilex round
The rocks on which stand Israel's altars shall
Resound with praises of my fathers' gods
Baalim and Ashtaroth! E'en now the first
In glorious vestments clad sinks out of sight,
Leaving a trail of brightness on yon clouds
And yonder western hills. I love these clouds
I love these silent hills for they have charmed
Me oft with their transcendent loveliness!
Two rays, two mystic rays from yon hill-top

Seem darting towards me now, the one it says
 Jezebel, thou art beautiful thyself,
 The other says have courage, queen, and rule
 With iron will. These messengers are Baal's ;
 I know it, feel it. But soft, who comes here ?
 A hairy man erect and tall, with beard
 That flows down to his girdle, clad in skin.
 His eyes are darting fire—the very sight
 Makes me afraid—I will retire and send
 The king to meet him.

(Retires into the palace.)

Ahab confronted with Elijah.

ELIJAH.

—As the Lord liveth,
 No rain shall fall from heaven, but parching drought
 Shall suck up all the moisture from the clods
 Hardening to stone the plastic element ;
 No grain or grass shall grow, and the cattle
 On your plains and hills shall bleat for pasture ;
 Rivers and water-sheets shall be dried up
 And turned to arid wastes, and hundreds die
 Of thirst. Beware O King !—Thus saith my God
 Jehovah, Israel's God, and by my mouth.
 Him hast thou insulted, Him not feared,
 But at the instigation of thy queen
 Reared a high altar in the house of Baal.
 Beware O son of Omri ! Thou hast dealt
 Treacherously with the Lord and provoked
 His wrath. I go. But what I say will come,
 For He hath spoken. This sea of verdure
 Which I see, now so full of sap and green,
 Shall droop and die under a withering spell,
 Nor shall the spring with breezes soft revive
 Them into life, nor summer ripen them
 To fruitfulness, nor Autumn mellow the

Rich sheaves for storing into granaries.

Beware ! Beware !——

Scene II.—A dreary wild near the banks of the Jordan with heath and juniper bushes here and there. Further on, naked rocks and forests terminating in a deep and narrow glen overhung with tangled wood. Brook Cherith winds its devious course along the rocky masses.

ELIJAH.

———Yes, here I am,

The blue sky my awning, the grass my couch,

This stone my scat, the waters of this brook

My drink, those ravens up among the trees

My kind feeders. God's Spirit led me here.

God is my shepherd and I shall not want.

God feeds the ravens and the ravens me.

And to that brother prophet, who brought out

Israel from Egypt and to whom was given

The tablets of the law, hath He not said—

“I suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee

With manna which thy fathers did not know,

Nor doth man live by bread alone but by

Every word that proceedeth from My mouth?”

What if one of the bushes which I see

Were to ignite like the one in Horeb,

Would I be surer of His voice than now?

O Jezebel ! Jezebel ! The prophets

Of the Lord hast thou without compunction

Cut off, till Obadiah hid the rest

By fifty in a cave, woe awaits thee.

Now in this noon-day heat, the broad shadow

Of this rock my shelter, I shall lift up

My voice and chant the words which Balaam spake

Of yore—“God is not man that he should lie,

Neither the son of man that he repents,

Hath he said and shall he not do the same ?
 The shout of a king is with him that fears
 The Lord, and the strength of an unicorn
 Is his."

Scene III.—A Chamber in the palace. Ahab and Obadiah.

AHAB.

—Three years—three long years have past, the seasons
 Have returned and gone, yet no drop of rain !
 The thirsty globes with mouths wide open lie
 In unremitting fever and with nought
 To satisfy their parched lips. It is
 The curse of that wild man, Obadiah,
 That has brought this sore famine on the land
 With its attendant train of pestilence
 And havock of men and beasts. Some more days,
 And my fair kingdom will be but a pit,
 A charnel-house for rotting carcases :
 Go thou one way—I shall go another—
 And should you chance to meet the man who thus
 Doth trouble Israel, bring thou him to me,
 And I shall see how his prophetic mood
 Shall stand my royal presence.

OBADIAH.

King, I obey,
 But take good heed that in thy foolishness
 Thou dost not add sin unto sin. The blood
 Of the prophets thou hast slain already
 Cries loud for vengeance—would you slay one more ?

AHAB.

Nay, I shall not slay him,
 But he and the prophets of Baal shall meet.
 And those that eat at Jezebel's table
 Shall also be there, and then all shall see
 Who conquers, Baal or God.

OBADIAH.

King, I go. According as I am bid ;

But I shall always honor God's prophets.

Scene IV.—The heights of Carmel. Elijah and the prophets of Baal &c.

ELIJAH.

How long halt ye betwixt two opinions?

If God be God follow him, if Baal then

Follow him.

I, e'en I only remain a prophet

Of the Lord, but ye, the prophets of Baal,

Are four hundred and fifty men. Bring here

Two bullocks, choose ye one bullock

For yourselves, and cut in pieces, and put

No fire under ; and I'll dress the other,

And do likewise ; and call ye on the name

Of your gods, and I will call on the Lord,

And the God that answereth by fire, He is God.

PROPHETS OF BAAL.

Agreed ! Agreed !

AHAB AND HIS COURTIER.

It is well spoken.

ELIJAH.

Choose ye one bullock for yourselves and dress

It first, for ye are many.

Some of the prophets of Baal rush out and bring in a dressed bullock and wood to place it on. The meat is placed on the wood. Then the prophets divide themselves into parties and cry continually—

“ O Baal hear us !” “ O Baal hear us !”

ELIJAH.

Cry aloud, for he is a god. Either

He is talking, or pursuing, or on

A journey, or peradventure he sleeps ;

Cry aloud for he is a god !

PROPHETS.

Baal ! Baal ! hear us.

ELIJAH.

It is the time of evening sacrifice,
Hath he not answered yet ?

PROPHETS.

(Discomfited)

Nay, Nay,
He has not answered.

ELIJAH.

Then come near unto me, O ye people,
Here I rebuild the altar of the Lord
That was broken down—with these twelve stones I
Rebuild it—the twelve tribes of Israel
Thus I honor and acknowledge. Now bring
The bullock and let me hew it on the wood ;
Fill four barrels with water and pour it
On the sacrifice and on the wood—do
It a second time, and once again—Fill
The trench with water also. Now stand back.

Lord ! whose throne is on the hills,
Whose sceptre rules the sea,
In feeble accents thus I raise
My suppliant prayer to thee,
Light sprung from gloom at thy command,
And stars bedecked the azure plain,
The earth its garniture revealed
Loud sang the billows of the main,
At thy command still through the year
The woods in varied garbs appear.

When clouds in dense battalions lour,
And darkening tempests rave,
We call Thee by thy name of power,
For Thou alone canst save—

Speak but the word—flash after flash
 Shall light the drear abysmal deep ;
 Speak but the word, and all at once
 The warring winds subside and sleep,
 Heaven's concave with Thy praises rings,
 Lord of lords and King of kings !

Lord ! the God of Abraham,
 Here I pray this day
 That fire fall on this sacrifice
 And bear the parts away.
 Upon the everlasting sky
 No speck sails now, the earth,
 Both Carmel heights and Sharon's plain,
 Are sick to death for moisture-dearth—
 Let fire fall on the sacrifice,
 Thy glory pass before their eyes.

*The fire of the Lord falls and consumes the sacrifice and the wood
 and the stones and the dust licking up the water that was in the
 trench. The people fall on their faces saying,
 "The Lord is God !" "The Lord, He is God !"*

ELIJAH (To the people)

Take, take, bind
 The prophets of Baal, let none escape,
 And I myself will bring them to the brook
 Kishon and slay them there. Hie thee, Ahab,
 Back to thy palace, for I hear a sound
 Of plenteous rain ; hie thee, from a speck
 No bigger than a hand the rain will come
 Till all the heavens are black with clouds and wind.

*Scene V.—The Court of Ahab.—Ahab, Obadiah, and other
 courtiers.*

OBADIAH.

The Syrian host hath covered all our plains,
 And from the heights their tents appeared to me

Like troops of white-winged sea-birds ; I approached
And the busy hum of men belonging
To the kings in league, the clank of armour
And the loud neighing of their mettled steeds
Left not a doubt in what guise they come. King,
It is a terrible day for thee and all
Samaria !

(Enter Messenger)

MESSENGER.

My lord, an ambassador
From the King of Syria asks admittance.

AHAB.

Admit him without let or parley. I
Myself shall try to come to terms——

(Exit Messenger)

Enter Ambassador

AMBASSADOR.

Benhadad, King of Syria, thus through me
Speaks to the King of Israel. I have come
With horses and with chariots and with men
You may not count to besiege thy kingdom ;
Thou shalt deliver up to me thy gold
And silver, thy wives and children, and all
That is most pleasant in thy eyes ; I send
My servants unto thee to-morrow, they
Shall search thine house and bring to me the best
Thou hast. Syria whose puissant sway extends
From Taurus to Arabia, from Cydnus
To the Euphrates, shall number Israel
As its tributary.

AHAB.

These are proud words, these are hard conditions—
Hard conditions !

OBADIAH AND THE COURTIER.

King, agree not
 To the least of them. But repel with scorn
 The base insulting speech; hundreds of youths
 Still live in fair Samaria whose blood
 Courseth with martial ardour through their veins,
 Who willingly would sacrifice their lives
 For thee and for their country

AHAB.

Nay, I doubt not;
 Bear my defiance then to Syria's king;
 Tell him Samaria never shall be his,
 Tell him Samaria's youths shall meet his host
 (Mighty though it be) in battle. Tell him
 Our darts are keener edged than his, we wait
 Upon the God of battles!

(To be continued.)

H. C. DUTT.

THE MODEL BABU PAPERS.

VI. GANJA.

Meantime with genial joy to warm the soul,
 Bright Helen mixed a mirth-inspiring bowl.
 Temper'd with drugs of sov'reign use t'assuage
 The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage.
 These drugs so friendly to the joys of life
 Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imp'rial wife;
 Who swayed the sceptre where prolific Nile,
 With various simples clothes the fatten'd soil.
 From Pæon spring, their patron-god imparts
 To all the Pharian race his healing arts.

Pope's *Odyssey*, B. IV.

Some Botanists are of the opinion that by *pharmakon nepenthes*, Homer in the above passage means the *Ganja* plant

or hemp. I am inclined to think that those commentators are right. *Nepenthes* is a drug which "banishes sorrow, allays wrath, and causes the oblivion of all evils," and these are the qualities ascribed by the Natives of India to *Ganja*, which is called by them the "increaser of pleasure," the "assuager of grief," the "producer of laughter and a reeling gait." It is well known that *Ganja* is used in this country in various ways, e. g., (1) *Ganja* proper, that is smoking the dried plant after it has flowered, and after the resin has been extracted. (2) *Charas*, smoking the resin itself; and (3) *Siddhi*, a solution of the larger leaves and capsules of the hemp plant reduced to powder. When Homer or rather Pope speaks of the "mirth-inspiring bowl," he very likely means *Siddhi*, which is well known to produce inextinguishable laughter, and of which most of my countrymen must have had personal experience on the last day of the late Durga Puja. It appears then that "bright Helen" learned the art of making *Siddhi* from the Egyptians amongst whom she and her husband sojourned. That the Egyptians were acquainted with hemp and its uses appears probable from the fact that they used opium, which is to this day known as *Papaver Thebaicum*, and laudanum or tincture of opium, which retains the name of *Tinctura Thebaica*,—Thebes being the ancient capital of Egypt. Dr. Birdwood says,—"There can be little doubt that whatever other ingredients Helen's bowl may have contained, the active principle in it was opium in one shape or other." I beg Dr. Birdwood's pardon. Helen's bowl was "a mirth-inspiring bowl." Let the shades of Coleridge and De Quincey and their living disciples in India and China answer whether opium is a mirth-producing drug. Opium-eaters never laugh while under the influence of that stupifying drug. But what Native of India knows not that *Siddhi* produces "Laughter which holds both her sides?" It therefore follows that Helen's bowl consisted of *Siddhi*. Q. E. D.

From Helen's bowl to the *Ganja-huka* and *Charas-huka*, what a transition! Helen's bowl gives the sunny side of the

hemp plant ; for its dark side one has only to go to the *Addas* of Bag Bazar, and the thousands of *Addas* in the Mofussil. What mischief does this cursed plant produce? It paralyses the limbs of men, it deprives them of bodily vigour ; it ruins their intellect ; it turns rational men into irrational brutes. It makes men insane. It is a heart-rending fact that the insanity of fully one-third of the inmates of our metropolitan Insane Hospital has been caused by smoking *Ganja*. Cannot Government put a stop to the cultivation of this body-destroying, mind-eclipsing and soul-ruining plant? Mr. Commissioner Molony in his last Report informs us that Rajshahi enjoys the enviable privilege of supplying the whole of the Lower Provinces with *Ganja*. Cannot Sir George Campbell by one stroke of his mighty pen stop the cultivation of this infernal plant? Three objections might be started against this course. *First*, the ultra-libertarian disciples of John Stewart Mill might ask—"What right has Government to prevent husbandmen from cultivating any plant they choose?" I answer every right. What! will people be allowed to grow poison and scatter it broad-cast among the people? *Secondly*, it may be said that if the people are unable to obtain *Ganja*, they will have recourse to some other equally pernicious drug. I ask, what other drug? Name it. And if they do take to something else, the production of that thing also may surely be prohibited. *Thirdly*, by stopping the cultivation of the *Ganja* plant Government will lose a yearly revenue of eleven lacs of Rupees. And forsooth, because Government cannot afford to lose eleven lacs of Rupees a year, therefore so many hundreds of our fellow-men should be made to turn mad! Is Government to live upon the profits of insanity? But granting, though not admitting, that it is impracticable and inexpedient to stop the cultivation of hemp, I have another proposal to make. Largely increase the excise upon *Ganja*. If I am rightly informed, the excise of one maund of *Ganja* is at present about Rs. 100 ; quadruple the excise ; and the probability is that the poorer classes, who chiefly take

to *Ganja* smoking, will find the price prohibitory and therefore leave it off. I should be very happy if Sir George Campbell were to take the hint.

MODEL BABU.

CALCUTTA AND THOSE THAT LIVE IN IT.*

I appear before you this evening at the request of one of your distinguished fellow-townsmen. That gentleman was anxious I should have an opportunity of addressing you on some interesting subject before taking leave of your island-city. It were superfluous, for me to remark that I do not profess to be a public lecturer. I make my appearance here this night simply for the gratification of a few friends from whom I have received nothing but kindness during my short sojourn in your Presidency. As a native of Bengal, I thought I would naturally be expected to say something respecting my father-land—its physical aspects,—the manners, customs, and social institutions of its inhabitants, and their progress in education, religion and general refinement. It struck me, however, that to do justice to these varied subjects it would be necessary to deliver at least half a dozen lectures. But as I could not afford the time nor you the patience for such a lengthened series, I have deemed it proper to confine your attention to a rough sketch of the chief city of my mother country, which happens also to be the metropolis of British India.

On the 26th of October 1686 was witnessed a commotion in the streets of Hugly, a town situated on the right bank of the Bhagirathi on the level plains of Lower Bengal. The disturbance was occasioned by three soldiers connected with a party of mercantile adventurers who had come from a small island in the far West, and who had lately established a factory in that town. The *emeute*, inconsiderable at first, soon became a serious

* An address delivered at Bombay thirteen years ago.

affair ; and the few foreign factory people found themselves in a general engagement with the subjects of one of the most potent sovereigns that ever wielded the sceptre of an empire. Those "gentlemen pedlars" were members, however, of a "noble and puissant nation ;" instead, therefore, of tamely submitting to the mandates of the haughty Moslem, they strained every nerve, plied every sinew to maintain the conflict. A brave sailor, the commander of a small squadron of their ships then lying in the harbour, bombarded the town, reduced 500 houses to ashes, and compelled the Mussulman authorities to sue for an armistice. The factors, after this, pursued their mercantile avocations for some time. But prudence suggested to them the necessity of leaving a town which afforded every facility for an attack, and of locating themselves in a spot where they might have a surer defence. Accordingly on the 20th December of the same year, that is of the year 1686, they landed at the small village of *Shutanati*, 24 miles further down the Bhagirathi and there laid the foundation of a city which has since become the capital of the Anglo-Saxon empire in the East. The first Governor of this new settlement was Job Charnock who may justly be styled the founder of Calcutta. In Charnock's days, however, the new settlement did not obtain the designation of Calcutta. It was about the year 1700 when the reigning Subadar Azim Oshan—the son of Aurengzebe—made a grant to the East India Company of the villages of *Shutanati*, *Calcutta*, and *Govindpur* that the name Calcutta was assigned to the new city. It was in that year too that Calcutta was advanced to the dignity of a Presidency, and allowed to share the honors with which your insular city had been vested seven years before.

Various conjectures have been made as to the meaning of the name *Calcutta*. Tradition has it that, when in 1686, the English factors settled themselves at *Shutanati*, which is now the northern part of the metropolis, an Englishman in the course of his morning walk came to a little village towards the

south and observed a native standing beside a heap of newly mown grass. The Anglo-Saxon asked the name of the village. The native, ignorant of the English language, and imagining that the Saheb questioned him regarding the grass, replied, "Cal cata"—that is "cut yesterday;" and the unsuspecting Englishman went away with the impression that "Cal cata" was the name of the village. It would be a sufficient refutation of this silly tradition to observe that though in the Bengali language, *cal* means yesterday, and *cata* means cut, *cal cata* could never have been uttered by a native, the idiom of the language requiring the form *calker cata*; while the occurrence of the name *Calcutta* in the firman of Azim Oshan unquestionably proves that the designation could not have its origin in the unintelligent gabble of a European and a native. Some facetious Englishmen, again, considering the dreadful mortality which, in those days of sanitary ignorance, characterized the infancy of the settlement, would fain regard *Calcutta* as a mere corruption of *Golgotha*—the place of skull. The most probable conjecture is that *Calcutta* is a cacophony of *Kalighat*—or the *bunder*, as you would call it, of the goddess Kali;—a far-famed temple of that "horrid" goddess, erewhile "besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices," standing even in our day within three miles of the modern city. Your own city of Bombay, if I am rightly informed, owes its name to the goddess *Mumba Devi*—a significant fact, that the two greatest cities of India, the one at the eastern and the other at the western extremity of the Empire, have a common idolatrous origin. But it is some consolation to reflect that these two very cities contain at present the largest amount of the light of knowledge and of truth, and may prove to be, in the good Providence of God, the two foci whence shall issue bright rays to dissipate the thick spiritual darkness which overhangs the Indian continent.

It is interesting to compare the *Calcutta* of the present day with the *Calcutta* of the early part of the last century. The metropolis of British India was formed, as I have already

remarked, of the three villages of *Shutanati*, *Calcutta*, and *Govindpur*. The first named village comprised that part of the native town which extends from Bag Bazar on the north to Burra Bazar on the south, and from the river Hooghly on the west to Maniktolah on the east. This large area contained nothing but a few Bazars, and thousands of mud huts sprinkled here and there with handsome edifices of wealthy Babus. The village of Calcutta proper, or Dhee Calcutta, was the European part of the town extending from the precincts of Burra Bazar to the old Cathedral; the Fort with all its buildings, the houses of the European residents, and the mansions of the Armenian merchants, were all comprised within its limits; while the village of Govindpur, the site of which is occupied by the modern fort, was nothing but an aggregation of mud huts and thatched cottages. The Calcutta of the early part of the last century had not one even of those magnificent erections which fill the mind of the stranger with astonishment as he lands at *Chandpal Ghat*—those princely mansions which have earned for the modern city the *sobriquet* of the “City of Palaces.” Add to this the fact that the President and the Governor of the Presidency had a salary of only 300 Rs. a month; that the members of Council with of course still smaller salaries lived in houses without venetian blinds, without glass windows, without punkhas and other comforts of Indian life; that the junior writers or civilians with salaries from 50 to 150 Rs. a month spent the live-long day in packing cotton and weighing rice; and you will have some idea of Calcutta as it showed itself in the early part of the last century. It must not be imagined, however, that the servants of the Company were satisfied with the small salaries allowed to them. They traded largely on their own account by means of the *dustucks* or rather *Dastakhats* which were granted to them. Corruption, chicanery and dishonesty were the order of the day. From the President to the lowest writer, every servant of the Company had private trading speculations of his own; and it often happened that a young civilian

who had not 50 Rs. in his pocket was possessed of a trade of two *lakhs* a year.

It is not my intention to give you the history of Calcutta and to trace the various steps by which she rose to her present imposing greatness. I shall content myself with presenting to you one incident in her wondrous story,—an incident of the times when the factory swelled into a kingdom, and the managers of warehouses were converted into administrators of provinces.

In the morning of the 18th of June 1756, the English residents of Calcutta saw their town besieged by a large Mussulman army led in person by the reigning Nabob Suraja Dowlah—the effeminate and spoiled grand-child of the heroic Aliverdy. In the course of that day the Moslem soldiery took possession of the out-posts erected for defence and made themselves masters of the native town. The Fort which had been completed in the year 1700, and which stood on the ground now occupied by the Custom House and other commercial buildings stretching from Tank Square to the Strand, was not in a position to defend itself against the attacks of an infuriated Moslem army not altogether ignorant of the art of war. The whole of the garrison amounted to only 190, sixty of whom alone were Europeans, and of them the major part had hardly ever smelled gun-powder ; while the commanding officers, with one honorable exception, were disgracefully unequal to their charge. A council of war was held. It was resolved to fly and not to fight. The ladies, with one exception—the Quixotic Mrs. Carey, who heroically refused to quit her husband, were sent away on board a vessel lying in the harbour. Two members of Council pretending to escort the ladies never returned ; and others, craven-hearted like themselves, soon followed their example. Next morning the cowardly Quaker Drake, the Governor, with other members of Council and some officers took to their heels, and left Holwell and his brave associates to the tender mercies of the fanatical Muhammadans. On the 19th and all the forenoon of the 20th the little band defended themselves with great

bravery. But there is a limit to human courage and human endurance. Holwell sued for terms. You know the rest. The horrors of the *Black Hole* have been surpassed only by the tragedy at Cawnpur; and the thrilling narratives of John Zephaniah Holwell and of Captain Thomson will ever remain the darkest chapters of Indian History. That *Black Hole* is gone from space though it lives in time; of the old Fort not a vestige now remains; a part of the ground in which it stood is now occupied by the Custom House, through which merchandise of the value of about 40 millions sterling is annually passed—a gigantic commerce—and a commerce which your ocean-city—the Queen of the Indian waters,—with the advantages of its maritime situation and of its superb harbour has been able barely to equal. The power of the race to which the cruel and cowardly Suraja Dowlah belonged is also gone; the last scion of the imperial house of Timur is now moralizing on the instability of earthly greatness amid the teak forests of Pegu; while the descendants of the inmates of the *Black Hole* are wielding the destinies of many more nations than ever obeyed the mandates of the most potent Mogul Emperor.

But leaving historical times, let me endeavour to give you some idea of the city as it is now. The task, however, is by no means an easy one. Calcutta is not one of those cities in which a few prominent objects arrest your attention. Were I to describe the city of Agra, for instance, I should expatiate on the matchless beauties of the Taj Mahal—the most exquisite piece of architecture, perhaps, in the world. I should draw a sketch of the Fort with its marble palaces, portray the graceful tomb of Etmaunoodowlah, and delineate the Secundra with the ninety-nine names of the Almighty sculptured on its marble walls; and after I had told you all this, I should have exhausted all the sights of the city of Akbar. Calcutta is not such a place. It must be seen in its integrity and at once. It is not superior in any one respect in particular to any one of the great cities of India, but the *tout ensemble*—

the general effect of the whole is most imposing. Calcutta is not remarkable for its nature-scenery. The scenery of your island-city far surpasses it. I have gone to the top of Ochterlony Monument in the Esplanade of Calcutta and contemplated with delight the whole city as it lay around ; I have toiled my way up the 200 steps of one of the minarets of Aurengzebe's Mosque in the city of Benares, and looked with amazement at the Holy City as it lay beneath my feet with its thousand temples, the domes, and tridents of some of them glittering with gold,—and its ten thousand sand-stone houses huddled up together within a short area ; I have ascended one of the minars standing in the *Chabootra* of the unearthly Taj Mahal and admired Akberabad in all its glory ; but nothing could exceed the rapture I felt when I stood on the highest point of your own Malabar Hill and when there burst on my ravished eye-sight the lovely prospect of Bombay with its circumambient waters and its picturesque hills. Of such delightful hill and ocean scenery Calcutta cannot boast. Nevertheless it has its charms, some of which you may perceive if you transport yourselves on wings of imagination and accompany me as I pace its busy streets. I do not care to take you to the northern division of the town which is inhabited almost exclusively by natives, and show you the myriads of handsome and spacious edifices owned by wealthy Babus, some of which excel in beauty and strength any edifice I have seen in this city. I should not like you to walk with me and elbow your way through the crowded streets of Burra Bazar and China Bazar, and there witness an overwhelming crowd of human beings busily engaged in buying and selling all sorts of imaginable commodities from all parts of the habitable globe ; neither should I wish you to linger long beside Garden Reach, though I own your sense of the beautiful would be greatly gratified by the delightful vision of neat edifices peering through the ample vegetation of the encompassing landscape ; and your sense of the wonderful mightily enhanced at the sight of the Company's Gardens which are confessedly one of the

finest and most extensive Botanical collections in the world. I wish you to take your station of an evening somewhere about the middle of the *Maidan*, or green between Fort William and the Government House, and look round. You look towards the north, and you witness a long range of magnificent erections ;—the stately pile of the Government House with its enormous dome and its four gates, built by the Marquis of Wellesley at a cost of 13 laks of Rupees ; the Town Hall with its lofty pillars and its spacious rooms ; the Supreme Court of Judicature with its leafy frontage ; the Dhurumtollah Mosque with its turrets and minars glowing in the setting sun. Behind you are the ramparts of Fort William, raised at a cost of 2 millions sterling,—a fort which competent military authorities have declared to be one of the strongest and best in the world. On the left you have the sacred river with its forest of masts and sails, as numerous perhaps as crowd the waters of your truly noble harbour. At your right is Chowringhee—the home of beauty and fashion and wealth and rank, a long series of palatial residences, the like of which you may in vain look for in any other city in Asia. After you have gazed your fill of these palaces, I would recommend you to notice the hundreds of elegant carriages which, coming from all points of the horizon, are crowding towards the Strand. Buggies, chariots, broughams, Phætons, conveyances of every degree of refinement are there. Their name is legion. You would say this was a gala day in Calcutta—a day of universal merrimaking. Not a bit of it. It is an every day scene. All Calcutta is out every evening for a drive, and the Course where they all congregate has often been declared by travellers to be one of the most imposing sights in the world. If after seeing all this you do not feel that the whole is a scene of surpassing loveliness and grandeur, I should conclude you to be destitute of the finer sensibilities of human nature. Let me conclude this description of the physical aspect of Calcutta with remarking that Calcutta is a larger and less straggling city

than Bombay, our houses are far more spacious, substantial, and graceful, and our streets, which are lighted up every evening with gas, straighter and broader.

I have heard it stated by some intelligent people that the population of Bombay is larger than that of Calcutta. This statement could only have arisen from ignorance. The resident population of Calcutta is about six hundred thousand; I never heard that Bombay contained a larger number of human beings. But from this fact it ought not to be imagined that Bombay is as populous as Calcutta. The fact is, that though the resident population of Calcutta is about six hundred thousand, there is a floating population of almost equal magnitude. Calcutta, it is to be remembered, is not like Bombay, an island in the sea. It is surrounded by innumerable villages teeming with a dense population. Every morning myriads of human beings rush to the city from all points of the compass, and after transacting their business go to their homes in the evening. Every day from nine o'clock in the morning to five or six o'clock in the evening, Calcutta contains, I should say, upwards of a million human beings.

Another statement often hazarded by intelligent people and recorded in books of travels is that, Bombay has a more diversified population, that it contains representatives from more parts of the world than Calcutta. My observation does not bear out the truth of this statement. What people have you in Bombay whom we have not in Calcutta? It cannot surely be pretended that Europe is represented more largely in Bombay than in Calcutta; and Brother Jonathan, I should say, likes Calcutta at least as much as Bombay. Of the crisped and curl-pated descendants of Ham we have a plentiful store in our City of Palaces. Nor is there any lack in the metropolis of British India of all sorts of Asiatics. We have Turks, and Arabs, and Persians, and Georgians, and Thibetians and Bhootanese, and Afghans, and Siamese and Burmese, and Arracanese, and Peguers; our Armenian population is counted by thousands;

we have an equally numerous Jewish population ; we have a whole street of Parsis. Of the Hindus of your Presidency, whether Brahmans or Mahrattas, or Bhattias or Bunniah and the rest, we have a good lot ; while of the western Mussulmans, I believe, we have every variety, as the *Bora* the *Khoja*, the *Memun*, the *Mogul*, the *Pathan* the *Shekh*, the *Syed*, and I know not what else. Of Bombayites we have hundreds in our City of Palaces ; whereas of my own nation --the Bengalis, I believe, I am at this moment the sole and solitary representative in your beautiful island. You would be doing me an act of injustice if you were to conclude from what I have just now said that I entertained a very low opinion of the city of Bombay and of its inhabitants. The contrary is the fact. I greatly admire your city, your hills crowned with neat edifices, your splendid harbour, and the commerce to which that harbour gives birth. I like the native population of Bombay who are in general better dressed than the inhabitants of Calcutta. I like the Hindu Mahratta population and am delighted with their general intelligence and energy. I like the Parsis—by far the most interesting inhabitants of the Island, and admire their enterprise, their public spirit, their activity, the refinement of their manners, and the urbanity of their dispositions. A highly intelligent Parsi gentleman asked me the other day whether I thought the Bengalis were more advanced in civilization than the Parsis. I wish I could answer in the affirmative. But I cannot. Excepting a few thousands of well educated Bengalis who are greatly in advance of the rest of their countrymen, the Parsis as a class have attained a higher pitch of refinement not only than the Bengalis but than any other people of India.

In describing the inhabitants of Calcutta, it is unnecessary to speak of its European or rather British population. Their manners, customs, habits, and pursuits, cannot be different from those of the English residents of Bombay. You have to imagine only a larger number of Englishmen, drawing larger salaries,

living in more spacious and costly houses, ministered unto by a more numerous retinue of servants, driving about in more elegant equipages, enjoying more of the comforts and luxuries of life, and surrounded by more of the pomp and circumstance of civilization than the Europeans of Bombay, and you will have an idea of the Englishmen of Calcutta. Neither is it necessary for me to dwell particularly on the bulk of its native population, four fifths of whom are Hindus. They eat and drink, plant and build, buy and sell, as their ancestors did ten thousand years ago. Blind worshippers of everything that is ancient and time-honored, ignoring the light of knowledge shining around them, they look upon themselves as the purest of the human race, believe in oceans of ghi and butter and in the thousand and one absurdities of their superstition. For them the lamp of European science has not been lighted up, neither do they bask in the radiance of the Sun of Righteousness risen on their land with healing under His wings.

By far the most interesting portion of the population of Calcutta are those hundreds of young Bengalis who have received a liberal English education, and thereby divested themselves of the prejudices of their countrymen. You will find scores of intelligent natives in every public office in Calcutta whether Governmental or mercantile. During my late tour in the North West and in Central India it afforded me no little gratification to see my intelligent countrymen filling responsible and honorable posts. The head writer of every public office in the North West is invariably a Bengali. The Deputy Post Master of every *taluk* office is a Bengali. The head masters of most English schools are Bengalis. Most of the business connected with the Railway and Electric Telegraph Departments of the North West is managed by Bengalis. In Bengal we employ men of the North West as our porters and gate-keepers, and in every other post requiring muscular strength; and in the North West they employ Bengalis in every situation requiring mental exertion. I have never yet met a

man or heard of a man who has denied that the Bengalis are a highly intelligent race. Even that word-painter, Lord Macaulay, who often sacrificed Logic at the shrine of Rhetoric, and Truth before the altar of Antithesis, and the torrent of whose majestic periods often overflows the bounds of good sense,—even Lord Macaulay, in a miserable caricature which he draws of a Bengali when speaking of Nundcoomar in his celebrated Essay on Warren Hastings, does not deny the intelligence of a Bengali. This very morning when looking into a Calcutta newspaper put into my hand I found a very gratifying testimony to the intelligence of the Bengalis borne by Dr. Mouat. In an address that gentleman lately delivered to the boys of a Calcutta Training School, he “remarked on the equality, if not superiority, of the intellect of Bengali lads with that of the lads of European countries; and cited an instance to prove that when, on his own recommendation, a gold medal was offered by Government to test the capabilities of native and European youth, it was carried off by a Bengali lad in competition with English, Eurasian and Muhammadan boys.” This is the sunny side of the picture, turn we now to the dark side. The educated Bengalis of Calcutta have made remarkable progress in the science and literature of England, I wish they were equally advanced in its religion. Whatever pretensions they may make to Deism or Theism or Naturalism, the fact is that practically they “live without God in the world.” There is no moral, no religious earnestness in them. They may have the name but not the power of religion. They may have some sort of *theology* but not a religion;—a cold, intellectual admission of the existence of a God; not a living, vital, operative faith. But without a living religious principle, without moral earnestness, without vivifying faith, no community can subsist long, far less make progress. Hence I look with no little anxiety on the two most influential communities in India, the community of the educated Bengalis of Calcutta and the Parsi community of this city. Both are intelligent, active, and full of promise. Both are quick-sighted enough to make the best

of their position, and to enrich themselves with all that civilized England can give them. But the views of both communities are bounded by the horizon of time ; into illimitable eternity they do not send their thoughts. And my fear is, that these two hopeful and promising communities may, if timely care be not taken, be any day wrecked on the shoals of secularism.

But I hope and trust a gracious Providence will avert from us so terrible a catastrophe. I hope and trust that, not only the two communities of which I have just now been speaking, but all the other communities and races of India will be soon roused from their sleep of ages and, shaking off their time-worn and time-honored beliefs, will clothe themselves in the sanctities of that heaven-born faith which shall yet turn our earth into a Paradise.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY SCHOOL DAYS.

BY AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

Chapter IX. Pursuit after Knowledge under Difficulties.

IN the year of grace 1873, the acquisition of English learning in India, at any rate in Bengal, by Native youth, has been rendered, so far as external helps are concerned, very easy. There are "Meaning Books" of every elementary class-book used in every school in the country ; and there are "Notes," "Annotations," "Paraphrases," "Keys" (by no means patent ones like Chubb's) without end. But it was different thirty-five years ago. Then there was not a single "Meaning Book" or "Note Book" of a single class-book. I do not say that the youth of the country at present are to be congratulated on the abundance of "Notes," "Annotations," "Keys" and "Commentaries ;" on the contrary I think they are much to be pitied. In my opinion, these annotators, commentators, paraphrasts, analysts, note-makers (or rather note-forgers) and key-smiths, are the greatest pests in the country, and the sooner they are

deported to Botany Bay, the better for the education of the rising generation. Those worthy gentlemen corrupt our youth; they make them lazy, by thinking for them, by freeing them from the labour of search and enquiry, and by looking into the dictionary for them. The result is, that our schools and colleges, are, for the most part, filled with intellectual lotus-eaters, who are averse to mental exertion of any sort, and who know not the pains and pleasures of mental exercise, as they readily get knowledge without that exercise. A more pernicious system for ruining the intellect of the youth of the country, and for turning human beings into automaton, it would be difficult to contrive. In these days of cheap postage and cheap newspapers, learning too has been made cheap,—indeed, so cheap that it is well-nigh worthless.

In the brave days of old, that is to say about thirty-five years ago, when I was a school-boy, we had to rely on our own resources. We had no “Keys,” like those manufactured in these days of universal machinery, wherewith to unlock the treasure-house of knowledge; and no “abstracts” which contain hermetically sealed, and within brief compass, the quintessence of all wisdom. In the year of grace 1873, the palace of learning has been already constructed for you. It has been finished and furnished for you. You have only to enter and possess it. It was different with us in those hard times of old. We had to dig; we had to clear the rubbish; we had to collect the bricks, or rather make the bricks—and often without straw being given to us; we had to cut wood and draw water, like intellectual Gibeonites; we had to build laboriously, day after day, and month after month—and then at last after several years’ incessant labour, did the building rear its head. The former method is by far the pleasanter of the two; but whether it is as healthy and useful as it is pleasant may well be doubted.

In the pursuit after knowledge I laboured under greater difficulties than most of my school-fellows. One difficulty stared me in the face just at the commencement. I have already

told the reader that when I first came to Calcutta I lived with my father and my cousin in a large house at Burra Bazar in which also lived a number of people from my native village. Not one of them knew English, and therefore none could assist me in getting up my lessons. I know it is the custom in most schools for the master to read to his pupils the lesson for the following day and to explain any difficulties that may be in it. But that was not, and I believe is not now, the system pursued in Dr. Duff's school. The master merely told us that our lesson for the following day was to be so many lines ; and we were expected to learn it thoroughly at home the best way we could, and to be ready to be examined upon it. He used to spend the whole of the school-hours in subjecting us to a severe examination, chiefly in a catechetical form, upon the lesson he had set the previous day. As I was absolutely without any assistance, for several days at the commencement I went to school perfectly unprepared. As my master used to rebuke me and insisted on my learning my lessons at home, and as home afforded me no help, I did not know what to do. But the reader may ask, why I did not go to some boy in the neighbourhood and obtain assistance. The fact is, my father would not hear of any such arrangement. He would not allow me to come much in contact with Calcutta boys who, he thought, were, for the most part, too clever by half. At last I bethought myself of the following expedient. One hour, from one o'clock to two, was given to the boys for recreation, which we used to call the *tiffin hour*. Instead of spending this *tiffin hour* in play like most of my class-fellows, I spent it in getting up my lesson for the next day ; and for this purpose I often button-holed boys of the higher classes, and asked them the pronunciation or meaning of a word, or the Bengali translation of a sentence.

But my chief difficulty in the pursuit after knowledge arose from the state of my father's exchequer. It was never buoyant. Like the Indian treasury, my father's exchequer suffered from

chronic deficit. There was this difference, however, between the treasury of the Indian Government and my father's treasury, that, whereas in the former there are always on hand considerable cash balances, the cash balances in the latter were always a *minus* quantity. The consequence was, that I was hardly able to buy any books excepting those that were absolutely necessary and very cheap. An English-Bengali dictionary, that is to say a dictionary giving the Bengali meanings of English words, would have considerably diminished my difficulties in learning English, but its price was prohibitory, and I never had an English-Bengali dictionary in my life,—indeed, I do not have it now in my library which, I am happy to say, is nearly one thousand volumes strong.

A pocket edition of Johnson's English dictionary I deemed indispensably necessary to the prosecution of my studies. I tried to buy one ; but where was the cash to come from ? At present a new copy of Johnson's or Webster's pocket dictionary can be had for only six annas ; but in the days of which I am speaking it could not be had at less than five shillings or two Rupees and eight annas, and such a large sum would have completely emptied my father's coffers. He could not afford it. At last, thanks to the kind offices of a hawker, I bought for a few annas an old and much-soiled copy of Johnson's pocket dictionary. I got it cheap, because it had one defect. There was wanting in it nearly the whole of the letter A ! Whenever there occurred in my lesson any word beginning with the letter A, I was out at sea. On such occasions I had to consult at school the dictionary of a class-fellow. Will the reader believe me when I say, that this was the only dictionary I had during nearly the whole of my school and College course ? Whether the reader believes it or not, it is a simple fact. It is to me a matter of infinite regret that I have lost this precious volume. If I had it in my possession now, I would have had it bound—I will not say in gold, for I have not a sufficient quantity of that metal,—but at any rate in silver, and would

have bequeathed it to my children as an heir-loom. But why indulge in unavailing regret? That thrice-precious volume is lost irrecoverably.

The reader will perceive from the fact just stated that the resources at my command for buying school-books were by no means unlimited. Accordingly I always suffered from want of books. I was badly off in mathematical appliances. I had no book on Arithmetic, never had any during my school course,—having learnt the whole of it in the class-room. I had no book on Algebra, but learnt it by practice in the class-room—the more intricate parts I copied with my own hand from Wood's Algebra. I borrowed Playfair's Euclid from one of the masters of the school; and I had among my prize books a copy of Bell on Trigonometry and the Conic Sections. I made copies also of entire mathematical works, like Duncan's Spherical Trigonometry, Smith's Geometry of Co-ordinates, Young's Differential Calculus, and Young's Integral Calculus, and Duncan's Fluxions after the old Newtonian Method. Notwithstanding these drawbacks I am thankful to say that I competed for the highest mathematical prize with the best mathematician in the Institution—who, by the way, was a mere mathematician—in a difficult examination in higher Astronomy and the Integral Calculus; and the result was, that the prize was equally divided between him and me. [I mention this fact to the reader in perfect confidence, as if I stated it before the public I should be justly charged with insupportable vanity—though even then I might apply to myself the Bengali adage and ask, “What is the use of a veil to a *Nach* girl engaged in dancing *Khamta*?”]

I have incidentally alluded in the above to a very useful fraternity called “hawkers of books.” There used to be a great many of them in my school-days. They were all Muhammandans and went by the name of *Chachas* or uncles. They carried on their backs a heavy load of books, old, second-hand and new, and went from door to door. There was one *Chacha* to whom

I was partial. He was half-witted, and I called him my *Pagla Chacha* or mad uncle. He was very fond of me, especially as I was amongst the few persons who patronized him. He never had any new book in his bag. He dealt only in old, half-torn, and dilapidated books. He never had a complete set of any work. His bag contained generally the 2nd vol. of the *Spectator*, the 5th vol. of Hume's *History of England*, the 7th vol. of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, the 3rd vol. of Rollin, and the like. People, who could afford to buy new books or complete sets of works, never looked into his bag ; but as the contents of his bag were in beautiful harmony with the contents of my father's treasury, *Pagla Chacha* and I were great friends. By the way, this was the worthy from whom I purchased that precious copy of Johnson's pocket dictionary in which was wanting nearly the whole of the letter A. To this literary purveyor I am much indebted. As I was a great reader in my younger days, I used often to buy for an anna or two an odd volume of Hume, Rollin, or Gibbon, and read it with infinite pleasure. But the state of my finances did not always allow me to lay out sums like two annas or three annas on English literature. I therefore fell upon an expedient. I remember distinctly that I once bought from *Pagla Chacha* the 2nd vol. of the *Spectator* of an edition complete in 8 vols. I read it so often that I could repeat whole passages from different papers. As I did not require that odd volume of the *Spectator* any longer, I requested my "mad uncle" to take back that volume, and give me instead an odd volume of some other work, say Robertson or Johnson. When I had done with that volume, I returned it to my *Chacha*, and took another odd volume of some other work. So that with a capital of only two or three annas, I had command over almost the whole range of British authorship. Latterly also I used to exchange my old school-books for odd volumes of works I had not read. Thus, to use the words of Sydney Smith, I cultivated literature on oat-meal.

AN OLD BENGALI BOY.

THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1873.

THE BENGAL ZEMINDAR AND RYOT.

PART II.

BY ARCYDAE.

IN the first portion of this article* we gave a short sketch of the history of British legislation in India in so far as it related to the positions of our zemindars and ryots respectively. We dwelt at some length on what we considered to be serious mistakes in legislation which have entailed sad consequences up to the present day, and we briefly hinted at the measures calculated to remedy such ills. We purpose in the present article to shew the *present position* of the two classes above named, as well as to dwell on the necessity of bringing about the alterations in law which we hinted at in our previous article. We take up the subject with the greater alacrity as it is even now receiving the attention of our rulers,—and we have hopes our humble suggestions will not be entirely lost in the controversy.

It is admitted on all hands that the relation between zemindars and ryots is daily becoming more and more unsatisfactory, and is fast verging to a crisis. We may certainly blame the ryots to a certain extent for their conduct, or we may blame the zemindars,—but the root of this evil is undoubtedly to be sought for in the revenue laws of the country and the system of their administration. Indeed, nothing reflects

* Published in the August No. of this Magazine.

so unfavourably on the British system of revenue administration in India as the fact that, among a race of peasantry so peaceful as that of Bengal, feuds and rioting and landed disputes are a daily occurrence. The Bengali is naturally so averse to actual violence and warfare that, so long as there is the remotest possibility of justice being obtained at a court of *law*, he will not go to actual fighting ; and it is only when our civil courts literally scare him away with a cheerless prospect of delay and expense that he involuntarily has recourse to the last means left.

To take an instance ; a zemindar wants to increase the rent payable by the occupier of a certain bit of land. The course prescribed by law is a reference to the civil court whose decision would be final and definite. But the zemindar knows but too well the cost of such a reference, and therefore has recourse to what he believes to be an easier and simpler method. If he is strong enough, he uses compulsion,—if not, he takes to ingenious tricks. He grants a pottah to a new ryot who consents to pay the increased rent for the bit of land in question, and thus a dispute ensues between the new man and the old man with reference to the identical bit of land. The old ryot may complain in a civil court against this intrusion into his ancient possession,—or the new ryot may complain against any opposition to his right based on a registered pottah,—but both involuntarily turn from the very name of a civil court ; and carry on their disputes as best they may, sometimes for years together. In a second instance, a ryot is justly or unjustly ousted. A reference to a civil court would no doubt right matters,—but it would so perhaps after a year,—and his ruin would by that time be complete. He naturally, if not justly, sticks to his old soil and homestead, prepared to defend his rights against any new comer who may present himself, and if the worst comes to the worst, then and not till then to refer to the civil court. In a third instance, entire villages become annoyed with their master, and in a fit of indiscretion declare

that their zemindar shall levy no rent. What is the poor zemindar to do? The law prescribes a reference to the civil court for levying rent of every particular ryot who refuses to pay his due. The law forgets that long before a zemindar can levy rent in this way,—a work of years,—his estates and lands would all be sold for arrears of revenue payable to Government. It is easy to multiply instances,—but *qui bono*?

It is necessary vividly to realize the fact that the delay and expenditure incident to rent cases are productive of incalculable harm both to the zemindar and to the ryot. It is necessary to understand clearly that ninety per. cent. of the cases of rioting and landed feuds that go up to our criminal courts would never have occurred but for the fact that our revenue courts cannot decide cases within a reasonable time and at a reasonable cost. And it is necessary to keep in mind the fact that, among a people so thoroughly agricultural as that of Bengal,—and especially where almost every individual ryot has his set of rights to hold up,—those courts, which are the only means to declare and maintain such rights, should be especially quick and not especially tardy in their operations. There are reasons historical if not sensible why civil law in England was, up to a very late period, and to a certain extent is, even now, hampered and encrusted over with a mass of almost unintelligible forms and rules. The busy schoolmen of the middle ages assiduously handed down to modern nations precepts and legal forms of the old Roman law, and such forms were embalmed by their very antiquity. The English among other modern nations found themselves in the 15th and 16th centuries of the Christian era almost unconsciously led to the ancient notions and forms. For good or for evil, the Saxons of England for centuries together borrowed vastly from the ancient law under the disguise of simply administering the law of the land. Thus grew up gradually the precepts and rules, the presumptions and forms of English law,—a mighty and heterogeneous mass, but certainly a singular study for the historian and the

antiquarian. For centuries together that mighty fabric defied the hand of revolution or legislation. The vitality of English institutions is well known, but nowhere does it more conspicuously manifest itself than in the subject of law. Every crude form, every obsolete precept, every practice which at any time prevailed in Westminster, seemed to be especially guarded from rational change by the traditions of the bar and the dignity of the bench.

But such forms and precepts and practices when imported to India lose their historical harmony and antiquarian value, and prove a pure nuisance. We see no reason therefore why traces of such practices, which remain after the passing of the Act VIII. of 1859, should not at once be removed. At the same time the procedure of civil courts still admits of further simplification. To take an instance ; witnesses are at present summoned by means of summonses served through civil court peons. Such peons are generally tardy in their operations ; but let us suppose the summons is served with due despatch ;—what if the witness does not appear after such service ? To be sure a warrant may be issued at the instance of the party who wishes to have the witness examined,—but such party will never make such a request, for to have his witness called to court by warrant issued at his instance would be a sure remedy to disgust his witness and lose his case. The only other resource for a court then is to attach the property of the defaulting witness,—a work sometimes of months. Why, in the name of common sense, the witness should not be called to court precisely as in criminal cases,—namely by means of processes served through the police, we entirely fail to see. The pay of the civil court peons may be saved and spent in increasing the number of the police,—so that the additional work to be done by them may be done without any inconvenience. On a witness not appearing after service, warrant, as in criminal cases, may be served, not at the instance of any party, but as a matter of course.

Lastly, Munsiffs themselves should be strongly impressed with a lively sense of their duty in doing things with despatch. In spite of the legal drawbacks mentioned before, rent cases were decided speedily enough by executive officers before the Act VIII. of 1869 was passed;—and now that the duty has passed into the hands of the civil courts we do not see why these courts should not be called upon to use the same despatch in their work. We do not by any means intend to cast any reflection on civil officers generally,—on the contrary, we are aware of the fact that the work which many of them have to do is giant's work, and we have ourselves advocated elsewhere* the multiplying of civil courts. But at the same time we cannot wink at the fact, that the want of a proper supervision makes *some* civil officers extremely tardy in their work. Something of the spirit of despatch which characterizes the executive service should be infused into the judicial,—and this can only be done by the superior authorities impressing the fact on the civil courts that, next to deciding cases with impartiality and justice, their most important duty is to decide cases with *despatch*;—and further that this last subject will invariably be taken into consideration in weighing the relative claims of civil officers to promotion. Unless the courts are made more alive to this part of their duty all changes in law and procedure will be useless.

Under this head we need only mention that, throughout the country, it is a matter of regret with the peasantry that rent cases are now decided by civil courts instead of by executive officers,—and the cause of the regret is simply the increased delay incident to the new mode of procedure. We do not advocate the bringing about the old state of things, but before we conclude this article we shall see that a part at least of the duties done by civil courts should be cognizable by executive officers. But of this by and bye.

* In our article on the "Administration of Justice in Bengal."

We are however very far indeed from hoping, that a reduction of the expense and delay incident to civil and rent suits would of itself remedy the unsatisfactory state of feeling between the zemindar and the ryot. As it is, litigation is eating up the vitals of the nation, and far be it from us to propose that the sole remedy to this would be to facilitate further litigation. It will no doubt be an act of wisdom on the part of Government to reduce to a minimum the tax, if we may so call it, imposed on all who seek justice at its doors,—but it would be an act of still greater wisdom to attempt to remove those causes which, in the present state of affairs, almost necessitate frequent recourse to courts of law. The remainder of our article will be devoted to the consideration as to how this can best be effected.

We have already stated before that the unsatisfactory state of feeling between the zemindar and the ryot is entirely due to the unsatisfactory and unsettled laws relative to their respective rights; and unless such laws are made definite and stringent the long-standing grudge will never be healed. And never has that grudge assumed a more serious aspect than at the present moment. Everywhere from Bengal we are receiving accounts of the ryots running *en masse* against their zemindars, resenting unlawful exactions, and ultimately combining even to withhold lawful rent. A Commissioner from Rajshahi, a Commissioner from Orissa, a Commissioner from Dacca, all attest to the fact that there has been a general awakening among the ryots,—that their agrarian combinations have assumed a serious aspect. A higher authority than these Commissioners,—even the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, records the fact, that “there is a rising among the ryots of a more independent spirit than previously existed, and of a better knowledge of their rights.”*

Yes,—there has been an awakening of the peasantry of Bengal from a long sleep of servitude, and we shall venture to assert

* Resolution, date 11th Sep. 1873, published in the *Calcutta Gazette* of the 8th October 1873.

that we for one view it with complaisance. It evidences a real hankering of the masses after improvement, and such hankering in independent countries has always been the parent of national rights and liberties. The crisis is come, and some decisive action on the part of the Government is absolutely necessary. Chaos or confusion is not the normal state of nature or society,—the commotion at present observable will not last for ever,—it must settle down one way or another, and it depends on the Government in what way it settles down. Two ways are now open to Government. To put down the general awakening and to leave the ryots once more at the mercy of the zemindar, as has been done times without number from 1793 to 1859, or to take a more enlightened and intelligent view of the general rising, and to newly create, in a more satisfactory manner than has yet been done, a definite status of the ryot and a definite status of the zemindar.

The first step would be, to say the least, illiberal and short-sighted. The “yeomanry of Bengal” have already many and tangible grounds of complaint against the British Government. English legislation has already much to answer for. We need not repeat here what we have pointed out elsewhere,* viz. the serious mistakes of British legislation committed ever since the memorable year 1793 ;—but we venture to hope for the sake of the masses of the people of Bengal that such mistakes will not be repeated again.

We have said that to settle the question finally by putting down the rising with a strong hand would be *illiberal* and *unjust*. If such arguments will not prevail with our rulers we shall say more ; and shew that to settle the question *finally* in that way is *impossible*. The question cannot be settled that way ; the problem does not admit of such a solution. Such a step would be a tiding over present difficulties to be sure,—but it would not be a permanent solution of it, as the same difficulties

* Our article “Zemindar and Ryot” published in the *Bengal Magazine* for Aug. 1873.

will in that case rise again 5 or 10 years hence and stare rudely at our face demanding further solution. And wherefore? The answer is to be sought for in the spirit of English administration in India. The noble instincts of every Englishman are against the servitude of one class under another, and so long as Englishmen are the masters of this country that servitude can never be made permanent. The legislation of Lord Cornwallis may have ignored the rights of the peasantry,—the legislation of Lord Wellesley may have subjected them and their property to the tender mercies of the zemindars,—the legislation of after years may have perpetrated acts of deeper shame,—but all, all is useless. Every individual Englishman, called upon to administer the country, cannot but sympathise with the ryot maltreated and ejected by his zemindar,—notwithstanding that such ejection may be sanctified by the law of the land,—and it is this sympathy that gives the ryot confidence and assurance in spite of masses of legislation. If our rulers could regard the happiness of the mass of the people as a subordinate consideration or no consideration at all, if they could as complacently look on the servitude of one class under another (so long as the revenue was safe) as the Muhammadan rulers did,—then they might have once for all settled all questions between the zemindar and the ryot by permanently ignoring all rights of the latter, and the peasantry might once more have sunk down to that voiceless servitude whence they have risen. But no; the better instincts of a free nation revolt against such a solution; and, as we have said, it is those very instincts manifesting themselves in the daily and hourly administration of the country that have taught the peasantry to awake from their long sleep, despite perverse and mistaken acts of legislation which contemplated the stamping out of all spirit and energy from a down-trodden race of cultivators. And if the general awakening at the present moment be put down once more with a strong hand and by mistaken legislation, those very English instincts will in a future day cause a fresh

rising of the masses,—and the problem will rise again and again demanding a permanent and intelligent solution.

There is then one and only one way left before the Government;—to estimate the importance of the general rising correctly,—to grapple with the problem intelligently,—to newly create the status of the zemindar and the ryot in a definite manner. It is admitted on all hands that the latest enactments on the subject of zemindar and ryot,—Act X. of 1859 and Act VIII. of 1869—leave the peasantry too much at the mercy of their masters. Wilful ejection, wilful increase of rent, are allowed to the zemindar with regard to by far the majority of ryots; and it is but too well known that it is these that bring about frequent feuds and rioting in the country parts. We submit that there can be no permanent healing of the ill feeling between the ryot and his master till this is put a stop to with a strong hand. Let every attempt to oust a ryot or to increase his rent be criminally punishable,—and let every cultivator feel that so long as he pays his rent regularly he is above the intrigues of his zemindar. At the same time, place the zemindar too above the intrigues of the ryot. It is a just ground of complaint with many zemindars that they find it difficult under the present circumstances to levy rents legally due from their ryots. Let every combination to withhold just rent be also criminally punishable. Let every malicious attempt to defraud the zemindar of his just dues be chastised by courts of criminal law.

In the face of the crisis that is staring rudely at us, half hearted legislation would be useless and worse than useless. As matters stand at the present moment, the temptation of a zemindar to turn out even an occupancy ryot, if it is thereby possible to increase rent, is too great to be resisted. What is the penalty if he fails in the attempt? Why, a civil court decrees in favor of the ryot, and the zemindar has to pay the costs of the suit. Supposing, then, the chance which a zemindar has of succeeding once in every three or four attempts that he

makes,—it surely is a profitable investment with him to pay costs of three or four suits in order to permanently though unjustly increase the rent of a piece of land. Hence it is that we find in the Mofussil innumerable instances of feuds and rioting between two parties,—one the ancient occupier of a bit of land, the other a new man backed with a newly registered pottah granted by the zemindar. In the civil court their case like a wounded snake drags its slow length along,—but in the meantime at every sowing and reaping season some rioting is sure to take place with respect to the disputed land,—and the criminal court is compelled to chastise both parties once in six months,—while the zemindar quietly sits in his Kachari, watching the game with interest and laughing in his sleeves. But tell the zemindar that for every attempt that he makes to increase the rent or oust a ryot who is duly paying his rent, he will be hauled in a criminal court, and convicted along with thieves and loafers, and he will come to his senses and refrain from such desperate gambling in litigation.

In the same way as matters at present stand, the temptation of ryots to withhold the rent justly due to zemindars is by no means small. Generally speaking, the ryots do not rebel against their masters till the latter first prove tyrants by cruelly increasing the rent payable. We have the very best authority for stating,—and in our statement we are confirmed by some very respectable zemindars,—that ryots will never turn against their masters till they are brought to straits. On the contrary, instances are by no means uncommon,—and may be cited by dozens by those who have to live in the Mofussil,—of ryots voluntarily giving one or two years' rent in advance to save the estate of a kind master. And indeed this stands to reason. The risk which a ryot runs of being harassed and ultimately ruined, if he comes to terms of disagreement with his master is so great, that he makes it a point never to fall out with him so long as it can be helped; and when estates are going off from the hands of a really kind master, the chances that his suc-

cessor will prove equally kind and see every thing with his own eyes and not through subordinates, who almost invariably turn out little tyrants, are so slight, that the ryot spares no pains, no sacrifices to keep a really good master in his place. Wherefore then the impression that the ryots in the present day are most to blame for the rent disputes prevailing all over the country? We answer, the impression is totally false, and there are ample reasons to account for such a false impression. Public opinion in this country means the opinion of the aristocracy and middle classes,—in one word, the opinion of the *Bhadralok* and not of the cultivating and working classes;—and there are ample reasons why such a public opinion should be strongly biased in favor of the zemindars. In villages the *Bhadralok* is in 9 cases out of 10 either himself a zemindar in a large or a small scale, or belongs to a zemindar's family. In towns the most influential of the *Bhadralok*,—the aristocracy,—the millionaires,—the enlightened,—those who create an opinion and not receive it from others are almost all zemindars. The most powerful association is an association of the zemindars,—the most influential newspaper is an organ of the zemindars. Is it a wonder then that public opinion throughout this vast country should be regularly blind to the faults of our landed aristocracy?—that every act of shame should be laid at the door of the voiceless and unrepresented ryot? Poor Bengal Ryot! Hope for relief from a hand of alien rulers of the country,—but from thine own countrymen,—Don't. There is also another reason to account for the generally unfavorable impression against the ryot. The people of Bengal are pre-eminently a conservative one, and implicitly follow the maxim whatever is, is right. We have seen elsewhere* that under the Muhammadan rulers of Bengal the cultivating classes were placed in complete servitude under the zemindars,—and their happiness and comfort depended on the will and the

* Our "Article Bengal Zemindar and Ryot,"—vide *Bengal Magazine* for August 1873.

pleasure of their masters. Such a state then is assumed by our countrymen to be the normal state of society,—and every step towards the amelioration of the condition of the ryots is construed to be a step towards anarchy ! But we are digressing.

We have said that the temptation of the ryot to withhold the just dues of his master when once he has fallen out with him is by no means small. No ryot can singly cope with his master,—all the ryots combined are more than a match for the zemindar. And what means has the zemindar left under such circumstances ? Why, he has to sue for rent against all the ryots one by one, and wait probably for years before he can realize his rent ;—while his estates are liable to be sold if he is half an hour too late in depositing his revenue in the Collector's Office. Surely the zemindar has just grounds of complaint in this point, and we sincerely hope his complaint will not be overlooked. We do think it is expedient to make wilful combinations to withhold rent justly due, criminally punishable in our courts of law.

To increase in this manner the facility in the collection of rent will be a fitting complement to a strict prevention of wilful ejection or increase of rent by the zemindar. The one without the other would be not half legislation, but mischievous legislation. Act X. of 1859 has placed fearful powers in the hands of the zemindar in the way of increasing the rent or ousting by far the majority of ryots who have no rights of occupancy ; and the only check to the exercise of such powers is, in the possibility of combinations among ryots, and in the delay of civil suits which enables the ryot to hold his own long after the zemindar has ousted him in accordance with a cruel law. If that check is removed,—if the proceedings of a civil court are simplified and expedited by law,—if criminal law steps in to prevent combination among ryots to withhold rent, then we should as a matter of simple justice give the ryot some compensation in return, we should in simple equity assure him that the new law has disarmed his master as well

as himself,—that he can now hold his land on a fixed rent, and that so long as he pays that, any attempt on the part of his master to interfere with his rights will also be criminally punished. We have said before, and we emphatically repeat the statement, that unless our rulers can with clear conscience divest the ryot of all his rights and place him once more under the complete servitude of the zemindars, the only other measure to heal the ill feeling between the two classes and to put a stop to the mass of litigation that is now eating the very vitals of an agricultural population, is to raise the status of that population, to make a *permanent settlement* between the ryots and the zemindars as regards the rent payable, and thus to place the former above the whims and vagaries of the latter. Further, we are firmly persuaded, that the increasing of civil laws will only make matter worse by leading to increased litigation,—that it will be only by allowing executive authorities to put down oppressive zemindars as well as intriguing ryots with a strong hand that we can hope to secure the peace of the country. We shall sum up our suggestions under the following heads :—

I. To simplify the proceedings of the civil courts and render possible the speedy decision of civil cases.

II. To amend Act X. of 1859 and Act VIII. of 1869 B.C. and place tenants at will in the same position as occupancy ryots. The law, as it is, is unmercifully severe towards the majority of the cultivating classes.

III. To bring under the jurisdiction of criminal courts certain acts at present cognizable only by civil courts. E.g. Attempts on the part of zemindars to increase rent or oust a ryot, either directly or indirectly, by granting pottah to another ryot;—and attempts on the part of the ryots to form malicious combinations to withhold rent justly due,—all this should be made criminally punishable.

Eighty years have elapsed since it was enacted that—“It being the duty of the ruling power to protect all classes of

people and more particularly those who from their situation are most helpless," it would be competent to the Governor General in Council to "enact such regulations as he may think necessary for the protection and welfare of the dependant Taluqdars, ryots and other cultivators of the soil." For eighty years the "cultivators of Bengal" have been vainly looking for some beneficent interference for their protection and welfare. We have hopes, however, that the present Governor General of India is fully alive to this portion of his "duty," and that he will by raising the status of the cultivating classes wipe off the one serious blot in English legislation in India.

AUTUMN NIGHT IN A BENGAL VILLAGE.

'Tis midnight deep, and the autumnal moon
 Flings radiance on the golden Aush crops
 That grow in wild profusion, stretching far
 Around me, bending with their load of corn ;—
 And on the varnished green of Amon fields
 Sheds a softer brilliance ;—silvers o'er
 The fields, the distant huts, the tops of trees ;—
 And glitters on the swelling Indian stream ;—
 And makes it almost day.

All, all is light,

Save where the Popul rears his aged height,
 O'er acres throws his ancient out-spread branches
 And flings a deeper darkness on the ground,
 A sight of noble majesty in woe,
 A sight of deep-felt self-collected gloom
 In midst of light and joy ;—save where in shade
 The Bamboo trees appear in lighter green,
 And graceful throw their bending branches out,
 ● Like rockets bursting on the open sky,
 Then gently falling on the earth again ;—

Save where the distant line of darksome trees
O'er shade and fence some humble village in,
And humble huts and tanks and jungle shrubs ;
Primeval scene of Nature, where harmless birds
Nestle with reptiles vile and poisonous snakes
And creatures rude live with their brother man,
He scarce less rude than they.

All, all, is still

Save when the passing breeze breathes balm and sweetness
And shakes forth music from the *Pepul* tree,
And wakes the ripples on the spacious stream ;—
Save when the sleepless dog howls at the moon
And breaks the calm of night ;—save when perchance
Some half sung strain of some lone villager
Comes floating o'er the stillness of the air,
(Its rudeness mellowed by the distance long,)
And sets my thoughts to music, and fills me
With past recollections.

All nature sleeps

Save those,—not few I ween,—those kept awake
By qualms of conscience or the throes of woe,
By carking cares that mock the power of rest,
By sleepless thoughts of ill requited love,
By midnight watchings by the bed of death,
By grief for those they miss around their hearth,
By grief for those they ne'er shall see again.
O ! woful, woful heritage of man.

ARCYDAE.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SHALL we be Baboo'd or mister'd and esquire'd? My friend, Ramdhan, who for his many excellent qualities,—soaping among others,—has been made an Extra Ass-and served right too, thinks this a matter of the smallest possible moment. He has never been called by any other name, prefix and affix quite out of the question, and Ramdhan he will remain to the chapter's end. And every thing considered, I think, he is right. People, belonging to a conquered and despised race, have no business to be thin-skinned. What if Anglo-Indians Uncle-Tom them? They have a good deal to gain, and nothing at all to lose by being Ramdhan'd.

Some of our countrymen, however, and a fast growing class too, are not only touchy on this point but fly into a rage if they are Baboo'd and not mister'd. This is unreasonable. The term Baboo has certainly become a little too common, and is often used to indicate a class not the most respectable of the Native community. In its original application, however, it was the opposite of disreputable. I believe it was used to designate the younger sons of the nobility, in the same way as the term "honorable" is used in England. For my part I glory in being called a Baboo. Indeed, I am *the Baboo par excellence* wherever I go. All however are not of my way of thinking, neither is it to be expected they should be, as few, if any, possess my wisdom and experience. It may not therefore be out of place to enquire into the merits of the question.

How shall we be addressed? This question has reference only to our intercourse with Europeans. Among themselves the Natives of India have a well-defined code of laws regulating social intercourse, a departure from which would subject the delinquent to social ostracism. No Native with the remotest pretension to respectability will venture to address his neighbour but in the most polite and respectful terms. And the complaint here is, not that the Natives of India are devoid of good breeding

but that sometimes, especially among Muhammadans, civility is carried to the verge of the ridiculous. So far as this quality is concerned, therefore, I may say, without fear of contradiction, that India in spite of her antiquated civilization is one of the foremost, if not the first, among nations.

The case is far otherwise however with regard to the intercourse of Europeans with Natives. It used to be said of Europeans of a generation or two back that they left their *morals* at the Cape; it may be said of the present generation of Europeans who come to India, with far greater truth, that they leave their *manners* at Brindisi. The usual style of address adopted by the majority of Anglo-Indians is to call a Native either plain Ramdhan, or Baboo, or Lala, or Munshi. This mode of address is certainly not Native, and the little English I have been able to pick up tells me that it is un-English. I have therefore always wondered how Europeans, who among themselves are models of good breeding, should have come to adopt a mode of speech as foreign to their own habits and manners as it is offensive to Native feeling. In Bengal, the word *Mahasaya* and in Northern India *Jonab*, both which terms correspond to the English word *mister*, are always used when Natives of either country address each other. A Native of Northern India when addressing an acquaintance will always say—Janob Lalla Sahab, how are you? an Englishman addressing the same party will say,—Well, Lalla, go to Jericho? What is the cause of this rudeness, which has become almost national? Ignorance cannot be pleaded in justification. Except in the case of very young griffs, and of railway employees, Englishmen ought to know that what is rudeness in a Native cannot be politeness in an Englishman.

I have often heard Europeans complaining of the difficulty of understanding Natives and of the great barriers which exist to a free intercourse with them. There are no doubt causes which serve to keep the two peoples from understanding each other; but a slovenly mode of address, though really a

very minor matter, has something to do with it. Englishmen might, without much injury to themselves, remember the good old Scotch proverb—"every little makes a muckle."

Respectable Natives, unless impelled by fear or prompted by interest, seldom care to visit Europeans. The annoyance Native gentlemen are subjected to from the menial servants of the Saheb,—apart from the Saheb's own rudeness of speech, hauteur, and infinite contempt for everything Native,—are ill adapted to foster a desire for social intercourse. If this had been confined to private life there would not be much cause for complaint. An Englishman's house is his castle. He can do what he pleases there, and is at liberty to be rude to his heart's content ; and those who visit him have the remedy in their own hands. But when this same rudeness is introduced into official life the matter becomes a public nuisance. An English officer when addressing a Portuguese or Eurasian lad is sure to call him Mr. D'Costa ; a Native gentleman, peradventure an Extra Ass., is as sure to be called plain Gunga Ram or Rohim Bux. Sometimes this is carried into official correspondence. Not long ago, the head of a certain department in a province not very far from one of the Presidency towns, issued an order to the officers of the department that a Native officer of standing and respectability, and belonging to one of the learned professions, should neither be mister'd nor esquir'd, but that in all official correspondence his full name should be written and nothing more. The position of the party issuing the order gave to it the sanction of the Government of the province ; and its effects were not only disagreeable to the person affected, but injurious to the public service. It is no easy matter for Natives of India to properly supervise and control European subordinates. An order like the above can have but one effect—adding to their difficulties and bringing them and their office into contempt. The gentleman, thus cavalierly treated, remonstrated, but was told that Natives had no right to expect to be addressed like Europeans, and that besides the thing was

denationalising, and therefore improper. Is this any reason why a Native gentleman should be addressed as a chimney sweep? A European or Eurasian, serving under this very Native gentleman, is sure to be addressed as Mr. Browne or Mr. Jones; when it comes to the turn of his master it is plain Uncle Tom. These little slights and insults have stings, and wound more than Europeans are willing to admit or are aware of.

Let me not be misunderstood. The instance I have adduced is peculiar to only one province and perhaps to only one branch of its administration. It is due perhaps to that *individualism* of which a respectable Indian journal is such an admirer. One cannot help however wishing that English individualism had a few ounces more of common sense in its composition.

I must in justice add that in this province Native gentlemen when written to in the vernacular are addressed in the style official etiquette demands. This is no doubt due to the letters in the vernacular being written by the Natives themselves. But whatever the reason, if Europeans object to address Natives as they do each other, or think an English affix or prefix to a Native name incongruous, let them adopt the Native method of address in its integrity.

It is perhaps a mere piece of vanity on the part of a certain section of the English speaking portion of the Native community to desire to be mister'd, and I am afraid our Native Christian friends are the greatest sinners in this respect; but after all it is a harmless piece of vanity. At the same time, Englishmen have no excuse in making themselves disagreeable, intentionally or otherwise. Civility never costs anything, but at times, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

THE BABU.

AHAB.

(A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.)

(Continued from page 170.)

*Scene VI.—The queen's bed-chamber. Ahab reclining on a royal
bedstead, Jezebel sitting near him.—*

AHAB.

The Syrians have been defeated and routed
At Aphek, yet I am not happy ! O—
How happy would I be if I possessed
Naboth's vineyard, that I may plant therein
Sweet herbs ; it is so near my palace, I
Would turn it to a garden and in the midst
Erect a summer-house o'er-lapped with leaves
And flowers, for thee and me, and at evening
When birds are musical, we would sit there
And listen to their notes, and the lowing
Of the distant herds, and sip the grape-juice
From goblets rare, and take our fill of joy !
There would we see the golden butterflies
Chase each other, and know what 'tis to love.

JEZEBEL.

My own dear Ahab !

AHAB.

But Naboth is a covetous crusty rogue
And does not yield ; he told me " God forbid
That I should sell my father's heritage
To thee though thou be king." I felt his words
Like a bedkin pierce my soul, I gulped them
As a bitter draught, therefore am I sad.

JEZEBEL.

Ahab ! Dost govern Israel,
And say for this thou'rt sad ? O foolish king,

Rise eat bread, and let thy heart be merry.
 I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth,
 I will write letters in thy name, and seal
 Them with thy seal, instructing the elders
 And the nobles to bring false witnesses
 Against the man that he has blasphemed God
 And the king, and when the case is proved they
 Shall carry out and stone him that he die.

AHAB.

A woman's soul is stronger than a man's.

JEZEBEL.

Rise and eat and let thy soul be merry.

Scene VII.—The vineyard of Naboth. Ahab and Elijah.

ELIJAH.

Thus saith the Lord,
 Hast thou killed and also ta'en possession?
*There where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth
 Shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.*

AHAB, (aside)

It is my old enemy Elijah,
 He has found me out!

ELIJAH.

Because thou hast sold thyself
 To work evil in the sight of the Lord,
 The Lord hath said "I will cut off thy heirs
 And make thy house like unto the house of
 Jeroboam son of Nebat, or like
 The house of Baasha son of Ahijah,
 For the provocation wherewith thou hast
 Provoked me to anger and made Israel
 To sin." Of Jezebel also spake He saying
 "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall
 Of Jezreel." Beware! Beware!

Scene VIII.—A void place in the entrance of the gate of Samaria, Ahab king of Israel and Jehoshaphat king of Judah in their royal robes sitting on two thrones. Prophets, Courtiers, messengers &c. ranged on either side.

AHAB.

I told thee, brother-king, Ramoth-Gilead
Is ours, yet the Syrians keep it from us,
And all the prophets gathered here this day
Have said, Go up to battle, for the Lord
Shall deliver it into our hands. But
There is yet one man, Micaiah, whom I
Have not consulted, he never prophesies
Good concerning me, him have I sent for,
And he must say in this assemblage, what
He doth think of our intended raid.

JEHOSHAPHAT.

I am as thou art, my men as thy men
My horses as thy horses.

One of the prophets Zedekiah, the son of Chenanah, with two horns of iron on his forehead darts out from the crowd and presents himself before Ahab saying :—

“Thus saith the Lord
With these thou shalt push the Syrians until
Thou hast consumed them.”

The rest of the prophets cry out.

“Go up to Ramoth Gilead
And prosper,
Go up to Ramoth Gilead
And prosper.”

Enter Messenger and Micaiah.

Messenger to Micaiah (aside)

Behold now the words of all the prophets
Have declared good unto the king, thy word

Should be like unto theirs, for thy own sake
Speak that which is good and no way evil.

MICAH.

As the Lord liveth,
What the Lord saith unto me that speak I.

AHAB.

What sayest thou ? Micah,
Shall we go up 'gainst Ramoth Gilead
To battle or forbear ?

MICAH.

Go and prosper, thou shalt win.

AHAB.

How many times must I adjure thee that
Thou tell me nothing in thy irony,
But speak the truth as it doth come to thee.

Micah (after a pause, fixing his eyes on vacancy.)

I saw all Israel scattered on the hills
As sheep without a shepherd ; the Lord said,
These have no master, let each return to
His own house in peace !

AHAB TO JEHOSEPHAT (*aside.*)

Did I not tell thee
That he would not prophesy good of me ?

MICAH.

I saw the Lord sitting upon his throne,
And all the host of heaven standing on His
Right hand and on the left, and the Lord said
Who shall persuade Ahab that he go up
To Ramoth-Gilead and fall ? one said this
Another that, till a lying spirit
Came forth and stood before Him saying, I
Will persuade him ; the Lord then asked—wherewith ?
And he answered I will go forth and be
A lying spirit in the mouth of all

His prophets, now therefore, behold, the Lord
Hath put a lying spirit in the mouths
Of these thy prophets !

*Zedekiah the son of Chenanah (going near and smiting Miciah
on the cheek.)*

Which way went the Spirit of the Lord from
Me to speak to thee ?

MICAH.

Behold, thou shalt see the day when thou shalt
Go into a chamber to hide thyself.

AHAB.

Take Micah and carry him back to
Ammon, governor of the city, say
Thus saith the king—Put this pestilent wretch
In prison, and feed him with bread and water
Of affliction, till I return in peace.
Now to battle !

*Scene IX.—Ramoth Gilead. Trumpets at a distance. Battle. Ahab
in disguise on his Chariot.*

AHAB.

The Syrian darts swim on the air in shoals,
Our troops retreat, the battle's well-nigh lost,
And I am wounded. Driver, turn thine hand
And carry me out of the host, the blood
Is gushing fast and I feel faint, carry
Me to the nearest pool and stanch this wound
And wash your chariot there. O the words of
That wild man are ringing in my ears,
I feel faint and fainter yet, I hope it is
Not death—O those words—Dost thou not hear them ?
“ *There where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth
Shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine* ”
Drive hard ! drive hard ! Oh !

[*dies*]

H. C. DUTT.

GRAND FATHER CHHAKESSUR :

OR

THE SENTIMENTS OF A KULIN BRAHMAN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

YOU have read in Cowper that "to talk is not to converse." Permit me to parody the seeming paradox for your benefit,—to wear clothes is not to dress.. If filthiness or scantiness of raiment were to argue scholarship, the famished Ooriah urchin would be the grandfather of Inductive Philosophy, and support my Lord Verulam by leading strings. Similarly if mere quantity or quality of apparel on the back were to constitute gentility, the Dhobee's donkey would be the most elegantly attired gentleman in all Christendom. The SLOVEN of choice—for there are maniacs who studiously collect the most nauseous rags about them, simply with a view to pass for sages, as if there can possibly exist any conceivable connection between disfiguration and wisdom,—I say the SLOVEN by election is as much a nuisance as the fish-woman's stall that exposes rotten *Hilsa* imported *via* Kooshtea, breeding maggots and sowing the seeds of spasmodic cholera throughout the land. His uncouth simplicity is but a mask to cover vanity. With him it is vulgar to bestow a single thought upon externals. He is *head* all over, thoroughly spiritual, and has neither time nor inclination to look to the comforts of the clay tabernacle. Nor are the peacock proclivities of the *FOR* less calculated to offend propriety than the vagaries of his half-brother. Indeed of the two animals, the latter is unquestionably entitled to the full credit of having attained the very sublime of absurdity. His Toilet is his heaven, and Pomatum and Bear's Grease are the gods of his idolatry, at whose shrines he catholically immolates all earthly considerations. With the fortitude of a martyr he adjusts and re-adjusts his hairs, and, after an entire "Iliad of adventures," succeeds in partially pasting down the refractory.

porcupine quills, destined, in his own estimation at least, to challenge the admiration of all observers, just as the fascinations of the painted Machuabazar *houri* are supposed to work a potent charm on every passer-by. Next to this loathsome white-washed sepulchre is the detestable Buffoon, and your be-pasted, be-powdered Mr. FOR is buffoon *par excellence*. He ventriloquizes the slang of London and vociferates the bugbear of Massachusetts, as his prototype plays the ass and the jackal—for lucre, base lucre, as he styles it in his lumpy lucubrations on occasions of postprandial exhibitions so much in vogue during these dog-days of rampant speechifications. Such bare-faced offences against decorum should be visited with more severe punishment than offences against person or property. For my own part, I could much rather take a tight box on the ear, or have my pocket picked on the railway jetty, than suffer a blockhead sadly to disturb the equipoise of the whole system by graceless juggleries that unsettle every nerve. A black eye, or the loss of a pound, is nothing in comparison to the agonising perturbations of the soul in witnessing a depravity that sinks man lower than the lowest and meanest creature in existence. It must be admitted that a readiness to take leave of old institutions when they stand in the way of solid improvements, bespeaks a commendable courage of which every body may justly be proud; that a slavish adherence to palpable anachronisms, and a hydrophobic dread of change, would have left our race still in primeval ignorance, dooming us to the undignified necessity of elbowing the wild beasts for bare subsistence. Yet, after every thing said and done, there is a cyclopedia of truth in the well-known dictum of old JUDHISTHIRA—The path of the elders is the right path. You seem to be at a loss to discover at whom this musty conservative tirade is aimed. Well, my boy, I will tell you at once in the language of NATHAN to DAVID, “Thou art the man.”

In the name of every thing sacred in heaven and on earth, I arraign thee, Paramananda, before the tribunal of Com-

MON SENSE, and charge thee with high treason and seditious conspiracy to subvert the hereditary sovereignty of CUSTOM that you may riot in the confusion of anarchy. Yes; yours is the unenviable felicity of completing the obliteration of every vestige of our time-honored nationality, and reversing the orthodox process recorded in the book of Genesis. There the different elements involved in chaos were separated; here you merge, as it were, the different elements into chaos again. Two brothers, they say, on the strength of their exemplary fraternal affection, extorted the award of immortality from the gods, who, subsequently repenting of their concession, applied to NARADA for effecting a breach, and were advised to form a female, possessed of every personal attraction, to create dissensions between the ardent youths. So the flute nose of one deity, the lotus eye of another, the ruby lips of a third, were all tacked together in the model beauty TILOTYAMA; your mongrel dress, my dear Param, has raised an inanimate Tilotyama, to which have contributed the fashions of all civilized and uncivilized regions all round the globe. Though not exactly as captivating in appearance as the Crystal Palace, you display the costumes of Peking and Paris, of Siam and Liverpool. You are, in short, a locomotive *Kosmos* of the Fine Arts of all nations. To which the suburban spice depot serves as a double foil, and sets off the curiosity shop to indescribable advantage. Now, child, tell me candidly, if your so-called education has left a grain or two of candidness in that skeleton of yours, when you see a figure of deep bronze with "top boots, silk dhuty, alpaca shooting coat, and sola hat," dancing polka, are you not powerfully reminded of the ape in the circus caricaturing the IRON DUKE? It is idle to talk of free will in matters of convention. The reputed lord of creation is but a galley slave condemned to jog on within a groove like the oil-man's bullock harnessed to his clumsy machinery. Depart from that groove, and you raise a hornet's nest about your ears, making fair earth the down-right *dozukh* it appears in the eye of

the happy celestials. The Jackass whom the philosophic Descartes, of *cogito* transparency, looks down upon as no better than a corkscrew, and the still more erudite Lamark converts into a ditch for efflux, deflux, conflux, and I know not what besides, the Jackass loitereth where it liketh, and observeth the laws of nature whenever and wherever it pleaseth. Not so the great Claimant TICHBORNE. He must eat by homœopathy, drink by alopathy, sleep by stratagem, and court ladies by bombardment. He must discharge his organic functions by complicated games of hide and seek, and fulfil the first commandment of his maker by stealth at the dead of night! The same tyrant custom which prescribes restraints in other matters, restrains the exercise of free will with reference to dress. You can no more dispense with the injunctions of the imperious Dictator than you can dispense with dress itself, and stalk, Adam fashion, in the crowded streets of the metropolis, with fair prospects of boarding and lodging, at state expense, for six calendar months, under the fostering care of Mr. Samuel Wauchope and his wide awake assistants. Count yourself fortunate that you are not already within the formidable walls of the Lal Bazar house. That you are yet at large is entirely owing to the liberality of rulers whom you would, if you could, pack off in one lot express to Jericho to-morrow. Depend upon it, my dear fellow, if I had any voice in the matter, I would without fail transport to Port Blair every social transgressor for fourteen years certain, to teach the brazen-faced fool that homicide of nationality is more culpable than individual homicide. What is the life of a man compared to the life of a nation? The man dies, his widow sheds a few tears, his infants live on black bread for a while, and then, according to the provisions of your cosmopolitan marriage bill, the broken hearted relict transfers the love she bore to husband No. 1, to husband No. 2, and, with that diplomatic transfer, transfers the whole litter of "naughties" belonging to "my dear" that *was* to "my dear" that *is*, and so on *toties quoties* to the end of the tragedy, containing sundry extra acts not

dreamt of in the *Poetics* of Aristotle. But the broadcast landmarks of nationality, once obliterated, are for ever lost to the world. Like the sites of Tyre and Babylon they must remain mere matters of conjecture to the future historian. For, penetrating, very penetrating, indeed, must that genius be which will be able to realize the least glimpse of our country's dress from this whimsical compound of yours. Shred after shred is fast disappearing and tending to the goal which expunges all distinctions between the Baboo and the Chhunamgully worthy revelling in leeks, country pork, and toddy. Strange ambition on the part of a descendant of the sun and the moon to be lost in mulattoes, without a name, without a local habitation! What feat do you purpose to achieve by this most irrational of all irrational hobbies? One thing you have most unquestionably succeeded in effecting, and that is, to render yourself supremely ridiculous. In our school days, during a Doorga Puja vacation, in the company of a select number of chuins, bent on spree, we met a village grandee, evidently a fresh importation, trudging with dignity, proud of his bushy crop of hair, and condemned the indulgence of so vulgar a taste. The fellow, perhaps a little bit of a gentleman farmer in the land of the foxes and wolves, irate at being so unceremoniously accosted by a band of beardless schoolboys, sharply turned round, and sobbed out:—"Is not my head my own? I will make a public urinal of it. Who will stand between me and my will?" Verily, Param, thou hast asserted the urinal-making privilege with a vengeance!

An eminent orientalist, and a thorough friend to the natives, in a private letter addressed to a youth of this country the other day, said:—"What I want to see in India is the rising of a national spirit, an honest pride in your past history, a discriminating love of your ancient literature. All this need in no way interfere with a determinate effort to make your future better and brighter even than your past. Take all that is good in Europe, only do not try to become Europeans, but remain

what you are." Beautiful! Only, says the erudite Max Muller, *do not try to become Europeans!* Such advice, especially from such a quarter, is worth all the diamonds in Golconda. The only pity is, it is thrown away like pearls before swine. YOUNG BENGAL is dead drunk with conceit, and pays no heed to counsel. Now that he has learnt to jabber English, the only thing remaining, he fancies, is to denationalise himself as fast as he can, and surreptitiously to creep into the ranks of the whites, quite unconscious of the wide gulf yawning between. There are lots of noble traits in the English character which you may borrow to advantage, without laying yourself open to cutting criticisms provoked by your insane anxiety to drop the Bengali. For instance, you can learn from an English gentleman to cast a handful or so of ballast into your empty hold, and prevent the frail bark from rolling side to side, to the disgrace of the high offices to which you have been Meer Jaffered, by blending the Bench and the Bar with common *Jattrawallah* boys. Music is a divine art. None loves music more than I do. But I would no more think of humming a *Tappa* with a stage player than think of committing suicide. There be amiable enthusiasts who would add music, both vocal and instrumental, to the University curriculum. They forget that there is a slight difference between latitudes 22 and 51. That it is one thing to build, and another to repair. You may mould and shape the new Post Office dome just as you like, but the Taj must be handled with more caution, lest the beauty of the entire fabric be marred by the rough-shod engineering of the Public Works Department. There is perhaps nothing very indelicate in the whole household together trying a fantastic round of Jim Jim Crow, but this is not the custom of our country, and I object to it precisely on the same ground on which I object to the blind imitation which makes you a bye-word, alike with friends and foes. Could you, by some sort of ubiquity, overhear the conversation at the table you have just left, after largely taxing the the philosophy of the assembly by mimicked lingo and queer

habiliments, you will certainly have scanty reasons to be proud of the dinner *a la mode*, which was, to all intents and purposes, a regular show, like that of the Ourang-outang taught to uncork beer bottles. The Bengali is indelibly stamped on your face,—a Bengali you must remain to the crack of doom. It is easy enough to help yourself to a fourth-hand thread-bare coat, hawked in the Bazar, but that will no more make you an Englishman than the *Paita* borrowed or purloined, for securing a higher rate of bounty on *Shrad* occasions, will make the low caste brick-layer a Brahman. There is no difficulty in donning the stray lion's hide, but what about the bray? Aye, there is the rub.

Dress is the gasometer of good breeding. Nothing betrays ill manners so markedly as caprice in this respect. It is a drumhead proclamation of the Foundling, tutored in the school of negligent liberty, that displays itself in every syllable and gesture, showing a total blank of parentage, and the very acme of bare-facedness that fully qualifies him for felony itself. He soars above the regions of blushes, and surveys the wreck of Social Science with the placidity of Nero. Perched on the pinnacle of hardihood he fiddles away, and chuckles over the conflagration, with greater gusto than does the hungry Pariah over the mangled carcass on the beach. The decently dressed dunce is safe, nay respectable, so long as he maintains silence. Here dearth of brain remains undiscovered. His defect lies buried deep within him, giving no cause of umbrage to the outside world. But your parti-colored parrot brandishes his badge of infamy, and glories in the Vandal outrage to refined taste. Knaves applaud the mad antics, just as street-boys applaud the senseless tune of the drunkard to encourage emphasis to the howl. Leviathan perceives it not. His blunted sensibility takes sneer for praise, and redoubles its energy, to keep up the farce, attributing the remonstrance of well-meaning friends to jealousy! Jealousy? Educated English gentlemen jealous of a half-witted supercilious, sophisticated Bengali bore! Jealous of the genuine Anglo-Saxon cut of the hair? Jealous of the

om tat sat ring? Jealous of the gilt Albert chain attached to an antediluvian silver watch which has out-lived the age of keeping time? Or jealous of the transcendental harangue, unencumbered with head or tail, reason or rhyme, twanged out in the theatre of the Medical College for the edification of compatriots yet in their teens? No, the time for jealousy is not yet come; and, if such continues to be the outcome of your College course, perhaps it never shall. Param! You mistake their motive. Real benevolence grieves at the unfortunate turn you have given to affairs, and still more at the painful future you are about to substitute for that contemplated by those philanthropists who inaugurated this extensive system of education, based on the most catholic principles. Somehow or other it has been your singular misfortune, in all matters, to disappoint your friends, and to feed the mirth of those who would make a laughing-stock of you, by plentifully supplying them with ocular demonstrations that that mirth, however galling to all right-minded men, is by no means without provocation. They triumphantly appeal to your whims, and taunt those who anticipated different results from lending a helping hand to a fallen race. A thankless task is always unpleasant. It becomes positively intolerable when linked with the bravado of rascals whom you know to be in the wrong, but whose rascality is allowed countenance by the freaks of your own proteges.

If the devil himself, bent on your ruin, were to suggest a code of etiquette, he could not, I think, recommend one so eminently calculated to secure the fiendish end than that which you have prepared for yourself. Cry Eureka! Param! Cry Eureka! You have made a discovery that completely casts into the shade all other discoveries, ancient or modern, physical or metaphysical. It is a new solution of maxima and minima, that combines against all laws hitherto known of permutation or combination, the maximum quantity of public ridicule and the minimum quantity of personal comfort. Any one can understand the asceticism of the anchorite

fanned by the acclamations of a host of faithful followers. There is something so very ticklish in applause that a man would risk his very life for it. History abounds in instances of men, sensible men too, who have sought the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. The windy pursuit is doubtless slightly inconsistent ; but would to Heaven, GENUS HOMO had to answer for this inconsistency only. Nor is the indulgence of the voluptuary altogether inexplicable. No volley of abuse, he argues, can weigh against tangible Turkey that soothes the palate, and what is still more to the purpose, gratifies a craving for which a mother is said to have been compelled to roast her first-begotten during the siege of Jerusalem. Snug between the bed sheets kept warm by Desdemona, the Moor can well afford to laugh to scorn the clamour of the rabble. But abuse, minus the bed fellow, is a sort of subtraction unknown to Algebra. I have seen,—and, Param, you will give me the credit of having seen a few things with this basketful of years on my back, especially as in our days men walked about all eyes and ears, and not like disproportioned paper-kites that tend, as you do, to one side alone defying all attempts to make them float steady,—I have seen nothing in the whole animal kingdom more deserving of human pity than the rustic bridegroom pilloried on the decorated upborne stage. The wretch is forthwith deprived of all command over his limbs, as if the limbs themselves were borrowed, together with the regal purple. He is as stiff as a collapsed Typhoid fever patient just about to kick the bucket. The jail bird in heavy irons is far better off than this prey of a hiveful of wasps stinging from top to toe, not having the courage to budge by the breadth of a hair either to the right or to the left. The crimson velvet and the rich lace not only serve to make the sable hue more visible, but bring such an interminable train of discomforts along with them, that the poor fellow would gladly forego the prospect of a seraglio of wives to be restored to his usual rags that sit so beautifully light on him, leaving him perfectly free to practise.

gymnastics without let or hindrance. You have purchased a like world of discomforts, and that at an awful price. You cannot deny that the melancholy bargain has robbed you of the little credit due to your attainments. It has put back the handle of the clock of advancement, by alienating the affections of foreigners laudably engaged in forwarding your views by gradually throwing open to you different offices of trust and emolument. The rulers of the land are shocked when you try to make yourself quite at home in their presence in the same way as Alexander Selkirk was shocked by the familiarity of the beasts that roamed over the plain. People find it difficult to believe that any real worth can possibly be associated with such "ill-balanced" intellect as would fain palm on others a claim to distinction by ludicrous renovations of "crystalized" institutions regulating our social intercourse.

In dress, as in style, there are numberless offences which elude apprehension with impunity. Employ the detectives of Horne Tooke and other myrmidons of the literary police if you like, you will never catch one part of speech in the room of another. You dare not suspect this or that objective without running amuck against all the clauses, past, present or future, of the critical procedure. It is like Cæsar's wife above suspicion. The accused co-respondent has been declared Neuter by the Faculty, and as such is incapable of having any connection with any objective whatever, here or elsewhere. In other words, as far as the technicalities go, the composition is unexceptionable; but yet there is something that grates on the ear. It wants the easy flow of euphony that melts the soul and spreads a thrill throughout the entire frame. So there may be nothing to find fault with in the costume itself, the cut of the shooting coat may be quite according to the fashion of the day. But put it on the back of a blackee, and you spoil the thing altogether. Dress to be graceful must be national. The why and wherefore it is not easy to discover. We are not in all cases prepared to assign a reason for our disapprobation. The emo-

tion is too sudden to wait for syllogisms. The mind is taken by surprise. It is stunned as it were by the phenomenon, and we condemn it, perhaps because it snaps asunder the chain of old associations, just as a gelding, broken to the saddle, kicks against the harness. Thousands of people are daily embracing the faith of the Prophet without creating the least noise, but a recent conversion at Delhi has galvanized the civilized world from pole to pole. It is not because the renegade is a Civil Servant; it is not because he is a Deputy Commissioner; but simply because he is a Saxon. A Saxon Muhammadan is an ugly anomaly as is a Baboo in Saxon garb. His quondam co-religionists view the change in the same painful light in which we view your absurd metamorphosis. The boldness of the step involves too undisguised a defiance of public opinion to be a matter of indifference. The most obtuse of observers is roused to a sense of humility, and the unbiassed members of all communities mechanically join the chorus of execration. Other eccentricities escape open censure on account of their comparative privacy, which, of itself, is an implied compliment to general usage, however differing from your individual practice. When you apply to a pharmaceutical chemist for essence to sweeten your breath with a futile attempt to cover the midnight potations, you indirectly show a regard to the feelings of your neighbours which almost induces them to wink at your intemperate habits. They know full well that habitual drunkenness is the royal road to certain warm regions not to be named, but they are loath to add to your sufferings by blunt reproof. The ever-recurring nausea and lassitude, the gradual prostration of mental and physical strength, the inevitable bankruptcy in purse and reputation, supplemented by lever, dropsy, hemorrhage, and all the other legacies of Madam Pandora, plead for pity, and they fondly cling to the hope that the eyes of the miscreant will ultimately be opened by the very maladies to which he is an eternal victim. They continue to hope against hope, and suffer the culprit to go unmolested. His misdemeanour is at any rate

an in-door misdemeanour, and ostensibly concerns nobody else but the blunderer himself. Not so your Dress which is unmistakeably intended for public exhibition. Hence the up country proverb :—" *Ap rochi khana pur rochi pahenna.*"

THE NATIVE MINISTRY.

BY A NATIVE MINISTER.

THE current number of the *Indian Evangelical Review* contains an article on the "Native Ministry" from the pen of the Rev. G. Kerry, Baptist Missionary in Calcutta, which deserves notice, not only on account of the importance of the subject of which it treats, but also on account of the excellent spirit in which it is written, and of the liberal views,—liberal as coming from a European Missionary,—which it takes of the relations which should obtain between European and Native Missionaries. Mr. Kerry devotes fully a third part of his essay to the consideration of a class of men, with whom the subject of his article has no concern. He treats of the character and qualifications of those Mission agents who are called Colporteurs, Readers, Catechists, Preachers, and we know not by what other names besides. We do not despise these men. On the contrary, we have great respect for many of them; and they render important and valuable help to the cause of Missions in India. But they are not "Ministers" in any intelligible sense of that word and should therefore have no place in an essay on the Native Ministry. Passing by Mr. Kerry's remarks on those non-commissioned agents of Indian Missions, we direct our attention to what he says regarding the Bengali ordained Ministers.

Mr. Kerry admits that the Native Ministers have "culture, intellectual power and activity, zeal and piety"; that they "generally win the love and regard of Missionaries and their Native Christian brethren, and obtain considerable honour from Hindus and Muhammadans"; and that "their influence

as a body of Christian Ministers is in many ways powerful for good." Notwithstanding these admissions, Mr. Kerry thinks the Native Ministry on the whole to be unsatisfactory. "There is in it some great and serious deficiency. We are inclined to think that it has been formed and trained too closely on modern foreign models, and that therefore it is cramped and fettered; there seems to be a want of naturalness and freedom in it. It is too quiet, retiring, unobtrusive and unaggressive. It seems to be wanting much in evangelistic fire and energy."

As we do not know to what "modern foreign models" Mr. Kerry alludes, we can make nothing of the vague expressions "cramped and fettered," "want of naturalness and freedom." Perhaps he means that Native Ministers labour under the serious disadvantage of being acquainted with the English language, and that in consequence they want "naturalness and freedom," which qualities they would have in perfection if they were guiltless of all acquaintance with that language,—especially as, in the estimation of Mr. Kerry, some mere vernacular preachers, who are ignorant of the English language, are superior to the Bengali ordained Ministers in what he calls "power" in preaching. But we will not dwell on this point any longer as Mr. Kerry has not explained himself fully upon it, and we might be doing him injustice, which we should be sorry to do,—though it is a well known fact that some Missionaries of the Society to which Mr. Kerry belongs have a perfect horror of the English language in connection with their converts. Some years since, a Native Christian friend of the present writer visited the Baptist Mission Premises in Calcutta, over which Mr. Kerry now so worthily presides, but which were then under the supervision of a pious and highly respected Missionary now, we believe, retired. The Missionary asked our friend whether he was studying English, and on being told that he was at that time reading Abercrombie's work on the "Intellectual Powers," the pious Missionary lifted up both his hands in horror, and said—"What? Abercrombie! You

must be getting very proud. Don't visit my converts, for I much fear you will spoil them by putting high notions into their heads." We can vouch for the authenticity of this story as we heard it from the party immediately after its occurrence.

Mr. Kerry looks upon it as a defect of the Native Ministers that they are "too quiet, retiring, unobtrusive and unaggressive." A higher compliment could not have been paid to them. It shows that Bengali Ministers have set a high ideal before them. What, after all, is the model, the pattern, which all Christian Ministers ought to strive to imitate? It is neither Paul nor Cephas nor Barnabas. The pattern is the ministry of our blessed Lord, the "Apostle and High Priest of our profession." And what were the characteristics of our blessed Lord's ministry? Who so "quiet, retiring, unobtrusive and unaggressive" as Jesus of Nazareth? And though "He taught as one having authority," yet were they "gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth," tempered with the "meekness of wisdom" and the "gentleness" of love. This was the high ideal of St. Paul and of all the holy Apostles. And like this, too, is the picture of a godly Minister portrayed by the Christian poet—

"Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impressed
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men."

This is the picture of a true and faithful Minister of the

Gospel, according to St. Paul, and our blessed Lord Himself ; and it is the picture, according to Mr. Kerry's own showing, of the Native Ministers of Bengal. But Mr. Kerry is dissatisfied with this type of ministry. It is a tame affair. He wants "evangelistic fire [whatever that may mean] and energy." Mr. Kerry evidently admires that class of English Dissenting Ministers, who are the opposite of "quiet, retiring and unobtrusive"; who are "tattlers and busy-bodies," poking their noses into matters with which they, as Ministers, have no concern ; who, though blessed with little brains, look upon themselves as so many Isaiahs and St. Pauls, and speak as if they were such ; who constantly bewail the want of "life " in every other communion than that to which they themselves belong ; who, being themselves unlearned, expatiate on the vanity of all learning ; who mistake throat-exercise for eloquence, impudence for zeal, power of the lungs for power in preaching, and violent gesticulations of the body for spiritual unction. We have seen some specimens of preachers, we do not say Native preachers, of this "powerful " and "fiery " class, who roared at the utmost pitch of their voice, gesticulated violently, showed their fists and gnashed their teeth at impenitent sinners, and so thumped the pulpit that it bade fair to break into shivers ;—and we could not help regarding the indecent exhibition as a mockery of religion and of divine worship.

"In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;
Object of my implacable disgust.

* * * *

I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine ; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labour, and tho' much admir'd
By curious eyes and judgments ill inform'd,

To me is odious as the nasal twang
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
 Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bedstrid."

Mr. Kerry must know that what he calls "evangelistic fire"—which is generally nothing but clouds of smoke with no spiritual light, no spiritual heat—is usually unaccompanied with the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit. Nowhere are we more impressively taught this important truth than in that sublime scene witnessed by the prophet Elijah beside a cave on Mount Horeb. "A great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind." After the wind, came an earthquake; "but the Lord was not in the earthquake." After the earthquake, came a *fire*; "but the Lord was not in the fire." After the fire there came "a still small voice;" and the Lord *was* in that still small voice. "Evangelistic fire," evangelistic whirlwinds, evangelistic earthquakes, may be very grand things, and may be "much admired by curious eyes and judgments ill-informed;" but they seldom serve for edification, being usually unaccompanied with the demonstration of the Spirit. Though Bengali Ministers have neither "evangelistic fire," nor evangelistic "energy"—which "energy" chiefly manifests itself, we suppose, in the rapid movements of the arms, in an unearthly shrieking, and in the incessant thumping of the pulpit—thank God, they have in the midst of them, by Mr. Kerry's own showing, the "still small voice."

It is instructive to remark, that Mr. Kerry reproaches the Native Ministers with "quietness," when St. Paul incessantly inculcates upon the Christians and preachers of his days the lesson of quietness; and when the same virtue is regarded as a prominent qualification of a Minister in the Anglican Church. At the ordination of a Priest, the Bishop asks—"Will you maintain and set forwards, as much as lieth in you, *quietness*, peace and love, among all Christian people, and especially

among them that are or shall be committed to your charge?" And the Priest piously answers—"I will so do, the Lord being my helper." But perhaps the Reviewer is of the opinion that, though "among all Christian people" Ministers should maintain quietness, amongst the heathen they may be "brawlers."

Mr. Kerry next asks the solemn question—"Has there not been hitherto a signal failure in the efforts made to call forth a vigorous and powerful Native ministry?" We call this a solemn question, for it is not a light matter to sit in judgment upon a respectable body of clergymen, though natives of India, who have had the benefits of a systematic training, and who have been ordained by Bishops, Presbyteries, and other ecclesiastical authorities; and a body too, to whom Mr. Kerry himself has given the credit of possessing "culture, intellectual power and activity, *zeal* and *piety*." If in answering any question there is required much of wisdom, deliberation, caution and Christian charity, it is in a question like the above. How does the Reviewer answer it? "Candour requires the answer to be made in the affirmative," that is to say, "there has been a signal failure in the efforts hitherto made to call forth a vigorous and powerful Native Ministry"; or in other words, the present Bengali Ministers of the Gospel are a dead failure. We do not stop to enquire whether the Reviewer's answer is consistent with Christian charity, with a desire not to wound the feelings of brethren in the ministry, albeit they are of a dark complexion; but is the Reviewer's answer consistent with his own admissions? He has admitted that the Native Ministers, as a body, have culture, intelligence, zeal and piety. What other qualification, we should like to know, is necessary to the making of a godly, efficient, or if you like, a vigorous and powerful Minister? Are not piety, zeal and learning enough? Let the Reviewer tell us from those passages in the Epistles, which describe the qualifications of Ministers, what other qualification is necessary than piety, zeal and learning? But the Reviewer's representa-

tive Minister is neither of Pauline nor Johanian nor Petrine type. He has discovered a fourth qualification,—in addition to piety, zeal and learning,—which was not required in apostolic times. That newly-discovered qualification is “evangelistic fire.” The Reviewer is not satisfied with pious, zealous and learned Ministers. In all Ministers of this type there is “some great and serious deficiency,” and that is “evangelistic fire.” Mr. Kerry will not be satisfied unless the Native Ministers, “*fire* in each eye, and paper in each hand, rave, recite, and madden round the land.” We are happy to say that the culture and intelligence, for which the Reviewer gives credit to the Native Ministers, prevent them from perpetrating the antics of religious mountebanks, which he seems so highly to value; and the “piety,” which he also ascribes to them, keeps them from degrading religion into a solemn mockery and farce.

After deciding that the Native ministry is a “signal failure,” the Evangelical Reviewer proceeds to enquire into the causes of this failure, which he finds to be two-fold; “*first*, the ministry as it now exists in this country seems to be, to a great extent made and fashioned by men;” “*second*, the Native ministry “has been placed in a wholly subordinate position to the foreign Missionary.” Such being the causes of the failure, their removal would tend towards the formation of “a vigorous and powerful Native ministry.” According to the Reviewer, then, two things will bring on this happy consummation;—“*first*, “the men must be such as are called of God and fitted by God for their great work;” and “*second*, “there must be a change wrought in the relation which these men bear to Missionary Societies, to foreign Missionaries, and to the Western forms of Christianity.” We will, in what remains of this article, touch only upon the first of these points, reserving the second, which is a very large and wide subject, for a separate article in a future number of this Magazine.

We admit that there is an essential distinction between what is quaintly called “man-made” Ministers and “God-made”

Ministers ; and the difference lies in this, that the latter feel a spiritual impulse in them to preach the Gospel which the former do not. But the great practical question is, How are these "God-made" Ministers to be got? Though the Reviewer finds fault with the system hitherto pursued in the formation of the Native ministry, he does not propound any new system of his own ; indeed, it would appear from the tenour of his remarks, that nothing should be done in this matter, but that the Church should only wait and pray. "What is needed then by those on whom devolves the human responsibility of appointing men to the ministry, is a clear and devout recognition of God's right to choose His Ministers, patient submission to that right, and a firm belief that God will in His own fit time choose and send forth labourers into his harvest." But the question is, How will God choose and send forth labourers into His vineyard? Will He do it through the medium of some human instrumentality, or will He do it miraculously? One would suppose from the manner in which Mr. Kerry talks that, if he wished to have some Native Ministers for the Society to which he himself belongs, he would not have to train up men, but it simply to look up to Heaven, and on some fine summer morning he would see the heavens opened, and hear a voice saying—"Ho, Mr. Kerry! Here are half a dozen "vigorous and powerful" Native Ministers. They are my men, not man's men. I have put into them a good deal of evangelistic fire."

We do not know what method, if any, in training Native Ministers, is adopted in the Mission with which Mr. Kerry is connected ; but the system, hitherto pursued by the representatives in India of the Anglican Church and of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, seem to be not only unexceptionable, but similar in principle to the systems pursued in England and Scotland. In the Bishop's College, in former days—for at present the College does not seem to be fulfilling the end for which it was established—young men, hopefully pious, and desirous of entering

the ministry, were taken through a regular course of studies in Divinity, Church History, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; and before episcopal hands were laid upon them, care was taken to ascertain—so far as it is possible for human beings to be sure in such a matter—that the young men had really a vocation from God. In the Scotch Missions, a similar system was pursued. Though there was no separate College for the purpose, the Scotch Missionaries had in former days a Divinity Class, in which earnest young men, who were candidates for the ministry, pursued their studies in Philosophy, Systematic Theology, Church History, Greek and Hebrew. Their conduct was under the supervision of the Presbytery, and one or two members of the Presbytery were appointed to superintend their preaching in the vernacular in the streets and Chapels. They were then *licensed* after passing through a severe ordeal of examinations; and it was only three or four or more years after they had been licensed, that they were ordained by the Presbytery on ascertaining, so far as it is possible to ascertain, that they were really called of God to the ministry.

Such are the systems which have produced the older class of the Native Ministers; and though these Native Ministers have their defects—and what Ministers have not theirs?—they are men of culture, intelligence, zeal and piety; men who are quietly, unobtrusively, unostentatiously pursuing their holy vocation;—labouring, however, under this terrible deficiency, that they are wanting in the “evangelistic fire” of the Evangelical Reviewer.

A NATIVE MINISTER.

TO A FRIEND.

1.

For thee, for thee, the starry wreath
That decks the evening sky,
For thee, for thee, the azure flowers
Upon the hill-tops high.

2.

For thee, for thee, the silent sea
With all its wealth of shells,
For thee, for thee, the Druid oak,
Or those soft minster bells.

3.

For thee, for thee, a solitude,
By kindly Nature sent,
To gather patience for thy work
And hoard a life-content.

4.

For thee, for thee, Religion's light
Undimmed by priestly saw,
A flowing tide from God Himself,
A tide of love and awe.

5.

For thee, for thee, the *mind* that makes
The poet and the sage,
Who leaves to nations yet unborn
The impress of his age.

H. C. DUTT.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

PANDIT Ramgati Nayaratna, Sanskrit Professor in the Berhampore College, has written a most interesting work on Bengali literature.* It is in two volumes, or rather parts. The prolegomenon, in which the writer traces the rise and progress of the Bengali language, contains some very useful and valuable matter. Bengali literature itself is divided into three periods, the primitive period, the mediæval period, and the modern period. The only two poets mentioned as having flourished in the primitive period, are Vidyapati and Chandidas. In that period the language was hardly formed ; it was more like Hindi than modern Bengali. The mediæval period commenced from the advent of the great Vaishnava reformer Chaitanya, whose disciples gave considerable impetus to the progress of Bengali literature. The great work of that sect is the *Chaitanya Charitamrita*, which is, however, profusely interlarded with Sanskrit quotations chiefly from the *Srimadbhagavat*. During this period flourished Kirtibas, the translator of the *Ramayana* ; Mukundarama Chakravarti, the author of the *Chandi* ; Kasirama, the translator of the *Mahabharata* ; and Rama Prasad, the composer of some popular songs. The modern period of Bengali literature is dated from Bharat Chandra Raya, the consideration of some of whose poems formed the subject of an article in the last number of this Magazine ; and it is traced to the present day. Pandit Ramgati Nayaratna has bestowed considerable pains on the composition of this work, and has collected original materials regarding the lives of some of the Bengali poets. It is no fault of the Nayaratna that the lives of most of the older poets are scanty, the fact being that little or nothing of them is known. The criticisms on the works of the poems, though not profound, are on the whole just ; and we

* *A Discourse on the Bengali Language and Literature*. with a Brief Account of the Lives of the Famous Bengali Authors, together with short criticisms on their works. Parts I. and II. By Ramgati Nayaratna. Hooghly. Budhodaya Press, Samvat, 1930

are much pleased with the author's remarks on contemporary literature. The Pandit's style of composition we regard as exceedingly good; it is neither high-flown Sanskritized Bengali, nor the vulgar *patois* of the million. It is a manly and pure style, intelligible to all. We have no doubt the work will be popular.

Babu Charu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya has presented us with a "Summary View of the Vedas."* The "view" will be deemed too brief when it is considered that the summary consists of only twenty-nine pages octavo. Yet there is a great deal of interesting matter in the pamphlet. We hardly agree with the writer when he says that monotheism formed the fundamental doctrine of the Vaidik religion. This is scarcely consistent with the fact that Indra (the firmament), Agni (fire), and Savitri (the sun), are the divinities whose praises are celebrated in by far the largest portion of the hymns of the Rig Veda. So far as we know, there is not a single hymn in praise of the one and only God. The passage which the writer gives in proof of his position is, we suspect, from the more recent portions of the Vaidik writings. For the rest, the pamphlet is well written, and will repay perusal.

Last month we noticed the commencement of a reprint of Malone's Shakspeare; this month we notice with equal pleasure that Messrs. M. and B. Ghosh have begun to reprint Todd's valuable edition of Milton. The first part, which is before us, contains the beginning of *Comus*. It is well got up.

We also notice with no little pleasure that Babu Mahendra Nath Ghosh is reprinting the *Collected Works* of the eminent orientalist, Sir William Jones. The first No. contains four of the "Anniversary Discourses" and a portion of the fifth. We hope the editor will stick to the text, and not favour us with his own compositions which are by no means the best specimens of correct and pure English.

We have read with much pleasure and profit Mr. Ganpatrao

* *A Summary View of the Vedas*. Compiled by Charu Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. Calcutta: Metropolitan Press. 1873.

Raghunath Navalkar's little treatise on the *Elementary Truths of Religion*.* It is divided into six Chapters. The *first* Chapter treats of the "Being of a God;" the *second*, of the "Unity of God;" the *third*, of the "Infinity of God's Perfections;" the *fourth*, of the "Benevolence of God in harmony with the existence of Evil in the world;" the *fifth*, of the "Providence of God;" and the *sixth*, of the "Divine Government." The book is characterized by the cogency of its arguments and the purity of its diction. The object the author had in publishing the book, or rather re-casting it in its present form, he himself tells us in the Preface which we give here entire :—

"The following paper was first published in the year 1863 in the late Miscellany of Messrs. Chesson and Woodhall, and is now reprinted, with some modifications, for the benefit of young men troubled with doubts on the points which it treats of. The partial system of instruction pursued by Government, in conformity with the policy of neutrality, has not been favourable to the production of religious belief in young students, and I have met with not a few who have acknowledged themselves to be absolute sceptics, for want of an intellectual basis for their faith. I earnestly hope that the following pages may prove of service to some of these youths.

"Since my essay is especially designed for educated men, I have not refrained from abstract reasoning, but I must acknowledge that, although I have sought to convince the understanding, it is important to bear in mind that faith—satisfying, purifying faith—has its foundation chiefly in the wants and needs of the soul: what satisfies these cravings may not displace all intellectual difficulties, but, it may, nevertheless, command our heartfelt acceptance.

"Perhaps, it may not be superfluous to state that the method of demonstration pursued by me is thoroughly Scriptural, being based upon the following passage from the Epistle to the Romans: "THE INVISIBLE THINGS OF HIM (GOD) FROM THE CREATION OF THE WORLD ARE CLEARLY SEEN, BEING UNDERSTOOD BY THE THINGS THAT ARE MADE, EVEN HIS ETERNAL POWER AND GODHEAD, SO THAT THEY (MANKIND) ARE WITHOUT EXCUSE." Rom. i. 20. As it is vicious philosophy to seek deeper knowledge of natural objects than what is relative and phenomenal, so it is vicious theology that would abandon experience for transcendental speculation. Independently of the aid of inspiration, we can know nothing beyond what is attainable by the exercise of the senses and the reflective faculty, and when men have sought to arrive at a knowledge of what may be above and beyond the phenomenal, as the philosophers, of the *noumenon*, and the theologians, of the Absolute and the Infinite, they have made shipwreck of all sober philosophy and theology.

"I am deeply indebted to the works of Butler, Paley, Chalmers, and M'Cosh, which I would humbly recommend to my readers for further demonstration. I have availed myself but little of the works which have been recently published in England; and I would, in conclusion, express regret that for want of a good Theological Library in Bombay—the utility of which even to Christian, unengaged in evangelistic labours is immense—much valuable Christian literature is utterly lost to the Missionary Enterprise in Western India."

* *Some Elementary Truths of Religion*. By Ganpatrao Raghunath Navalkar, Author of "The Student's Manual of Marathi Grammar." Bombay: Education Society's Press, 1873.

